SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX SEPTEMBER, 1901 NO. 3

THE POOR IN SUMMER

By Robert Alston Stevenson

NEW YORK is not a bad summer-resort when you take your golf clubs to the office Saturday morning, run away somewhere over Sunday, and look forward to a fortnight's vacation with the family during the hot spell that sets the weather man gossiping; when newspapers tell a daily weather story, record heat prostrations, contributions to the free ice funds — and coats come off on lower Broadway.

The hot days are uncomfortable, but bearable incidents; managed easily with the aid of vacations, air-space, and bath-tubs, but without them—there are a great many people who hardly know what they mean.

Those whose acquaintance with the poor people of New York is limited to what they see from the windows of the L trains and from the platforms of cross-town cars find it very easy to forget them when the hot weather comes. Anyone who has shivered can imagine the sensation of no coal in the tenement in winter. But in summer, surely everyone is comfortably warm; it is not the season for social and educational work; the deserving poor can scrabble along somehow. There is a kind of philanthropy in New York, however, that does not go by the calendar. The ordinary, normal human requires in summer a certain amount of recreation, air, water, outing, and relief, and those who are busy with the idea that poor people are pretty much like other people are as much interested in their welfare during July, August, and September as they are when cold weather complicates the problem. They cannot do as much as they would like; nobody can, in the philanthropic way, but they are doing a great deal more than most people dream of, and with discrimination that does not outrage one's views as to the survival of the fit. It is worth while to look on for a day or two at least, if only for the fun and new interests to be got out of it.

It sizzles in the neighborhood of Hester Street on a sultry day. The pale-faced, stern-eyed push-cart men cry their wares, but competition dulls in the mugginess. On the shady side of the street the little mothers and fathers of the poor tend the babies; hot, sweat-splashed little things that get jounced up and down when they get too fretful, on the knees of their elders, who are often as many as ten years old. Sometimes they sleep in odd corners, while the caretakers play jacks, covered only with prickly heat and dirty shifts.

Wherever they can find room, on the pavement, in the street or hallways, the boys play their games, dodging, instinctively it seems, the pedestrian's foot or the horse's hoof. They are chided very often by the push-cart men, for Izzy is a mischievous lad and must have fun. He has a way of getting it with hopping games, and does not look when he hops backward or mind when he is pushed aside. He is used to bumping against people.

The crowd is warm. Blindness would not conceal the fact. The tenements

Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Often as many as fifty children crowd into the sand-box in Seward Park.

crowd close; windows and fire escapes bulge with bedding; one bumps against people in the street, on the stairs, in the hallways, and the life of each man, woman, and child is so close, physically, to another, like the inside of an uptown car in the evening, that one wonders why the whole East Side does not get snappy as the conductors do.

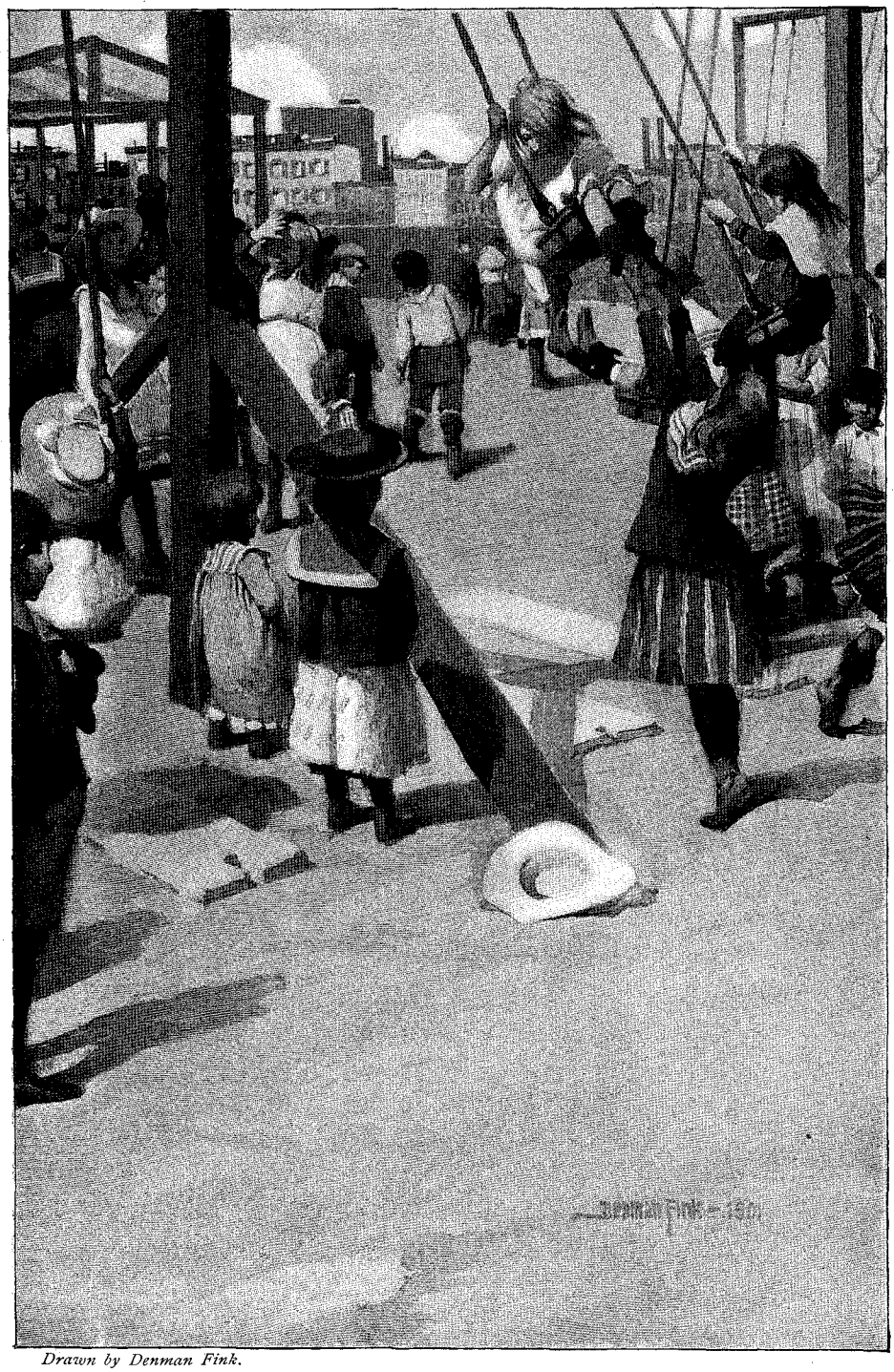
It doesn't. It sweats and gasps and gets what relief it can. The little children suffer most. A walk with a physician who sees things in red-blotched faces is not recommended.

When it gets out and out painful—too much for Nature even—and thunder, a whirl of dust and papers, come over the high buildings out of the west, and slanting rain splashes into the street, there is a great scatterment of the elders. The children whoop. It is as good as an unguarded ice-wagon. They do not think of their clothes—they haven't many to think of—and jump their hot, dirty little bodies up and down in the puddles, sail chip ships in the torrents, dam the gutters, and get as close to alleviating Nature as they can. Sometimes they sit down in it, paying scant attention to the Izzy, Izzy! Abey, Abey! with which anxious mothers rend the air up along the sky-line after they get in the clothes from the bellying lines.

The fun they get out of a pelting rain or the splutter and splash of a fire-plug turned on when the authorities discover that it is piping hot is the fun of all small fry and something more. It is relief, and can be appreciated after a day's separation from a tub in this part of New York when the thermometer dallies in the vicinity of 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

It is not very hard about three o'clock on a hot, sultry day east of the Bowery to become interested in the efforts of those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Denman Fink.

The Swings in De Witt Clinton Park.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

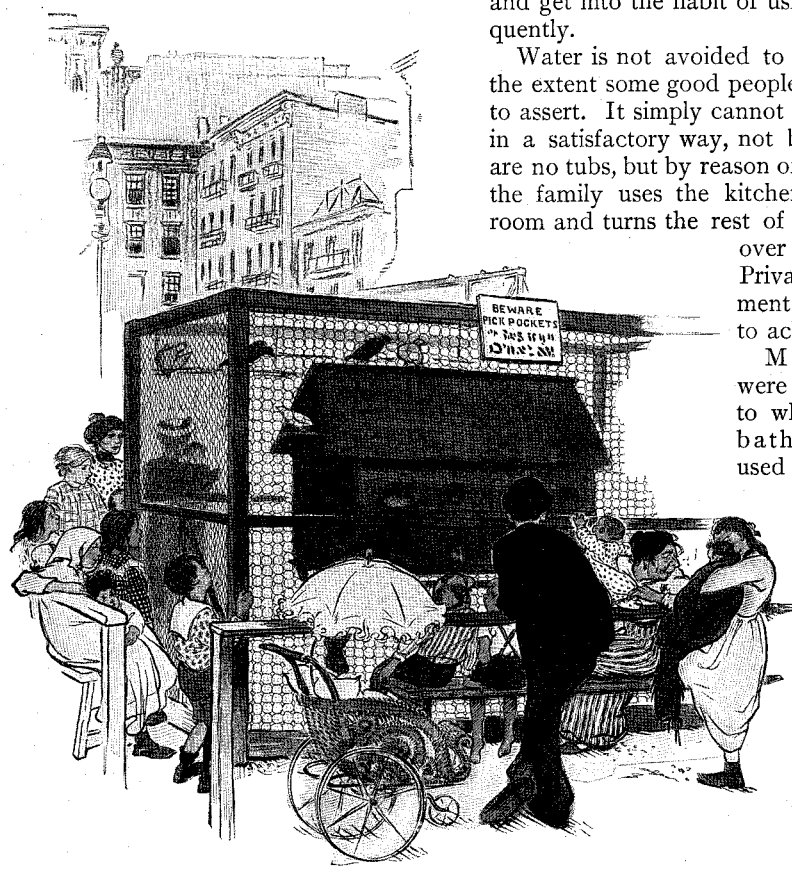
who are agitating the subject of free public baths. Water, lots of it, does not hurt anyone, and can hardly be classed among the pauperizing influences. The novices at work among the poor, feeling keenly the differences between their own environment and that of those they visit, are always full of the soap and water gospel. They would preface their social movement, whatever it is, by a crusade with soap and a scrubbing-brush—and there is truth in what they feel. These articles are not unknown or unused, however, by the deserving poor. We are not thinking now of those who get their names on the books of the charity organizations, but of the thousands who do not. The undeserving poor always shy at water.

A bath-tub in every tenement is an idle dream, they cost too much and run very good chances of being used for coal. A public bath around the corner is another matter and seems in reason. Those who wished to use it could do so, they are the people we are after; those who prefer the other thing could stay at home. Besides, they might succumb to the temptation and get into the habit of using water frequently.

Water is not avoided to anything like the extent some good people are disposed to assert. It simply cannot be used often in a satisfactory way, not because there are no tubs, but by reason of the fact that the family uses the kitchen as a living room and turns the rest of the tenement over to boarders. Privacy in a tenement is often hard to achieve.

Many doubts were expressed as to whether public baths would be used until the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor tried the experiment. Last year 130,000 people paid five cents for soap and towel and the privilege of using the People's Baths at Centre Market Place.

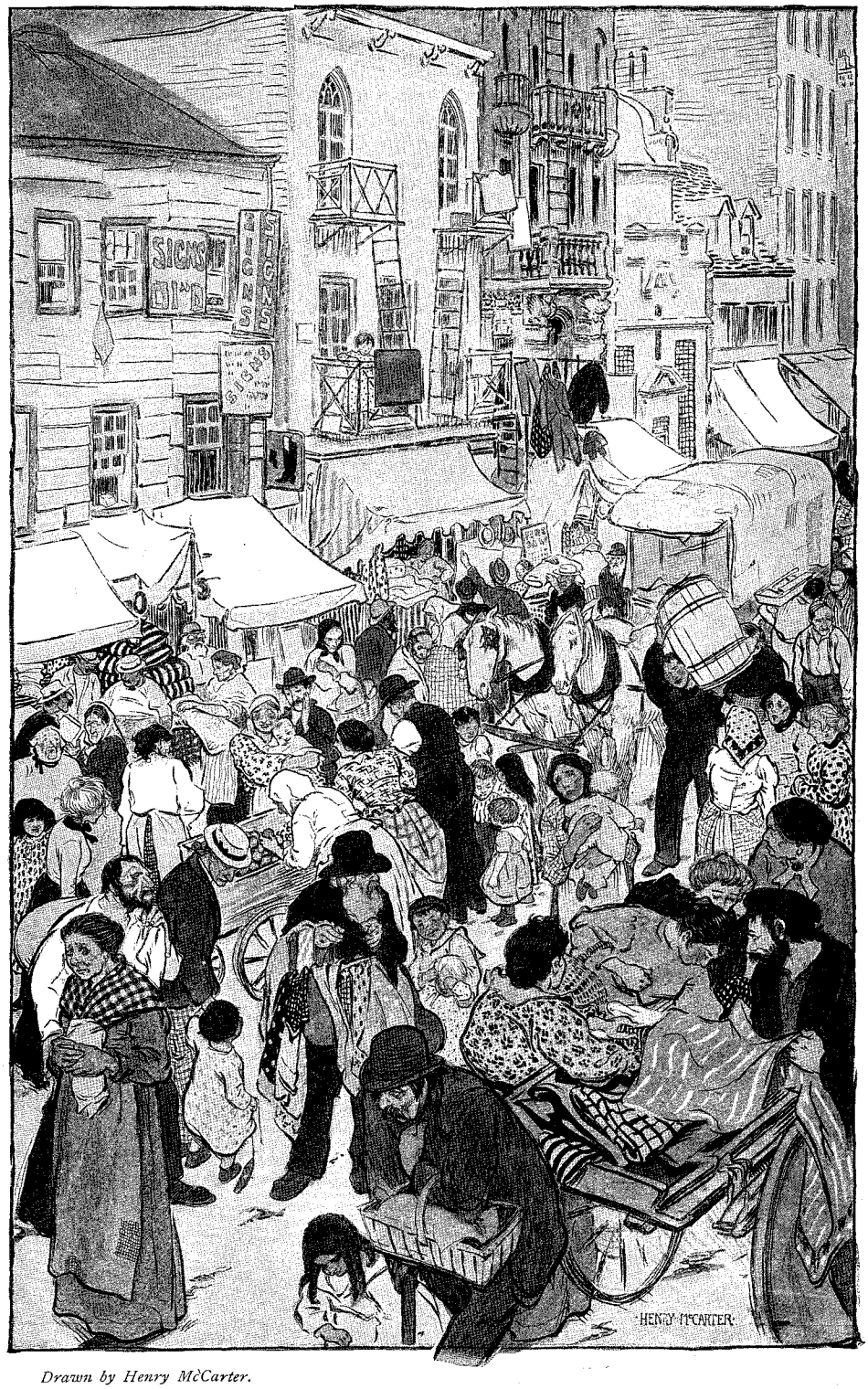
This bath, one at the University Settlement, and the one shortly to be opened by the city, seem somewhat inadequate when the tub is thought of especially for the relief it affords in hot weather. Probably this thought was in the minds of the 4,000,000 and more men, women, and children who found their way to the free floating baths last summer in the



HENRY McCARTER.

The Little Zoo in Seward Park.—Page 272.

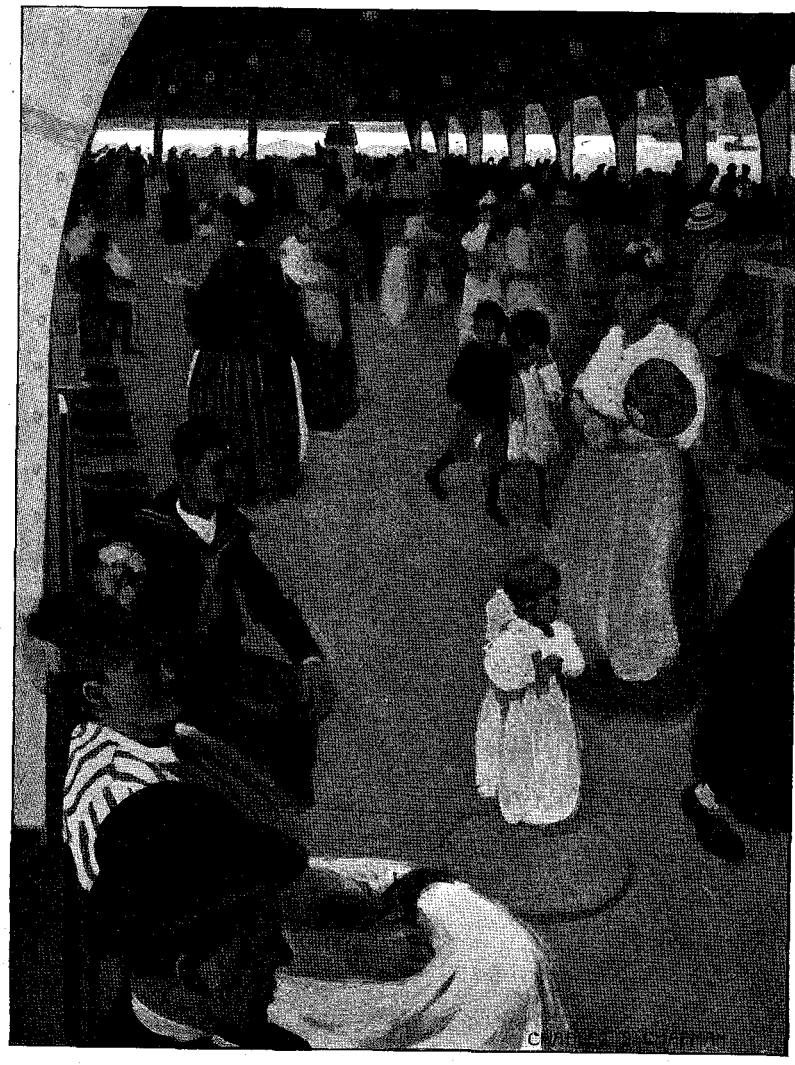
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Henry McCarter.

The Crowd in Hester Street.—Page 259.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Recreation Pier.

Kindergarten classes are held in the mornings; children play on it in the afternoons; and at night it is hard to find a seat.

East and North Rivers. There is no record of their having been forced to the water, and no good reason to believe that the elderly people and children left behind would not avail themselves of opportunities nearer home. Perhaps those 4,000,000 people would bathe in winter, too.

I never saw an East Side boy hold up two fingers, as country boys do, when they yearn for a swim, but they go swimming just the same. Taking their lives in their hands, a diminutive bathing suit sometimes, the adventuresome spirits, scorning the confining legality of the floating baths, seek the docks and the vacant lots on the upper East Side. It is a risky business, for the tides race fast in the river and a clothes-appropriating policeman can cause no end of trouble. There is always a smaller boy sentinel, whose "Cheese it, Cops!" fetches brown, slippery little bodies out of the water in wonderfully quick time. To escape the policeman, dressing while running at full speed is an accomplishment; to get pinched a disgrace: to stay out of the water longer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than the policeman remains in the immediate vicinity, unheard of.

Drownings occur, of course, but every gang of boys numbers a life-saver. They are not more than enough sentimental in their humanitarian efforts, for one of them one day brought two exhausted boys in from midstream and then gave each a licking for having been the cause of the loss of his derby hat. He had jumped in shoes and all.

The East and North Rivers, pinching Manhattan out long and thin, are often blamed for many of the discomforts we have to endure and ride uptown in, but they prove in summer one of the main comforts of our poorer friends. There is fascination in loafing near running water at all times, better air too, when it races as does the East River. In the mornings at daylight, mothers take their babies to the water fronts and nurse them on the dock string-pieces and on the rocks in the empty lots. Quiet is there, some space, a kinder air, and the sun coming up over Long Island through the haze cannot be more uncomfortable than the several times heated and used air back in the brick-lined street and stuffy rooms.

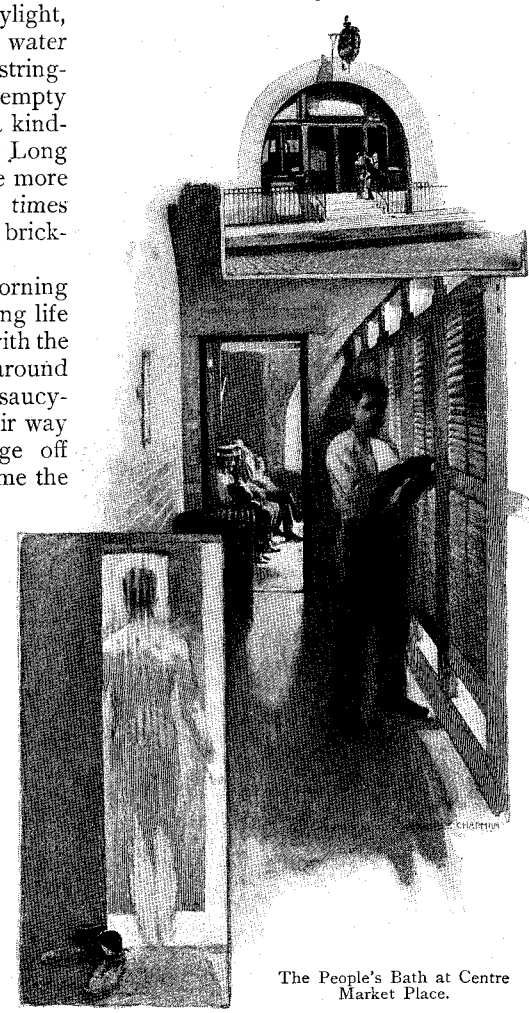
They fondle the babies in the morning stillness, watching the quiet, changing life on the river. Schooners flap out with the tide, big Fall River boats thump around Hell Gate and shortly the sharp saucy-bowed steam-yachts slip by on their way from the Sound to the anchorage off Twenty-second Street. By that time the East Side has yawned, stretched, and the mothers go wearily inland to cook breakfast for another hot day.

The real philanthropist who first suggested the recreation pier must have known the docks in summer. It was a good day for us when the notion began to work in his mind. We have six of them now, four south of Fifty-ninth Street, and could get along very well with more.

It is quite the thing in the evenings when the stored-up heat of the day begins to ooze out of brick walls and mushy asphalt to take the wife and family from the crowded stoop to the pier.

There one escapes the sullen discomfort of reflected heat but not the crowd. The benches fill early. The babies cry their evening songs and one must crowd one's neighbors; chatty, rather hot individuals who good-humoredly scrouge close for it is all part of the day's fun for them. There is the chatter of the opera-house until the band-master raises his baton and then an encore-loving appreciation of what the band does for them.

It is a jolly crowd, not too noisy. The slapping tide below, the far-away flare of the electric advertisements high over the docks on the Jersey shore, the lights slipping, slipping, up and down and across the river, and the grateful breeze are quieting influences. The bigness of a big city seems to make itself felt along the docks and that



The People's Bath at Centre Market Place.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Roof Garden on Top of the Educational Alliance Building.

Open to children and mothers with their babies, and to boys who will play games fairly. Kindergarten classes meet in the mornings; entertainments in the evenings for men and women.

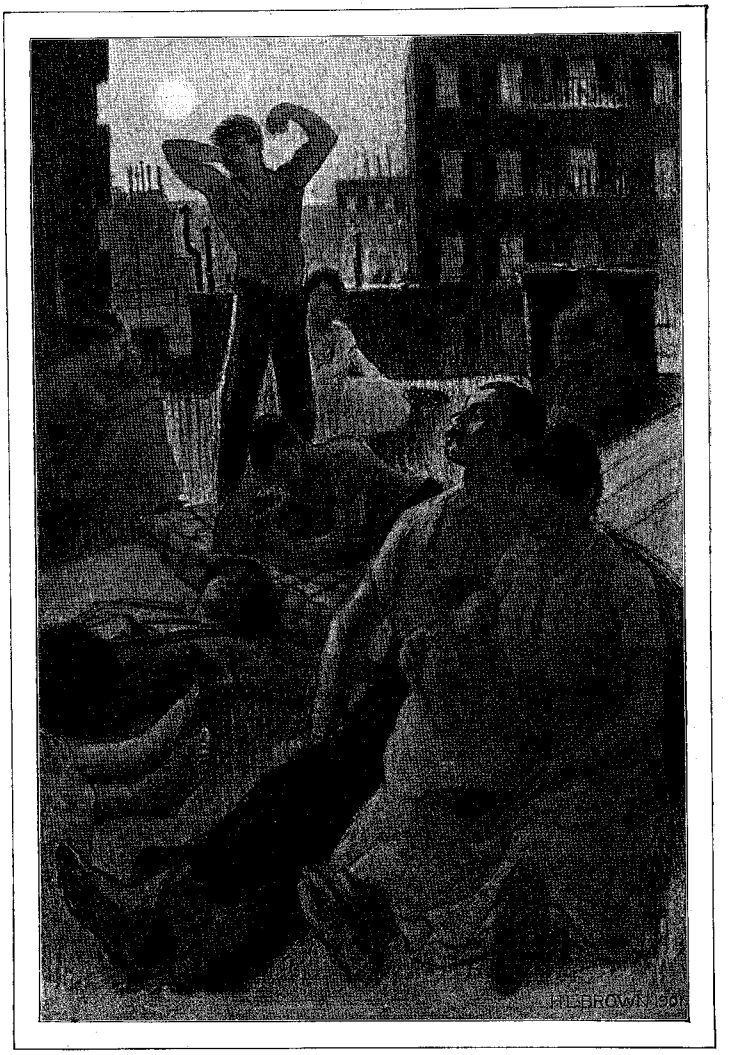
is not a hilarious thought. It is a pleasing way to spend an evening for anyone. When it is all over and the crowd scatters in the seething, sweating city behind, tugging the children, carrying the babies, or talking with the sweetheart, you wander uptown with more new thoughts than can be got in a vaudeville or on a roof garden.

Walking close to the crowd in the street and in their homes is sure to bring a feeling of uncomfortable adjacency. There is something almost physical in the relief to the eye and body a park in the crowded districts gives, to say nothing of the better air. Fortunately this matter of parks has got rooted in the public mind and we shall have more of them. The Legislature, limiting the time allowed condemnation commissions, has removed one of the barriers to speedy action. So much per meeting encouraged frequent discussion and developed fat political jobs.

As an investment to the city a park soon pays for itself through increased values of adjoining property. No one doubts their value as breathing places for the poor. They are health spots in the city. How they are used depends largely on their location. It is a far cry for instance from the Ghetto to Central Park, and means carfare. It is much more convenient to slip into Hamilton Fish Park on the Saturday holiday, dressed in your best clothes and rusty top hat, to gossip on the benches, or better still to while away what time you have on Corlears Hook, for there the river is near and the new East River Bridge lifts the eye high over Grand Street.

Each bench, edging the sacred grass, has its story to tell of rest, weariness, no job, or what is more cheerful, the loafing, breathing hours. The gift of getting into bench conversations is a good one to take into any of the parks, and nothing is seen save a crowd of people without a seeing pair of eyes. The man next on the bench may have a tale to tell of religious persecution that drove him from other lands to liberty and his push-cart on Rivington

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



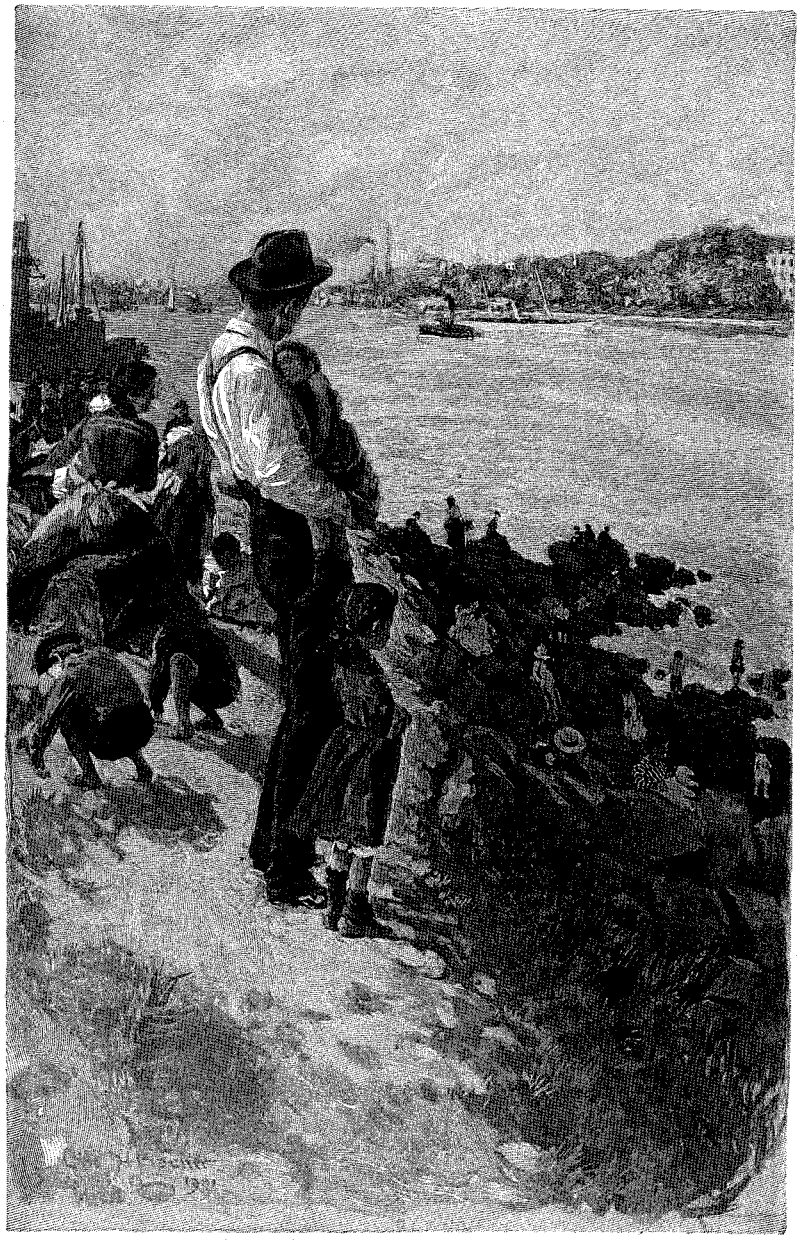
Taking Refuge on a Roof on a Hot Night—Lower East Side.

Street. He talks politics with a slant toward weird theories, and reads books on political philosophy you have put off reading—say till next winter. They are trying at the Educational Alliance to set him on the right track because they know the great fear and suspicion that besets him after sudden release from social and political repression.

It is merrier in Mulberry Bend. Italy, big and little, chatters and laughs, wears bright ties and shawls, and gives the impression in good-humored conversation that a fight is on. It is hard to understand the merriment, after a walk down from Mott Street, past rickety tenements, dingy hallways, and dark cellars, all buzzing and whirring with hot life. Perhaps it is because many of them knew worse alleys in sunny Italy and hope to go back to them some day retired vendors, peanut kings. What the Bend was before the day of the Park is known. What the Park has done toward letting in light and sunshine into a plague spot cannot be set down opposite an arithmetical equivalent, but that it breathes while the streets hard by gasp on a hot night cannot be doubted and that is what parks are for, notwithstanding the fact that the police cannot get the grass notion out of their heads.

In the good old colony days dainty folk took the air on the Battery wall. Nowadays they do it on Riverside or in the weary round of Central Park with two men on the box; yet Battery Park is still

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Rocky Shore Opposite Blackwell's Island on the Upper East Side.

A breathing spot—used, in the early morning, by fathers and mothers with their babies; will soon be made into a park.

one of the finest places on Manhattan. It is worth while any time of the year, and you get a great return for the trouble on a Sunday afternoon in summer, and this is the way to do it:

Stroll out on the bridge in the late afternoon and wait in the shade of one of the towers until a peanut-eating family comes along. Follow it out into City Hall Square, and while it looks at the slab over the spot where the tunnel was officially begun, wait for others coming out Park Row from the East Side. There is no need for haste; this is the way some people make the best of a holiday evening; besides, the sun is still up.

Down Broadway to the Battery is not a long walk and is quickly managed, for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

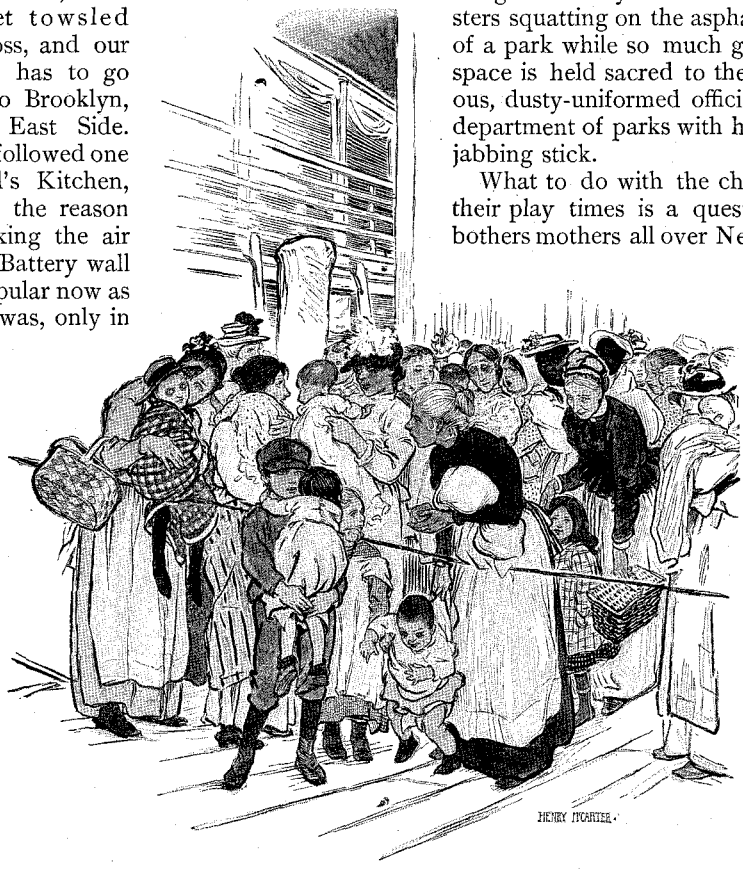
the green of the trees ahead, touched by the slanting sun, the whiffs of saltish breeze that sift in through the tall buildings, and the fear of not getting a seat hasten one's steps a bit. Our family finds one facing Liberty, and sits down to look and wait for the wind puffs that come out of the bay. Afternoon slips by into evening, Liberty flashes out official warning that night is come, and still they look, quietly, peacefully, notwithstanding the chatter of the L trains as they bustle out of Greenwich Street.

The boats show lights now, the ferries whole broadsides of them, and the curve of Brooklyn Bridge twinkles and is streaked with the lights of moving cars. Pipe-lighting matches flare all over the Park, showing tired faces, but no one seems to be in a hurry to go home. It is better than the room yonder opening on a shaft, better even than sleeping on the tenement roof. The children, however, get towsled and cross, and our family has to go home, to Brooklyn, to the East Side. Once I followed one to Hell's Kitchen, and felt the reason why taking the air on the Battery wall is as popular now as it ever was, only in a different way and by people who really need it. Stay in town some Sunday and try it.

To the children of the tenement a park means play. They are slow to appreciate the æsthetic values of trees, grass, or landscape gardening, and make the lives of the policemen who do miserable. I met two little girls one day, each holding a baby in her arms, gazing through the fence around one of the small triangle parks downtown, beautiful examples I thought of what nature studies in the schools can do; but when I asked one of them whether they were ever allowed to go inside, she hitched up the baby and said: "No, it ain't a park, it's grass."

I know it is all wrong to agree with her notion of what a park should be; we ought to be thankful we have any parks at all, but it is hard not to sympathize less with the grass and more with the little girl when you see the youngsters squatting on the asphalt fringe of a park while so much good play space is held sacred to the ponderous, dusty-uniformed official of the department of parks with his paper-jabbing stick.

What to do with the children in their play times is a question that bothers mothers all over New York;



Sick Children and their Mothers Waiting to Go on the Hospital Barges.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the mother up-town does not escape it. Her children parade with the nurse to the Mall in Central Park and have a very proper, stupid time of it until the country season comes. The mother in the tenement has to let her children take to the street, where they fit their fun to their opportunities. "Gee," said one of my little up-town friends when we were walking through Rivington Street, "wouldn't Marie jabber if she had to look after these kids?"

When the long vacation comes, the boy who races down the dark tenement-stairway, after doing his chores and stops in the doorway a moment looking out on a hot, crowded street where a hundred other children are doing their best to get rid of their animal spirits, does not know that he is a problem; that a great many good people stop there with him and his boyish indecision as to what he shall do —and ask themselves what shall we do?

"No, it ain't a park, it's grass."—Page 269.

He, in all probability, joins his gang in about four seconds. They work for parks, playgrounds, open-air gymnasiums, fresh-air funds, excursions and vacations in the country for him and the little sister who follows him shortly into the street, lugging the baby.

Johnny meantime darts through the crowds, joins his intimates and informs himself as to the boy situation in that block. The gang in the next street may need attending to; that means warfare; the policeman on the beat may need exercise; that means swiping from the peanut man, or it may be a matter of the current game, marbles, tops, hopping games, fire-engine or pussy.

Several hundred people in the block, doing a push-cart business along the curb, swarming the pavement and street; add wagons, drays, and bicycles, and you have what confronts Johnny when he goes out to play.

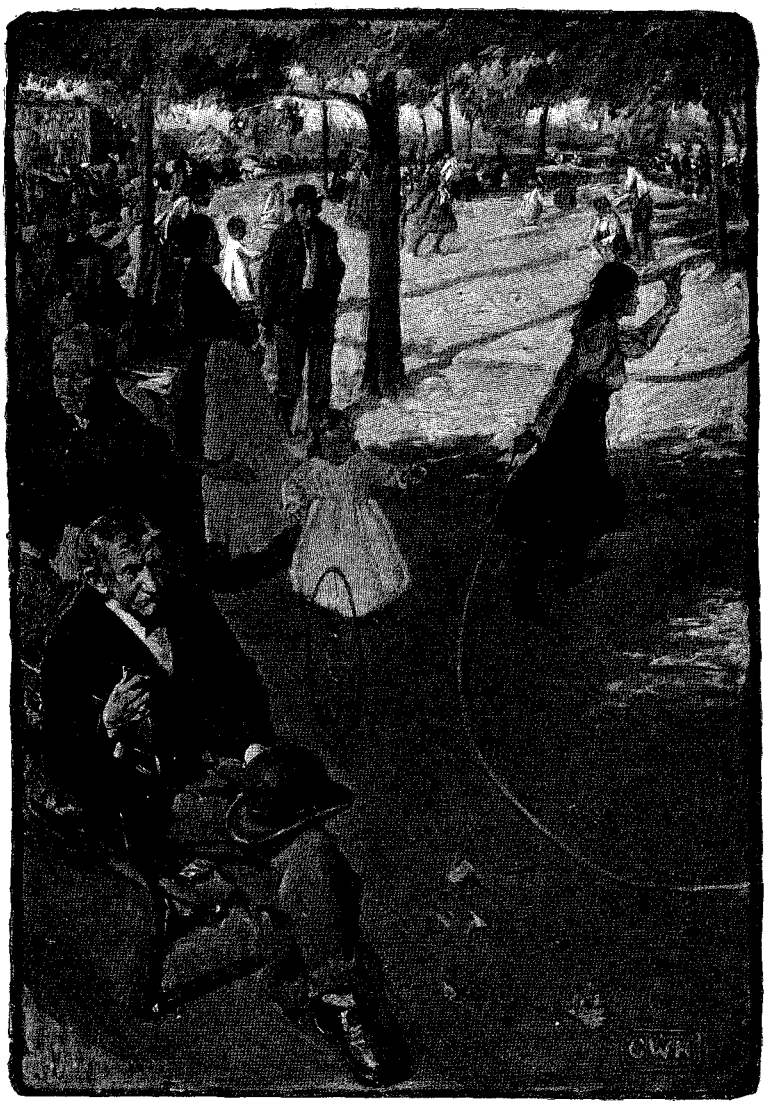
Not at all discouraged—he lets you do the worrying—he sets out to amuse himself. He has a highly developed instinct of adjacency and unconsciously avoids the dangers of impact with moving bodies. A heavy truck, bearing down on a group of children playing in a street, sends cold chills down an onlooker's back — needlessly — for nothing happens save a temporary interruption to the game and the driver's profanity.

They play fire-engine vigorously with a piece of string and restive snorting boy-horses; a real fire sets them wild. They tool lordly soap-box coaches into your shins, and get more fun out of a piece of wire and an old wheel than can be offered by a modern toy-shop up-town. An abandoned tricycle is a joy. They make from it a wobbly bicycle, and mounted thereon, thread sidewalk mazes that are not sympathetic. In his gentler moods Johnny is not above swinging the jumping-rope for his girl friends, and before noon he is hot and dirty, but he has had fun according to his lights and the population of his block.

The force in crowded streets, like other forces, shoves the boy to the point of least resistance. Sometime, during the day, he is sure to find himself in a park, if one exists within a half mile of home. Otherwise the boy atom is pushed hither and yon in the crowd where the line of least resistance leads to an intimate knowledge of thieving, immorality, and intemperance.

Appreciation of this fact, sympathy for the boy and ordinary common-sense on the part of those who remember their own mud-pie days, are responsible for the most

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



East River Park, at Eighty-sixth Street and East River.
One of the best on Manhattan.

cheerful work that is being done. The work that provides fun for the youngsters —there lies a hope for the afterwhile.

Seward Park has not a blade of grass in it; horticulturally, it is a rank failure. Consequently the policeman leans against the fence and talks politics, little feared or noticed by the thousands of children who play there. There are three enclosures for ball-players; ladders, bars, flying-rings, basket-ball, and a punching bag for the gymnasts in the large enclosure. The swings creak all day long, moving pictures of shrieking fun. The babies are not forgotten. Under the shed in a corner, little tots tied tightly in their swing-chairs are pushed gently back and forth by tired but proud mothers. There are grandfathers, too, who go there with their little *Schätzen*.

There is plenty of sand in the boxes for little architects, and the see-saws, four bump-anticipating children on a side, are hard worked. They do not sing "See Saw, Margery Daw" as the board slowly rises from the bump, but they shriek in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good form—and the little girls skipping rope sing :

"Jacob, Jacob, do you love me ? Yes, no—yes, no ?"

The faulty skip revealing the state of Jacob's mind brings out the teasing taunt, "Oh, Becky !"

Becky tosses her head, in a pretty, self-conscious way, and says, "It ain't so."

Doctor and Nurse Examining Sick Child on Board the Hospital Ship.

It is their way of finding out what the daisy petals tell little dreamers along a country road, and as one watches, knowing of the things they often see at the very doors of their homes, how easy it is for them to become familiar with impure lives and impure traffic, it is easy to understand the tenderness of men and women who are willing to be called sentimental ; anything as long as they can make the lives of little children happier and the temptations less. They have a hard fight, for the police are on the other side.

Charity supports six bantam chickens, four rabbits, and a score or so of pigeons in a wire cage in one corner of Seward Park. They earn their feed, for with a humanitarian indifference to their surroundings they lead a life of patient sacrifice. The rooster swells his breast and crows, the rabbits hop, and the pigeons coo to the three-deep row of children that crowds close to the wire netting.

It seems hard that this spot is the only one in the park that suggests human depravity. A sign over the cage warns the unwary to beware of pickpockets, and, curiously enough, it was there I saw my first real display of ill-temper.

A well-dressed, sour-looking woman stood near the railing. A boy with a baby brushed past and bumped her on his way to the cage.

"Can't you mind where yer goin' ?" said the woman.

"Can't you see I've got the baby ?" was the boy's answer.

"Ignorant. Ain't ye seen an animal ?"

"Only unfortunate," I suggested.

"Mind your business," said the woman.

"Go chase yourself," said the boy.

I tell this incident because of its unusualness. With all the crowding, the East Side is almost always patient.

The Outdoor Recreation League maintains this park and one on Stryker's Lane, Fifty-fifth Street and Eleventh Avenue. Up there the boys are more aggressive. Hell's Kitchen lies to the south, wherein are cooked the red-nosed loafers one sees standing on saloon corners, and rushing growlers to the board piles on the side streets. They seem to loaf as hard as they can. In the Ghetto the drone is not so much in evidence.

"Say, Mister, gim me a swing?" the boys demand of the visitor, as by right—but that is only their way. They are the products of a raw, dare-devil part of New York, but should not be neglected on that account.

Those little Pats, Mikes, and Petes, shooting craps in the avenue, dangling overhead on the ladders, rocking their enemies in the vacant lots, are embryo Honorables, our future rulers maybe, by the divine right inherent in their race.

They say England's greatest battle was won on the Eton football field. Why not win some of our skirmishes against bad city government on playgrounds for our future citizens—say the members of the Recreation League. These little chaps have rough and tumble in their blood. It must out, and common-sense philanthropy would direct the boy steam into proper exhaust pipes. Every effort made to boost the urchins into health, normal boy development, decent play and better living is warranted by the hope that it is a step toward healthier citizenship some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day, and if Mike Duffy is ever persuaded or coaxed to go in for good government there will be no business for the reform movements.

. . . . . .

The Board of Education has confronting it many difficulties. The question of housing schoolless children is not the least, but with all their problems of school work they find time to devote a great deal of energy to the problem of child play. Nearly 1,000 men and women are employed to conduct summer vacation schools and playgrounds in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. That their efforts were worth while, to the child mind worth much fun, is likely, for last summer more than 100,000 boys and girls were in more or less constant attendance.

The scheme is very simple. In the densely populated districts, schools, kindergarten tents, out-door gymnasiums, recreation piers, parks, roof gardens, and the floating baths were utilized under skilful supervision, of course, for the purpose of cultivating and directing a healthy instinct of play. Not aimlessly, however, for boy play was encouraged that led later to useful trades and occupations, and the little girls played housekeeping, nursing babies, and numerous other things that experience has shown they have need for in their cramped lives; solemn, earnest duties—but there is no reason why they should not learn how to do them well and get some fun in the learning.

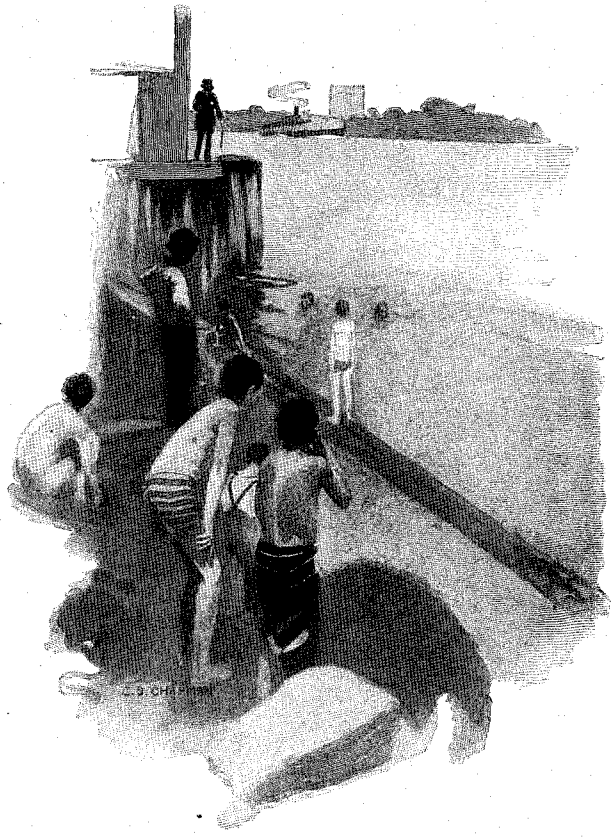
This does not mean that the children were fooled into the belief that they were having fun to illustrate a theory. In the mornings their play was directed systematically—but they could remain outside in the playgrounds if they preferred: prepare for the athletic tournament, learn to turn back flip-flaps, do the grasshopper, swim the breast-stroke, or walk on their hands, and, above all, to play fair and honestly, whether in the sand-box or on the flying rings.

This latter aim may not seem important, but a woman who knows gang boys well feels that her year's work is done if she can see something more than a glimmer of fair dealing in the play of her gang. Little fellows who are compelled to exercise their wits to keep alive are not squeamish about using them to win in games by hook or crook.

Give a country boy a jack-knife and he will provide pine and the ingenuity to whittle out anything from a wind-mill to a terrible tomahawk. There is something pathetic in the page of the Board's report that records the necessity of a course in whittling. I showed it to a country boy who read it seriously and remarked:

"I guess they never traded knives, no sight no see."

. . . . . .



To get pinched a disgrace.—Page 264.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is one nameless gentleman in New York who enjoys himself very thoroughly in the summer-time. He equips barges with a band, policemen, life-saver, doctor and fresh milk ; crowds them with as many children as they will hold without sinking, and away they go up the Hudson for a day's excursion, band playing, flags flying, with a chatter and buzz that can be heard on shore.

There is no use being solemn about this sort of thing, those who have it in charge think, nor is there any reason in being reckless in the distribution of a day's fun, and if you ever meet one of these fresh-air excursions screaming at your boat's salute, yell back merrily and without reserve your approval, for all of those women and children are there because they deserve the fun, have something of hard luck, grinding work or child sacrifice in their lives.

They do not throw a drag-net over the East Side in these days when they do charity and net good, bad, and indifferent for the dispensation. An examination must be passed before even a day's excursion or a fortnight's vacation in the country can be enjoyed. The examiners take into account little girls who have weak mothers, drunken fathers maybe, and the responsibility of caring for the tenement-home, the last baby and several others already here ; little girls one sees tugging bundles home, the little mothers of the poor. Widows are marked high, too ; women with several children who are fighting against the cold, hard fact that it is next to impossible for a mother to support more than two children unaided. The day's outing gives her fresh courage to face that fight against the dreaded institution for little Ted and eight-year-old Mamie. Boys are passed who help the mother in the fight. Sickly children, too young to know what it is all about, are taken, too, by courtesy, not because they get any fun perhaps, but because their lives need saving.

It is a curious fact that, however underfed a baby may be, it is almost always overdressed. One infant arrived at Coney Island last summer during the hot weather clothed in a heavy flannel binder, two woollen undergarments, a cotton shirt, and a heavy woollen cloak.

Almost all of the societies that consider children at all make some sort of an arrangement for excursions and vacations far in the country. The children and their mothers are taken to Coney Island, to Long Island, up the Hudson and to Jersey—and give as much fun as they get—for those who look after them come back with stories and enthusiasm. There are not very many long faces in a children's summer home.

Sometimes in July and August a group of children huddle around baskets, scatter papers and make a great deal of noise in Central Park. They offend one's sense of neatness, and muss up the ordinarily prim grass-plots we admire as we pass on our sedate Sunday walks home from church —but be patient. There are as many children downtown ignorant of the beauties of Central Park as there are little shavers uptown who never heard of Jeannette Park—and think of what it means when, as an inducement to being good, children are promised all of the excitements of a day's outing in Central Park.

It is a far-off country to them. They line up somewhere downtown in that part of New York we know so little about, dressed in their best, each clutching tightly the nickel he is expected to pay—half the car-fare. In the hot early morning they chatter and squabble until the expedition moves.

The journey north is exciting. With knees on seats they view the changing sights on the Bowery. Fourteenth Street is not like Baxter Street ; Twenty-third Street is a novel experience ; Fourth Avenue and the tunnel are interesting ; Forty-second Street is a strange land ; and then dumped out in one of the quiet, deserted, burglar-protected sixties they get into the shade of the Park, where one little girl is said to have remarked : " I seen the most wonderful things we ain't used to seein' in our neighborhood."

I suppose she scattered papers and worried the slow-moving park policeman—but what of it ?

While all this is going on in New York, country papers as far inland as central Pennsylvania record, in local gossip columns, items like this :

" A car-load of fresh-air children ar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flushing the Streets During a Hot Wave.

rived in our midst Saturday. Dave Yoder took two of them to his farm. Give 'em a good time, Dave."

Dave gives them a good time, and resents the imputation that he is doing charity. He treats them as guests, and Bill McVitt is not above strolling across fields of an evening to take a look at the city kids.

There is something final about a quiet, peaceful farm; something that makes us all slyly dream of having one some day when our ship comes in. Seen through a pair of eyes that for ten years have looked out on the environs of Mulberry Bend a farm is dreamland. Dave Yoder hitches up his trousers and looks at the youngsters in pure amazement. He cannot understand it—nor can anyone appreciate the joys of sliding down a hay-mow that fill the soul of a boy who has been accustomed to stolen slides down the stone sides of the steps of the Park pavilions—and the crack of the ever-watchful policeman's switch. They give Dave more to talk and think about in the winter, in the mornings when he sits by the kitchen stove waiting for sun up, than he gives them. Their curiosity, their funny questions, their appetites make him forget for a time to go even to the post-office, and make him maybe a little more content on the old farm in the valley.

"I guess," said a Dave to me once as we sat by my camp-fire, "they'd have the laugh on me if I went to the city." Dave had been telling the strange experience of two boys on his farm, and not once had he suggested the thought that he had been doing any good. But Dave had never been to the city—knew nothing of crowds, bigger than those on circus days—never spent a hot night in a back tenement, and from boyhood up had always had the green of trees to look at. I think the fresh-air funds are splendid charities for the country folks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With all their ways of lending a helping hand, during the time when vacations and summer fun are in the air, there is a steadily growing feeling among very practical folks that if by far the larger part of our people have to stay in town in summer as well as in winter, and are compelled to go home to tenements after the day's work, a good tenement is more desirable than a bad one —for them, for the general welfare of the city. There are some thousands of people in New York who tackle cheerfully the job of living, push hard all the time away from the line between pauperism and independence, ask no help and are compelled to pay high rents for homes that in the matter of light, ventilation, water-supply, and plumbing do not compare favorably with the homes of average carriage horses.

You are liable to arrest if you allow your stable to become filthy and a nuisance. The landlord may do pretty much what he pleases with his tenement. That is because you and I do not live near it, never smell it, and think it a man's own fault if he prefers to live in one. We do not realize that the people of the tenements pay really high rents, a large proportion of the daily wages, for inferior homes because they cannot get anything better and pay the grocer's bill.

We hear so much from East Side workers about uncleanly homes they visit that we forget that they are acquainted in the main only with the uncleanly. There are spick and span homes in the worst of tenements—people who use water, children that go to school with shining faces and clean frocks, women that take pride in their tenement keeping and keep alive the something that makes any little place, wherever it is, if it is pure with the honest living of parents and the growth and care of children, home. The landlord offers them as little as the feebly enforced law, in many respects, allows, and differs greatly from the polite individual who does business with apartment-seeking applicants in an office on Broadway, with roll-top desks and hard-wood finish.

But there is no reason why we should be more than healthily discouraged about the housing of the poor. There is one active man who is always ready to lead a fight in print or in person against dishonest builders—grasping owners. With his friends and sympathizers he has pushed them hard, and they have been touched on the raw more than once—witness the to-do they made recently when the tenement-house bill was before the Governor.

It is simply a contest between honest building and management against greed—as anyone can see after looking the matter over.

The City and Suburban Homes Company said little until its model tenements were ready for occupancy. They provided homes for men who wanted to live decently; gave them light, air-space, baths, individual closets, water-supply, gas-stoves, wardrobes, laundries with stationary tubs, drying chambers, steam heat, lighted halls, and a room for baby carriages on the first floor. Besides, they complied with the law in building, and offered investors a good interest.

"Wait," said their opponents, "until the year is out, and see how much money you have lost."

Several years have passed, and a report of the company reads like the report of a get-rich-quick concern. Nothing seems to go wrong. Interest has been paid to stockholders regularly and a contingency fund set aside. The tenants keep their apartments in good order, and pay the rent, averaging a dollar a week per room. Many applicants have been turned away because of lack of space—and the result has been so encouraging that the company has no difficulty in finding all the money it needs for an extension of its business.

The people for whom the tenements at Sixty-eighth Street and Amsterdam Avenue and at Sixty-fifth Street and First Avenue were erected have used them; they have kept their health well and show no disposition to abuse the comforts provided.

All of the old tiresome stories told by builders and owners about the piggishness of the poor, their fondness for dirt, and their preferences for just what they had have turned out to be interested statements.

Pretty much the same sort of thing was said about the Mills Hotels before they were opened to the public. Let the out-of-works, the young bachelors who do not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like to board five in a room, go to the Bowery lodging-houses if they have not money enough to go to better places.

Both hotels are now crowded with men who seem to enjoy the accommodations they get. You see men loafing about the courts, chatting over games, growling about something or other, as some hotel patrons always do, and sitting alone, staring with unseeing eyes at a future or past —who knows—just as you do at any other hotel.

There are things to complain of, naturally. You may not like the gravy furnished with the beef or the dessert of the day, but men out of work or living on an uncertain dollar and a half a day are not so particular. They get what they pay for—not much more, for these hotels are a paying investment.

Charities, or interest in others, of this sort are not dangerous. If men who have concentrated industries, crowded workmen in cities where the old-time ambition of each man to own a little home is idle because of the impossibility of realization; if such men build tenements and hotels, help along a little the scheme of things, and get much fun in helping, they are doing only what they feel they ought to do.

They are hard-headed business men, and are not given to sentimentality, but it is quite possible that underneath it all there is more heart than head.

And after all, this whole business of thinking of others that evidences itself in summer and in winter too, is simply a matter of kindly feeling, showing itself in a variety of ways. Some of us pooh-pooh at any philanthropic movement that does not show a definite result, others like to see a balance on the right side of the sheet. There are those who sneak in their sympathy with the bald contribution of "a friend," and a large number of men and women do their work because they like it and feel in a measure that it is their duty. Whether they build tenements or provide potted plants for the sick, there is little real difference between them. They are all tarred with the same stick, kindly feeling.

The intensely practical philanthropist who likes to see a well-kept set of books, and be able at the end of the year to say: "We have done this and that," cannot understand the dreamer who walks the city full of big bulging thoughts, careless as to whether he spends a few dollars he cannot account for, but both have their places and their fun. When all is said and done it seems that whatever may be happening to faith these days, hope and charity are not being neglected. If charity covers a multitude of sins there is some hope for New York.

LOVE

By Marguerite Merington

My love for thee is like ——— my love for thee ———
Soul of my universe, it stands alone!
On all by poets dreamed, or prophets shown
It levies tribute, yet lacks simile.
'Tis of the elements, God's earth, the sea
And sun. 'Tis all the human heart hath known
For lover, parent, friend and child in one ———
Spirit made flesh, as flesh shall spirit be.
'Tis suffering supreme, whose passioned tide
Ceaseless beats back and forth from joy to pain,
But Godlike most of all when most belied
By giving life a crown of thorns to gain.
Yet, though its Heaven is snatched from Hell's abyss,
The greatest grief would be its Heaven to miss!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A BURRO-PUNCHER"

By Walter A. Wyckoff

MIKE PRICE was a prospector by nature; his prospecting through the summer and autumn of 1892 in the Wagon Wheel Gap country of southwestern Colorado was a mere incident in a long career. Phœnix, Ariz., was his head-quarters, and he would fain return there for the Indian summer of its winter climate; for he hated snow and the hard cold of the Rocky Mountain camps, where, as he said, a man must hibernate until spring. But Phœnix was the best part of 600 miles away across a thinly settled frontier. Burros and blankets and food for the journey were to be had only for ready money, and Price had not "struck it rich"; indeed, he had not struck it at all. One after another the parts of his camping outfit had gone into a pawnbroker's shop at Creede, in the progress of a luckless season, until the late autumn found him without burro or blanket or bacon, and bereft even of the "gun" (a six-shooter) which General ——— had given him in recognition of his services as a scout.

It was late November when I met him, and Price was making a precarious living at odd jobs for civil engineers. One of these was my friend Hamilton, who had known Price for years and who proved himself a friend in need to both of us, for he brought us together and proposed the journey which took us to Phœnix, and which gave me six weeks' experience as a "burro-puncher."

You could trust Hamilton to find a way out. There is scarcely a phase of frontier life that he did not know from personal experience, and he saw at a glance that Price's position and my own would exactly complement each other in furthering a plan which was common to us both. Price wanted to reach Phœnix, and so did I; he knew the way but was without the means of travel, while I, knowing nothing of the country, yet had some store of savings.

Wages were high at Creede. The miners were getting $3, and I, as an unskilled laborer, working with a gang that was cutting a road down Bachelor Mountain from the New York Chance Mine to Creede, was paid $2.50 a day. Our board and lodging cost us $7 a week, but they were worth it, and, even at that rate, there remained a considerable margin for possible saving.

Hamilton knew my plans; he was one of the few whom I had told, in the course of my wandering, of the object of the expedition. We had been spending an evening with a company of kindred Bohemians at the house of a mine superintendent, and were returning together to his quarters in the quiet of two o'clock in the morning through a world white with the first snow of winter and dazzling under a full moon.

I had money enough to take me to Phœnix by rail, and it seemed the height of folly to go in any other way, so I began to explain why I wished to walk and why I had already walked most of the way from the Atlantic. Hamilton listened patiently, but without interest, I thought, until abruptly he turned upon me with approval, immeasurably beyond my desert, yet showing so sympathetic an insight into the possible service of such work, that I saw again, as by a flash, the rich human quality that had already endeared the man.

"And so you worked with the road gang on Bachelor Mountain to get enough to grub stake you to Phœnix?" he said, and he laughed aloud. Then he swore—deeply, resonantly, and from the heart.

Price was sent for on the next day, and, in the afternoon, he turned up in Hamilton's office, a dark, bearded, keen-eyed Irishman, slender and wiry, and all alert at the prospect of getting back to "God's country," which in his phrase meant Arizona. Soon, not merely Hamilton and I, but our friends the barrister and the editor and the grave mine superintendent were involved in preparation for the trip. We accompanied Price to the pawnbroker's shop, where he identified his belong-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ings, and I redeemed them. Then we all set about selecting additional blankets and a fresh store of food.

Our pack animals could not have carried their loads, had we taken all that was pressed upon us for the journey. Price borrowed a shot-gun from the private arsenal that was put at our disposal, and I a six-shooter, and we gladly accepted gifts of tobacco until our pockets were bursting with plenty.

Weird as it was, our little caravan was but the typical prospector's outfit as we moved in single file through the winding street of the mining camp, an object of interest only to the four friends who bade us good-by with many slaps on the back and with affectionate oaths. Price was mounted on his Indian pony and I on Sacramento, a burro of uncommon size, while our effects were packed on the backs of two other burros, Beecher and California by name, with two of California's foals trotting abreast as a running accompaniment to the show.

Past the shops and saloons and dance-halls and hotels we wound our way on among the frail shanties at the outskirts of the camp, until we struck the wagon trail that led southward through a ranching country in the direction of the pass over the mountain to Durango. Snow lay lightly on the ground; vast tracts, however, had been swept clear by the wind, so that ours was an unobstructed course, except where we had to plough through occasional drifts, which our animals did with ease, tossing the feathery flakes until they flashed again in the clear sunlight of a frosty morning. The burros were at their best, keeping the trail at a steady pace that never hinted at the habit of wandering. Price was high-spirited at the thought of Phœnix, and, between snatches of song, he regaled me with the glories of the Indian summer which we should find across the range. I could well share his light-heartedness. As far as Creede I had walked alone, picking the way with ease, but, between Creede and Phœnix, there lay a stretch of the fast-fading frontier which I longed to cross on foot, yet knew that I could not without a guide. And here, as by miracle, one had appeared in the person of Price, who knew the land and them that dwelt therein, and who was more than guide in being a philosopher and friend. The keen air quickened our blood, as we breathed deep of its rarified purity and felt the mild warmth of the winter sun like the glow of rising spirits. The mountain-peaks rose white and still above the dark ruling of the timber line, yet radiant in the light, and serene in a peace that passeth knowledge; and the head waters of the Rio Grande swept past us in streams that were dark against the snow, but ablaze where they reflected the sun.

It was long past noon before I thought of stopping, and then I found that there were to be no mid-day stops on this expedition, for the days were so short that camp had to be made between four and five in the afternoon, and, as it was difficult to get started in the morning much before eight o clock, we could give at the best but little more than eight hours in the day to travel.

For some time that afternoon we had been in the shadow of a mountain to the west, and the light was fading fast, when, as we rose upon a knoll above the stream whose bed we were ascending, Price saw that it was a good camping-ground, and the caravan came to a halt. Wood was abundant about us, so that water was soon boiling, and slices cut from a frozen shoulder of beef were presently frying in the saucepan, while the tea drew to a fearful strength at the fire's edge. After supper and a smoke, we made ready our bed. An old piece of canvas, some seven feet by fourteen, was first spread upon level ground; then we arranged upon half of it all the gunny-sacks that we had brought as cushions for the pack-saddles. These formed a mattress, over which we spread our blankets, drawing up finally the unused half of the canvas as a top covering. Going to bed consisted simply of taking off our boots and folding our coats for pillows, then disappearing with all speed under the blankets, with the canvas drawn well over our heads to keep out the bitter night cold of that altitude in late November. Our animals browsed near the camp, the bells about their necks tinkling as they moved, until they, too, found shelter and settled down to rest.

When I wakened it was from deepest sleep, and I looked out from under cover

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for some sign of day, but there was none. The stars were shining undimmed, with the effect of nearness which brought back vividly an illusion of childhood. Nothing in their position gave me a hint of the time, but Price, on waking, saw at a glance that the dawn was near. Scarcely was the fire lit and water put on to boil before we saw the dark bulks of the mountains to the east clean out against a brightening sky. Breakfast over and the dishes washed, we had a smoke and, having fed the animals from a little store of grain, we saddled and packed them for the day's march.

Nothing in the previous day's experience suggested the rigor of this afternoon's progress. All went prosperously in the morning, for we were still following the wagon trail, and the burros kept it as by instinct. Only the snow was deepening, which was a reminder of the warnings we received in Creede that we were attempting the pass dangerously late in the year. What with snow and the loss of leaves, the "look" of the region had so far changed since Price passed that way in spring that, with small wonder, he could not find the lead of the foot-trail that crosses the Divide. Again and again we struck in to the left only to discover presently that we were following a false lead, until Price, impatient of further dallying, boldly led the way in an ascent of a trackless mountain whose farther side, he knew, would disclose the lost trail.

A long, steep climb by a well-trodden way is difficult at the best for pack animals, but we were now in a forest with the course obstructed by undergrowth and the trunks of fallen trees, and the uncertain footing covered with treacherous snow. The burros took it splendidly from the first, straining their muscles in a toilsome climb that was doubly hard because of its obstacles. But as the hours passed and the way grew more difficult, their strength began to fail. Then came long resting spells, followed by spurts of frantic climbing. Again and again we seemed to be nearing the top, only to find the crest of a ridge with another summit towering far beyond. Presently the burros were falling from sheer fatigue. With a few yards of upward struggle, down they would sink exhausted, and, after letting them rest, Price and I had our hands full in dragging them to their feet again.

It was nearing sunset when we gained the top, and, once there, all our troubles vanished. We passed from the cover of the wood out upon a treeless slope, swept clear of snow and covered by the past summer's growth of grass, brown and dry and excellent fodder. A stream flowed through the natural meadow, and on a ledge above it, as plain as day, was the winding trail making off in the direction of the Divide. We gratefully camped there that night, while our tired beasts gorged themselves with grass.

Whatever the difficulties of crossing were to be, we were clearly not to be hampered by foul weather. The night was as still and cold as the last had been, and the morning again was cloudless. We were up by starlight as before, and the camp-fire was sending volleys of glowing sparks into the surrounding darkness when the signs of dawn appeared. I went to the brook for water and was back just in time to see the sunrise from the camp. We were in a narrow valley that stretched southwestward in an upward trend toward the summit of the range. From its northeastern opening we could see far over a confused mass of mountains whose outlines grew clearer in the return of day. With infinite majesty the light streamers flung themselves across the sky, paling the bright stars; and, when a distant snow-peak caught the first clear ray, all the others seemed to lift their heads in an ecstasy of praise and welcome. In another moment the eastern wall of our valley was fringed by a tracery of fire, where level beams shone through the trees which stood out against the sky. And last, upon us in the depth of the valley, the sun rose, prodigal of his splendor and of his gifts of light and life.

I had left Price squatting near the fire with his face to the east as he cut slices of bacon into a saucepan. On my return from the brook I found him still sitting there, but grown oblivious to bacon. His forearms were resting on his knees, while loosely in one hand he held a knife and a piece of bacon in the other. From under an old felt hat, long, black, matted hair fell upon his neck and mingled with a dark, unkempt beard. His face, blackened by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the smoke of the camp-fire, was lifted to the eastern sky, and his eyes were on the sunrise. Such a look, transfixed with reverence and wonder, seemed to link him with some early epoch of the race, when the sense of power and beauty awoke in man; and as he drew himself erect without lifting his eyes from the scene before him, "It's not strange," he remarked, "that men have worshipped the sun."

The snow grew deeper with every mile of the march that morning. We were nearing the Divide, and one evidence of it was the piercing wind that blew down the gorge. Not since the morning of the first day out had either of us ridden; for the animals had as much as they could do to carry themselves and their packs, and now we found that we must help them by opening a path through the snow. It lay a foot deep before us, then two feet and more as we mounted the Divide, so that Price and I were soon alternating in the work of breaking a way. One of us would plunge through until fagged out, then the other would take his place in treading down the drift, and so we forged ahead, a few yards at a time, wet to the skin with melting snow and cut to the bone by the wind.

I do not know how far we travelled that day; it could not have been many miles, and I do not care to think of possible consequences, had we been overtaken by a storm, instead of having the fairest possible winter weather. But we put in more than eight hours of continuous work and were repaid in the late afternoon by reaching camping-ground on the western side of the Divide, almost as good as that which we found for the night before.

The next day's, Tuesday's, march was one that dwells delightfully in memory—not for any element of excitement, but for the simple joy of it. All day we descended by a trail that wound through cañon after cañon, crossing and recrossing the streams whose waters were flowing toward the Pacific, as those of the day before were to find a final outlet in the Atlantic. It was cold, but it seemed like spring in contrast with the day before, for the sun shone bright, and birds were in the trees, and here and there the snow had melted, giving to the soil the suggestion of returning life.

The burros plainly shared the feeling of relief in reaching a more passable region, and the art of burro-punching began, consequently, to disclose its difficulties. From one side and then the other of the trail they would break away in all directions, exploring the surrounding country, never with an air of mischief, but always with a sober, dogged perversity that was the more exasperating because it wore a mask of reason. Once back into the trail, they might keep it faultlessly for miles on end, and then, from no apparent cause, begin once more to wander. They were most difficult to manage at the fords. Generally they scattered to the four winds of heaven at the first approach to water, and when we had corralled them again and forced them down to the brink, they would stand firmly, planted ankle-deep in the stream, resolutely determined not to move. It was then that Price gave vent to real profanity, and I am bound to own that it was effective. When beating and prodding and the milder invective failed to urge the burros forward, Price would stand back, pale with rage, and begin to swear, calling upon all his gods and blasting the reputations of his beasts unto the third and fourth generation of their ancestors. By some subtle perception they seemed to understand that this meant business, and slowly at first, but presently, as though they rather enjoyed the water, they waded through and started down the trail beyond.

We camped that night in a narrow cañon whose level bed was well grown with trees and walled by scarped cliffs, which rose sheer above it. Price said that it formed a miniature Yosemite, and certainly it made good camping-ground; for with plenty of wood and water, it was well protected from the wind, and we slept there in great comfort. But our fare was growing monotonous. We soon exhausted the supply of beef and had since been living upon bacon and bread, so that we heartily welcomed the sight of a ranchman's cabin near the end of the next day's march, for there we purchased a peck of potatoes and thus enlarged our bill of fare to bacon and "spuds" and bread and gravy.

Thanksgiving-day was celebrated by faring sumptuously in the evening and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sleeping under cover. And it was the more delightful celebration for being wholly unpremeditated. There was no prospect through the day of anything but the usual march and camp in the open at night. We were plainly in a more populous region, for we had struck a wagon-trail again, and repeatedly, in the morning, we met farm wagons laden with solemn families in Sunday dress. As the afternoon wore on we grew hungrier for thinking of Thanksgiving dinners. At dusk we were passing a ranch upon which the hay presses had just ceased working for the day. A little farther down the road we overtook two men who were about to enter a wooden building, which proved to be a deserted schoolhouse. Price hailed them and they turned, standing in the open door. Practised as he was in the amenities of the frontier, it took him no time to strike up an acquaintance, and soon we were bade welcome to share the school-house as a camping-place.

Our hosts were a young American frontiersman and his "partner," an Indian, who together had a contract for pressing hay on the neighboring ranch, and who were living meanwhile in this deserted building. Having admitted us, they completed their welcome by doing everything in their power for our comfort. They arranged with the owner to pasture our animals on the ranch for the night, and showed us where to find wood for a fire and where on the floor to spread our bed. And when the evening meal was ready, they proposed that we should club together, giving us of their fresh meat and roasted Indian corn and steaming hot bread in exchange for our "spuds" and bacon. But we had some chance of making return, for they had no tobacco to compare with ours, and far into the night we sat talking, over pipes fragrant of good weed.

Price and I were making progress in acquaintance, and every day I had fresh cause for self-congratulation at my extraordinary luck in having fallen in with so good a guide. Of excellent Irish family, Price was not without education and a taste for letters, although he had chosen, almost as a boy, the career of an adventurer on the frontier. And now at middle life, having ranged the Southwest as few men have done, and having seen all phases of its life and shared most of them, he was looking forward to further casual living, perfectly content so long as he had a camping outfit and could wander as he pleased over the face of nature. That some day he would "strike it rich" he never doubted—and may his faith come true. Meanwhile he was getting a good deal out of life. Nature in her milder moods was a constant solace and a joy to him. In long marches through golden Indian summer days, he sang and spouted verses of his own and told me veritable Ulysses's tales of men and their strange ways. The few books which he read he had made his own, for his memory was retentive, and he never forgot, apparently, a face or a name, so that his progress through the country was like a walk about his own neighborhood.

With the instinctive, gentlemanlike reserve of the Western frontiersman, he never questioned me about myself; he was far more interested in what knowledge I might have gathered, which he could add to his own. Oddly enough, it was the little reading that I had done in philosophy that seemed to attract him most. Many a night when it was mild enough to sleep with our heads uncovered we lay side by side, "overarched by gorgeous night," gazing into the starry firmament, and I would tell him what I could of theories of the universe from Thales to Herbert Spencer, feeling all the while the tension of his mind as he reached out eagerly for these guesses at the mystery of things.

It happened that I had been reading "Coningsby," at Creede, and Price slipped the copy into his pocket as we left the camp. He devoured it by our campfires at night. The story held him, but most of all he was spellbound by its literary charm, and he added a quaint reason for his liking in the remark:

"You know," he said to me, "Lord Beaconsfield was always square with the Irish."

His national partisanship was of the stanchest, and he had always given to the Irish fund when he could; but the outcome of the fight in Committee Room No. 15 had been too much for him, and he would stoutly maintain that never again, so long as the "traitors" who had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turned against Parnell were in the ascendant, would he interest himself in furthering Home Rule—threads of vital connection which were a little strange, I thought, between points so widely severed as St. Stephen's and the deserts of Arizona.

Elsewhere I have already sketched in outline our trip as we walked south together from Durango to the San Juan, then through the Navajo Reservation to the high plateau of northern New Mexico, where, utterly deserted by fair weather, we camped for a week, while a cold wave swept over us, forcing the thermometer down to ten and twelve degrees below zero, and nearly freezing us and our animals in the still cold of the nights.

Even after we got under way again and were making progress southward in the direction of the "rimrock" of the Mogollon Mountains, persistent ill-luck followed us in the shape of almost nightly falls of snow and rain, which added nothing to the comfort of sleeping on the ground or walking across an almost trackless waste. But if we were disappointed here, Price's promise of Indian summer was abundantly fulfilled when once we had waded through the snow in the great primeval forests that cover the northern slopes of the Mogollons, and made the abrupt descent of the "rimrock." It was like the contrast of Florida with our Northern winter. The live-oak and budding cottonwood and the warm sun and sprouting grass gave us royal welcome from the cold and snow beyond; and, at the end of the first day's journey in this region, we came out upon a ranch. It was thirty miles to the nearest neighbor, and the ranchman and his wife were glad to see anyone, even casual "burro-punchers," like Price and me. There chanced to be a considerable number at the ranch that night. An outfit of three men who were hunting mountain lion through the range for the sake of the bounty on their scalps had come there to camp, bringing with them the carcass of a bear. And the postman, whose beat took him from the Santa Fé line southward through some Mormon settlements and on to scattered ranches north of the Tonto Basin, was also quartered there. So that we sat down more than a dozen strong to dine on bear steak and potatoes and bread and coffee; and when dinner was over, Price and I again had the good fortune to find that our tobacco suited well the taste of the company. We were gathered now in the living-room of the cabin. Some of the men were seated on the floor and others in rough, hand-made chairs about a wood fire in a large, open fire-place. The talk ranged at random over phases of hard living known to such men as these. It was varied and rich and sometimes racy. In it Price shone as a bright, particular star. None had travelled the Southwest so thoroughly as he, or experienced so much of its characteristic life. Then his native readiness at narrative stood him in good stead, and, penniless prospector that he was, he held unchallenged the centre of the stage.

The door of the dining-room stood open, and, when I had finished my pipe, I joined the ranchman's wife, who sat beside the table in a rocking-chair, holding in her arms her oldest child, a boy of five or six. She seemed glad to have someone to talk to. The conversation at table had swept from end to end in a manner diverting to her, but in which she as little dreamed of joining as a bird would venture with untried wings into a high wind. She was too delicately reared to be at home in the thickening tobacco-smoke of the living-room and so she was alone with the child, the hired woman being in the kitchen. I praised the country side which she and her husband had chosen as their home, and told her how well it contrasted with a region only a few miles to the north; but, if I found a way to her heart at all, it was in genuine admiration of the boy, whose light hair rested in moist curls about his glowing face, as he lay sleeping in his mother's arms. She was not a discontented woman—far from it; she was young, and her eyes shone with health and with vital interest in the things about her. But it was rarely that she saw anyone from the world outside, and I was a stranger, and when I owned to having been in the Northwest, she told me eagerly that her own people and her husband's lived "back east in Minnesota," where they both were born and bred.

How can I suggest the pathos of it? She was not complaining and yet, as she went on telling me of an earlier time, it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was almost as a captive might have spoken of the wide range of living when he was free. Life in constant contact with her friends and the breadth of their many interests was in such striking contrast to existence on a ranch, with the nearest neighbor thirty miles in the offing, and with never a look from year to year over the rugged hills that formed the horizon. One could see at a glance the opposite effects of the change upon the two natures. Her husband, native-born and country-bred, like herself, and schooled as a man must be whose bringing up is in a community which draws its blood and traditions pure from New England, yet had become more a frontiersman every year, in whom the memories of earlier things faded fast before the dominant realities of his new surroundings. She, on the contrary, cherished these memories of her own—her home and friends and church associations and Chautauqua circle (she told me particularly of that) until they were enshrined within her, and one could but see that, however loneliness might oppress her, she had an escape which must have furnished at times an enjoyment keener, perhaps, than any which real experience would have brought.

I have forgotten its name, but I think that it was known as "Young's Valley," a region some distance south of the "rim-rock" and north of the hills which hem in the Tonto Basin. There were several ranches there, and a well-defined trail led on, by way of San Reno Pass, to Phœnix. When we entered the valley Price was all for veering off to the southwest and reaching Phœnix by the Natural Bridge, which he wished me to see. We left the trail near the first cabin which we passed in the valley, a deserted cabin for the time, and struck across the grass-grown hills in search of another way. Soon we were in a maze of trails; they were leading in every direction, but they were cattle-paths, and we came upon herds feeding over the winter-brown hills. It was a gently rolling country at the first, where Price had not the smallest difficulty in steering a course; for, although he had never been there before, yet the way had been described to him and he had no fear of losing it. Our only danger lay, apparently, in exhausting our provisions before reaching an inhabited region beyond. But we thought little of that, and entered lightheartedly enough upon an exploration that was new and attractive to us both.

Trouble began with the weakening of our burros. We had very little grain when we left the Tonto trail, and we counted upon fodder enough from a grazing country. But the grass grew thinner as we went, and the leanness of the cattle attested the leanness of the land, until we began to fear that our beasts would not have strength enough to pull through. Moreover, the country became increasingly rough, so that the effort of travel was the greater. Soon there came a day when our animals were weak and tottering under their loads, and we ourselves had to begin the march on a breakfast of tea and a few boiled beans, which exhausted our store. Still Price was confident of getting through, and, if the burros could hold out, there was prospect of plenty by night.

In the middle of the morning we found lying beside the trail a cow that was plainly dying. For an hour we worked over her, trying to discover evidences of a wound or of a broken leg, and trying, too, to ease her pain. I left her alive regretfully, but Price advised against shooting her.

Matters grew serious that afternoon. The trail became hopelessly lost, so that not even Price, with his developed instinct, could find it again. We were in the heart of the hills now, with cañons opening in strange confusion about us. One after another we explored them, only to find each a "box-cañon" at the end. Price was sure that our desired country lay just beyond, and it was maddening, late in the day, to acknowledge that he could find no way out but the one by which we entered. It was a sorry retreat; hungry and worn we went supperless into camp. By rare good luck, however, we hit upon camping-ground where there was more grass than we had seen for some time, and in the morning our burros and the pony were comparatively revived, fit again for a hard journey. And we gave it them.

Price and I had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, and very little then. Meanwhile we had been working hard in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keen mountain air, and I was so hungry by the time that we got back to the cow, now dead beside the trail, that I proposed our eating some of her. Price quickly put an end to the plan, however; not on hygienic grounds, but by explaining that the cattlemen, if they found her mutilated, would conclude that she had been killed, and would make matters lively for us in consequence, hanging being the not uncommon penalty for this offence.

One does not keep close count of days in wandering over a frontier, and it was only an aggravation of our plight to remember that it was not Sunday merely but Christmas-day as well. But if Christmas heightened the sense of hardship, it furnished an admirable setting to its end. By trusting his instinct for a short cut, Price brought us out in the middle of the afternoon upon open hills, from which we not only saw a section of Young's Valley, but, rising clear from the middle of it, a column of blue smoke from the chimney of a ranchman's cabin. We wasted no time in covering the intervening miles and then we lifted, light-heartedly, the latch of the road-gate and, with the easy assurance of the frontier, drove our animals into the yard beside the corral. For some reason we had not been seen from the cabin, so Price walked on to the door, while I mounted guard over the burros. From a seat in the sun on an old hen-coop I could watch them as they nibbled the short grass, while from the cabin came peals of laughter denoting that Price had fallen among friends who were keeping Christmas festival.

I was willing enough to rest outside, knowing that we had reached a hospitable roof and that a dinner was assured. Sitting there for some time, I presently began to question what had become of Price, when the cabin-door opened and two women appeared. As they walked down the footpath to the gate, I gathered that they were neighbors returning from a Christmas call. But this was the least interesting inference, and I was totally at a loss for others. The wonder grew as they came nearer. They were young and faultlessly dressed, and one of them was beautiful. Their dress was of the kind that charms with its perfect simplicity and the air of natural distinction with which it is worn. They rested frank eyes on me for a moment as they passed and nodded pleasantly, speaking their thanks with sweet voices, as I stood holding open the gate. Who they were remained a mystery, and I was content to have it so, for they left me not without a sense of Christmas visitation, which stirred again the memories of my own "God's country."

The ranchman was a Virginian, tall, fair-eyed, and soft of speech, and when he and Price came out together they were stanch friends on the strength of an earlier acquaintance, and we had the freedom of the ranch. We unpacked and corralled the animals and then made ready for dinner. Not for two days had we tasted food, and now we were seated with our host and hostess and their two sons at a table which groaned under sweet potatoes and roast corn and piles of bread and great dishes full of steaming "hog and hominy," and with it all, the best of Christmas cheer. For two days we stayed at the Virginian's ranch and then, having purchased from him a fresh store of food, we resumed the march by way of the Tonto Basin and Fort McDowell to Phœnix.

On New-Year's-day we were camped at Fort McDowell; and, when we set out early on the next morning, there remained but about thirty miles to Phœnix, so we resolved to cover it in a single march. Night found us still some miles from the city, but the night was clear and flooded with moonlight. The moon made plain the way, yet played fantastically over the face of the country. Long reaches of white sand were converted into Arabian deserts, with pilgrim caravans moving across them; the irrigated ranches were transformed into tropical gardens, whose luxuriance was heightened by the exquisite softness of the night, and then there were stretches of uncompromising Arizona desert, dusty and cactus-grown and redolent of alkali.

It was nearing midnight when we entered the town. Price directed the way to a corral where he was known, and where we left the animals feasting on fresh alfalfa, while we fared forth to see his friends. It was precisely as though Price had invited me around to his club. He led the way to a saloon, and as we entered it, I saw at once its typical character.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the left of the entrance was a bar, gorgeous with mirrors and cut glass, while down the deep recesses of the room were faro and roulette tables and tables for poker. The groups about them were formed of "cow-punchers," and prospectors and "Greasers" and Chinamen, and even Indians, all mingling and intermingling with a freedom that suggested that in gambling there is a touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

But more immediately interesting to us was a group which stood beside the bar. It was made up, as I found, of politicians, high in territorial office, all of whom knew Price and hailed him cordially while asking after his luck. For some time we stood talking with them, then one of their number, himself not a politician but a business man, proposed our joining him at supper. We accepted, I the more delightedly because he, of all the group, had most attracted me. Tall and very handsome, he had the bearing of a gentleman, and what he told me of himself confirmed my own impression of a richly varied past. Far into the night we talked, and I could well believe him when he said that the fascination of the life which he had led on the frontier had so far grown upon him that, while he was glad to go back at times to his former home in New York, he could no longer remain contented there, hearing, as he always did after a few months, at most, the call back to the wild freedom of the plains. It was under the spell of what he said, enforced by my little experience as a "burro-puncher," that I went to sleep that night on a bed of alfalfa in the corral; and when I wakened in the morning and found letters urging my return to the East, I was conscious of an indifference to the idea which was wholly new to my experience.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY

BY FRANCIS V. GREENE

(Late Major-General U. S. V.)

FIRST PAPER

IN the month of June, 1775, the Continental Congress in session at Philadelphia passed three important resolutions. The first adopted and took over as a Continental army the force of New England troops which, under the lead of Massachusetts, had assembled at Boston soon after the battles of Lexington and Concord; the second appointed George Washington "General and Commander-in-Chief of all the Continental forces, raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty"; the third adopted "rules and regulations for the government of the Army"—the Articles of War, which, modified and amended from time to time, still govern the army and form the basis of the military law.

This was the origin of the American Army. In the intervening 126 years nearly 5,000,000 men have worn its uniform; it has conducted with success five great wars, covering a period of seventeen years, and numerous minor campaigns against hostile Indians and Filipino insurgents; it has been the chief instrument in restoring order and inaugurating civil government after the war with Mexico, the Civil War, and the war with Spain; from its ranks have come eleven of the twenty-four Presidents of the United States and many hundreds of men occupying the highest civil offices, Governors of States, Senators and Representatives in Congress, Cabinet Ministers, Ambassadors, and Judges of the most important courts. For a people who have never sought war and have only resorted to it when reluctantly forced to do so, the army has filled a large place in our history. It has always been the subordi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nate and loyal instrument of the civil power. In spite of this it has ever been regarded with a certain jealousy and suspicion, born of other times and conditions and surviving with extraordinary tenacity for generations after those conditions have ceased to exist. Its deeds, its history, its traditions and ideals, the spirit which animates it, the manner in which it has been organized and maintained, and its relations to the people whose faithful servant it is and always has been, are worthy of thoughtful study.

The force of which Washington took command at Cambridge in 1775 numbered 20,242 officers and men, of whom 17,115 were present for duty. Three-fourths of them were from Massachusetts and the rest from Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island. They were deficient in discipline, in instruction, in equipment, in arms and ammunition, in every military essential—as was inevitable in view of the manner in which they had been brought together and the short time which had elapsed since their organization. They were enlisted to serve until the end of the year only, their company officers had been elected by the men, the field officers by the company officers, and the general officers had been appointed by Congress. The essential thing was to raise men, and whoever could get together fifty men became a captain, and 500 men a colonel, regardless of qualifications for command. A few of the officers and men had served in the French and Indian wars, but the number of these was small, and outside of them military training and experience did not exist.

From such materials Washington created an army, and in spite of almost annual reorganizations due to short terms of enlistment kept it together for over seven years. It suffered many defeats, but it gained many victories, and finally, with the all-important aid of trained French soldiers, it accomplished its task of gaining our independence.

In bringing about this great result Washington established the military system which we have ever since followed, viz., that of relying upon untrained volunteers; and curiously enough he established it in spite of himself and in the face of his own letters and opinions expressed to Congress incessantly during the Revolution and afterward on every suitable occasion during the last twenty-five years of his life. In September, 1776, he wrote: "The jealousy of a standing army, and the evils to be apprehended from one, are remote, and in my judgment, situated and circumstanced as we are, not at all to be dreaded; but the consequences of wanting one, according to my ideas formed from the present view of things, is certain and inevitable ruin."

On other occasions he spoke most contemptuously of the militia, as, for instance, when he wrote to his brother John from Harlem under date of September 22, 1776:

"The dependence which Congress have placed upon the militia has already greatly injured, and I fear will totally ruin, our cause. Being subject to no control themselves, they introduce disorder among the troops, whom we have attempted to discipline, while the change in living brings on sickness; this causes an impatience to get home, which spreads universally, and introduces abominable desertions."

And in the same month to the President of Congress:

"To place any dependence upon the militia is assuredly resting upon a broken staff. Men just dragged from the tender scenes of domestic life, unaccustomed to the din of arms, totally unacquainted with every kind of military skill, are timid and ready to fly from their own shadows. . . . Again, men accustomed to unbounded freedom and no control cannot brook the restraint which is indispensably necessary to the good order and government of an army; without which licentiousness and every kind of disorder triumphantly reign!"

And again to the same officer under date of December 20, 1776:

"It is needless to add that short enlistments, and a mistaken dependence upon the militia, have been the origin of all our misfortunes and the great accumulation of our debt. . . . Can anything be more destructive to the recruiting service than giving ten dollars bounty for six weeks' service of the militia, who come in, you cannot tell how, go, you cannot tell when, and act, you cannot tell where, consume your provisions, exhaust your

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stores, and leave you at last at a critical moment?

"These, sir, are the men I am to depend upon, ten days hence; this is the basis on which your cause will and must forever depend until you get a large standing army sufficient itself to oppose the enemy."

In order to show that he had duly weighed his words and in anticipation of being criticised for advising thus freely, he added:

"A character to lose, an estate to forfeit, the inestimable blessings of liberty at stake, and a life devoted, must be my excuse."

It thus appears that Washington considered the militia as practically worthless in a military sense, and not to be depended upon as a military force; that he was in favor of a regular standing army, composed of men enlisted to serve until the end of the war, and the officers in all cases to be appointed by the central authority, and not to be elected by their subordinates. These views were rejected by Congress in 1775. They were partially adopted in 1776 and subsequent years, but not vigorously carried into effect. They never received the sanction of popular approval.

I have said that Washington created an army and kept it together, and no student of the military operations of the Revolution will dispute the accuracy of these words. Between Washington and any of his subordinates there was an enormous gap in ability, in tact, in knowledge, in patience and in influence either with the army itself or with Congress. At the close of 1775, while still besieging Boston, the term of service of the army raised by the New England States expired and a new force had to be raised and organized without disturbing the progress of the siege. We sometimes wonder at the skill of an engineer who can entirely reconstruct a bridge over a chasm like that of the Niagara River without interrupting the daily and almost hourly passage of trains. How much greater is the skill of a military commander who, while besieging a trained force of regulars, can one by one discharge every man in his army and replace him with a new man and so constitute a new army, and yet never interrupt the daily events of the siege and never show its enemy so weak a front as to invite attack? This is what Washington did at Cambridge in 1775. But he could not obtain either from Congress or the people enlistments for a longer term than one year, so that in the autumn of 1776, while retreating through New Jersey with a discouraged and despondent force, which had sustained almost constant defeat at Long Island, at Harlem, at White Plains, and at Fort Washington, he had to repeat the same operation. He then laid the matter before Congress in forcible terms.

In a series of letters written between September and December, 1776, he urged the establishment of a regular or standing army, with well-paid officers and with men enlisted to serve during the war. In order to secure enlistments he advised the payment of a bounty, the issuing of clothing and blankets, and the promise of a grant of land to both officers and men who served till the close of the war. Congress adopted these suggestions, and

REGULATIONS

FOR THE

ORDER AND DISCIPLINE

OF THE

TROOPS OF THE UNITED STATES,

BY BARON DE STUBEN,

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED THE

LAWS AND REGULATIONS

FOR

GOVERNING AND DISCIPLINING

THE MILITIA OF THE UNITED STATES,

AND THE

LAWS FOR FORMING AND REGULATING

THE

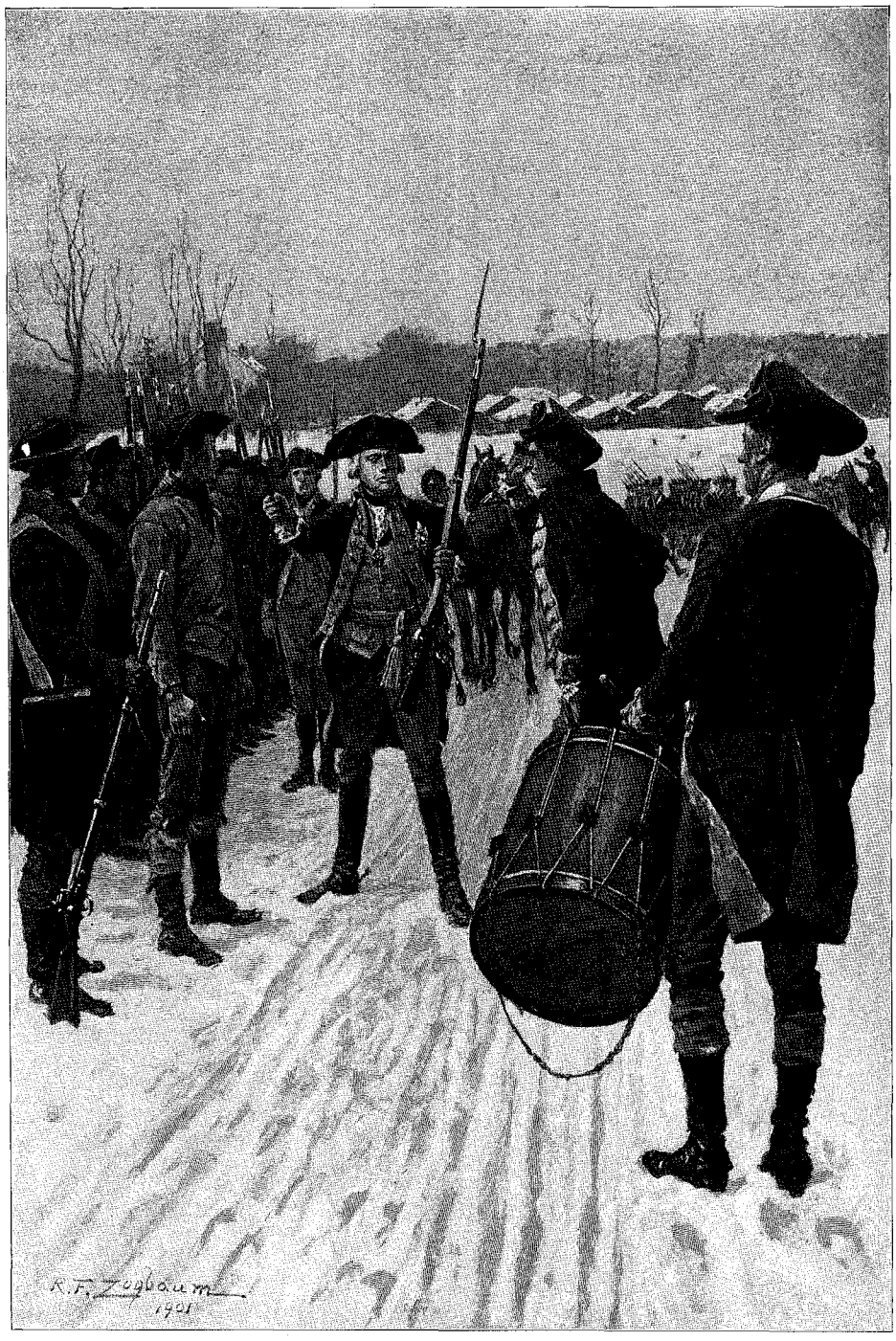
MILITIA OF THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE HON. GENERAL-COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

PORTSMOUTH:

PRINTED BY J. MELCHER, PRINTER TO THE STATE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE, 1794.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

An Inspection by Baron de Steuben.

Swearing in three languages at their lack of knowledge of the most elementary evolutions.—Page 296.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

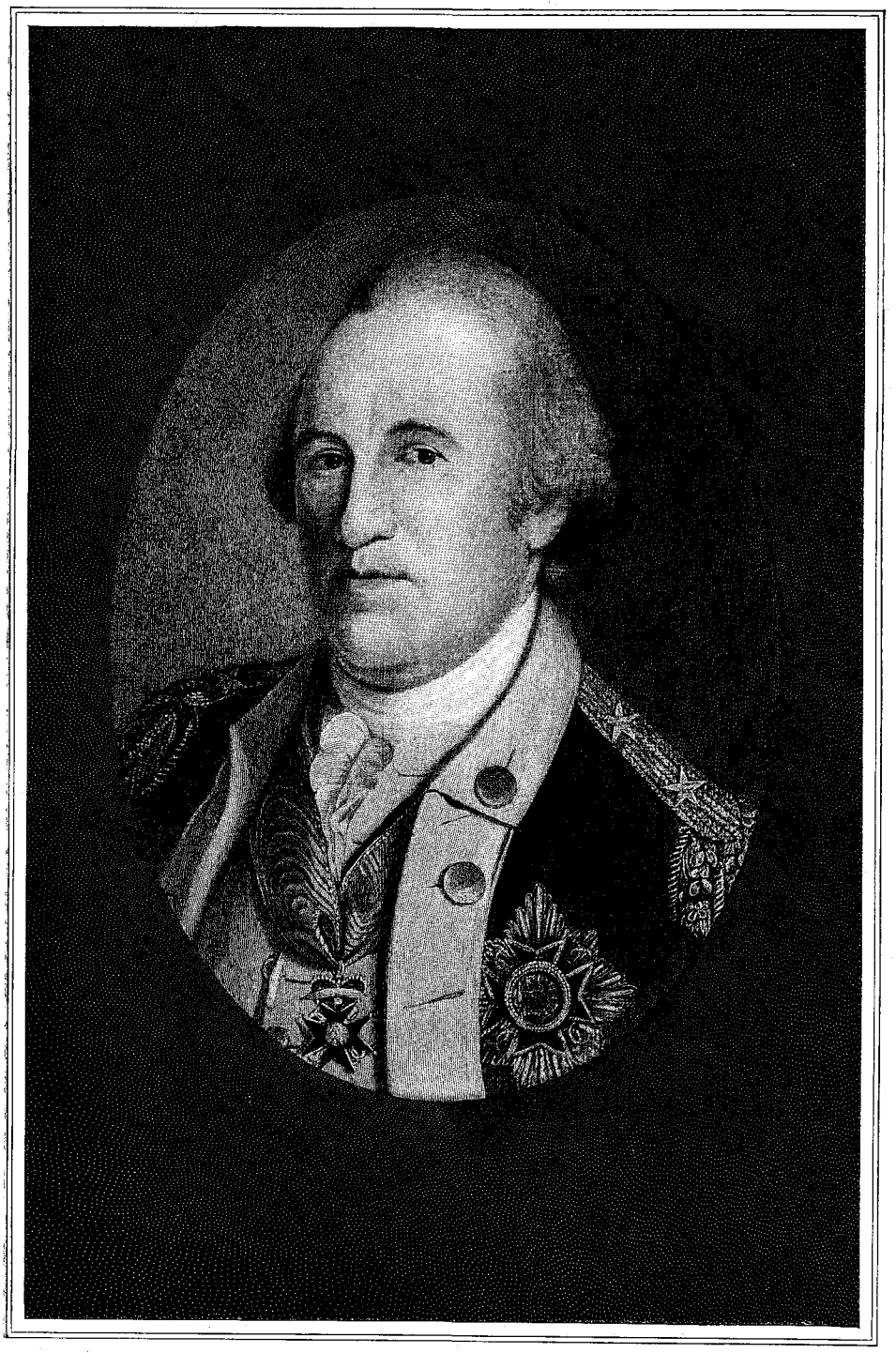
the strength of the army was fixed at eighty-eight battalions, or about 66,000 men, distributed among the different colonies. Subsequently this was increased by sixteen battalions, to be raised at large under Washington's own direction, and three regiments of artillery, 3,000 light horse, and a corps of engineers. Washington was finally given unlimited power to raise and equip this force; to establish the pay; to discharge and appoint all officers below the rank of Brigadier-General, and, in short, to have absolute power in the premises. But the auspicious moment for raising an army on this basis had passed; as Washington remarked, "there is a material difference between voting battalions and raising men." It was impossible to get men to enlist for the period of the war, and therefore the term was reduced to three years on condition that the grant of land be not made. But even this was not found very attractive, and the final result was that the period of enlistment was practically fixed by the men themselves. A few enlisted for the war, some for three years, some for one year, some for nine months, and some for three months; they were taken on their own terms. This army was recruited and organized during the winter and spring at Morristown, and at the beginning of summer numbered forty-three regiments, divided into ten brigades and five divisions, and numbering barely 30,000 men on paper, and less than half that number present for duty. With it the campaign in Pennsylvania was fought, resulting in the defeats of Brandywine and Germantown and the establishment of the camp at Valley Forge at the close of the year (1777).

Infantry Private, 1783.

Gradually reduced to a mere handful in numbers, half naked, and almost starved, this army was about to disband when in the spring of 1778 news was received of the treaty with France. This revived the hopes of those who were struggling for their independence, and caused them to look with more favor upon the strict discipline which Washington enjoined and the endless drills which Baron Steuben had inaugurated. Recruiting was revived and the efficiency of the army increased; so that when it started in pursuit of the British in June, 1778, and overtook them at Monmouth, it was probably in a higher state of discipline and efficiency than at any other period during the war. At all events, it so impressed the British army with its value and importance that no offensive operations were again undertaken at the North, although the treaty of peace was not signed until five years later. On our side, the expedition under Sullivan against Newport was undertaken in August, 1778, but this being unsuccessful, both the British and American armies in the North played a waiting game. In 1780 the French troops landed, and at the same time Greene was sent to take command in the South. A year later he had manœuvred Cornwallis out of the Carolinas and into Virginia, and Washington saw that the long-looked-for moment to resume the offensive had arrived. Seizing it with unerring judgment and extraordinary celerity he marched from Connecticut to Virginia, surrounded Cornwallis, captured his army, and put an end to the military operations of the war.

The total number of French troops actually in service in America was about 6,000. They landed at Newport in July, 1780, remained in New England until they marched to Yorktown in 1781, returned to the Hudson River in the spring of 1782, and sailed for the West Indies in the autumn of that year. Small as were their numbers, they were of immense benefit not only because of the service they rendered at Yorktown, but because of the example of military training which they gave to the Continental army. Whether the Revolution could have been successful without the aid of France and its soldiers, is one of those questions which can be debated at great length without ever reaching a definite and certain conclusion. It must be remembered that the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

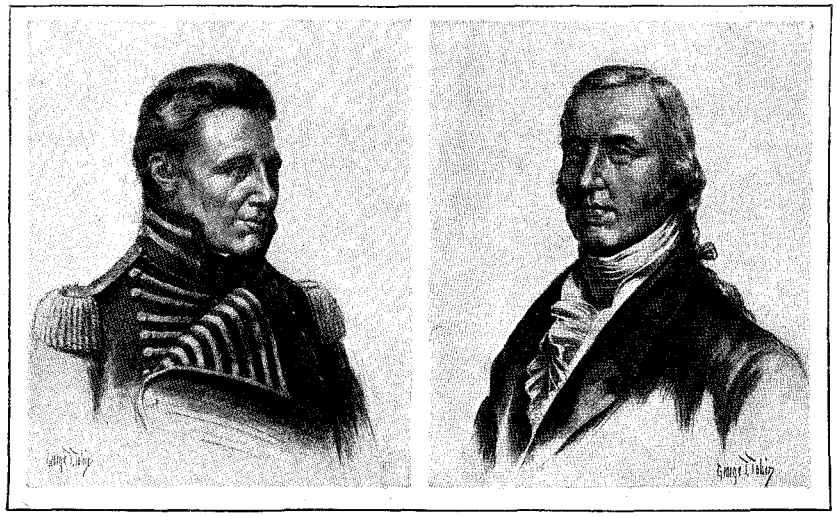


Baron de Steuben.

Painted by C. W. Peale in 1780.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French took part in only one engagement, namely, that at Yorktown, whereas the Americans had fought the British at Boston in 1775; at Long Island, Harlem, White Plains, Fort Washington, Trenton, and Princeton in 1776; at Bemis's Heights, Saratoga, Brandywine, and Germantown in 1777; at Monmouth and Newport in 1778. However great an advantage may have been derived from the aid of the French, it is certainly true that the great bulk of the fighting was done by the Americans and only a small portion by the French; that it was the Americans who had, so to speak, fought the British to a standstill in 1778, so that no further offensive operations were ever undertaken in the North. It may, therefore, fairly be said that the bulk of the military work, the battles, campaigns, and marches of the Revolution were conducted by the Americans, and that the greater portion of the success—to say the least—was due to them.



Brigadier-General Zebulon M. Pike.
(Explorer of the Mississippi and Platte Rivers.)

Governor William Clark.
(Of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.)

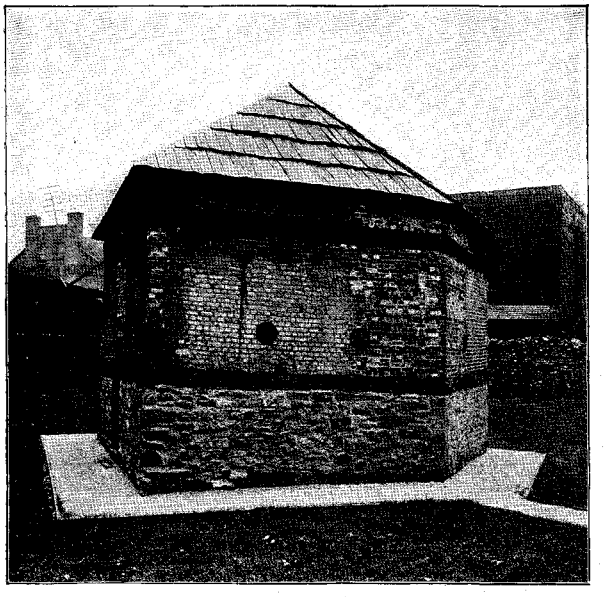
The great object for which all were contending, viz., the defeat of the British armies and the establishment of American independence, was thus accomplished by an irregular army, composed of successive relays of untrained volunteers. From this great fact arose the popular belief that however it might be with other people, for Americans a standing army was unnecessary; they could successfully carry on war without one. This belief has survived with remarkable vitality and has influenced the whole course of our military history.

Another factor, of hardly less potent influence, and of similar endurance, was the attitude of public men toward the army. This attitude was one of suspicion, of jealousy, and of lack of sympathy. At the time it was formed by Massachusetts in 1774–75 apologies were framed for having to resort to its use. If it had been possible by any means to achieve independence without organizing an army, most certainly none would have been organized; an army was accepted as a necessary evil, to be made as little efficient as possible for fear of creating a power which could not be controlled. It was desired to get rid of it at the earliest possible moment, and while the sufferings and hardships of the Revolutionary army were fully appreciated in after years, and so far as was possible were compensated, yet the soldiers of the Revolution received but slight consideration from their contemporaries—except possibly in the Southern States. The attitude of the New England statesmen toward military men and military ideals is illustrated by the sentiments of John Adams, who wrote in March, 1776: "I hope, for my own part, that Congress will elect annually all the general officers. If in consequence of this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some great men should be obliged at the year's end to go home and serve their country in some other capacity not less necessary and better adapted to their genius, I do not think that the country would be ruined." In the previous year at Philadelphia, when Washington, after being appointed Commander-in-Chief, was escorted out of that city on his way to Cambridge, and with some pomp and ceremony, Adams sat down and wrote to his wife: "I, poor creature, worn out with scribbling for my bread and my liberty, low in spirits and weak in health, must leave others to wear the laurels which I have sown, others to eat the bread which I have earned." Nearly five years later his distrust of the army was undiminished when he wrote to Baron von Coppelen (January 21, 1781): "I am sure you will applaud the people for keeping a watchful eye over the army, to see that it does not ravish from them that liberty for which all have been contending." By contrast, how wise and well considered are the words of Washington (April 21, 1778): "The other point is the jealousy which Congress unhappily entertains of the army. . . . You may be assured there is nothing more injurious, or more unfounded. This jealousy stands upon the commonly received opinion, which, under proper limitations, is certainly true, that standing armies are dangerous to a State. The prejudices in other countries have only gone to them in time of peace, and these from their not having in general cases any of the ties, the concerns, or interests of citizens, or any other dependence than what flowed from their military

Site of Fort Washington, Valley Forge, at the Present Day.



Block House of Fort Pitt, Built 1764.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

employ; in short, from their being mercenaries, hirelings. It is our policy to be prejudicial against them in time of war; though they are citizens, having all the ties and interests of citizens and in most cases property totally unconnected with the military line.

"If we would pursue a right system of policy, in my opinion, there should be none of these distinctions. We should all, Congress and army, be considered as one people, embarked in one cause, in one interest, acting on the same principle, and to the same end. The jealousies set up . . . are impolitic in the extreme . . . and the very jealousy, which the narrow politics of some may affect to entertain of the army, in order to a due subordination to the supreme civil authority, is a likely means to produce a contrary effect; to incline it to the pursuit of those measures which they may wish it to avoid. It is unjust, because no order of men in the thirteen States has paid a more sacred regard to the proceedings of Congress than the army; for, without arrogance or the smallest deviation from the truth, it may be said, that no history now extant can furnish an instance of an army suffering such uncommon hardships as ours has done, and bearing them with the same patience and fortitude."

Cavalry Private, 1801.

How clear and sharply defined were the opinions of John Marshall, writing twenty years later: "The problem, that a nation can be defended against a permanent force, by temporary armies, by occasional calls of the husbandman from his plough to the field, was completely disproved; and in demonstrating its fallacy, the independence of America had nearly perished in its cradle."

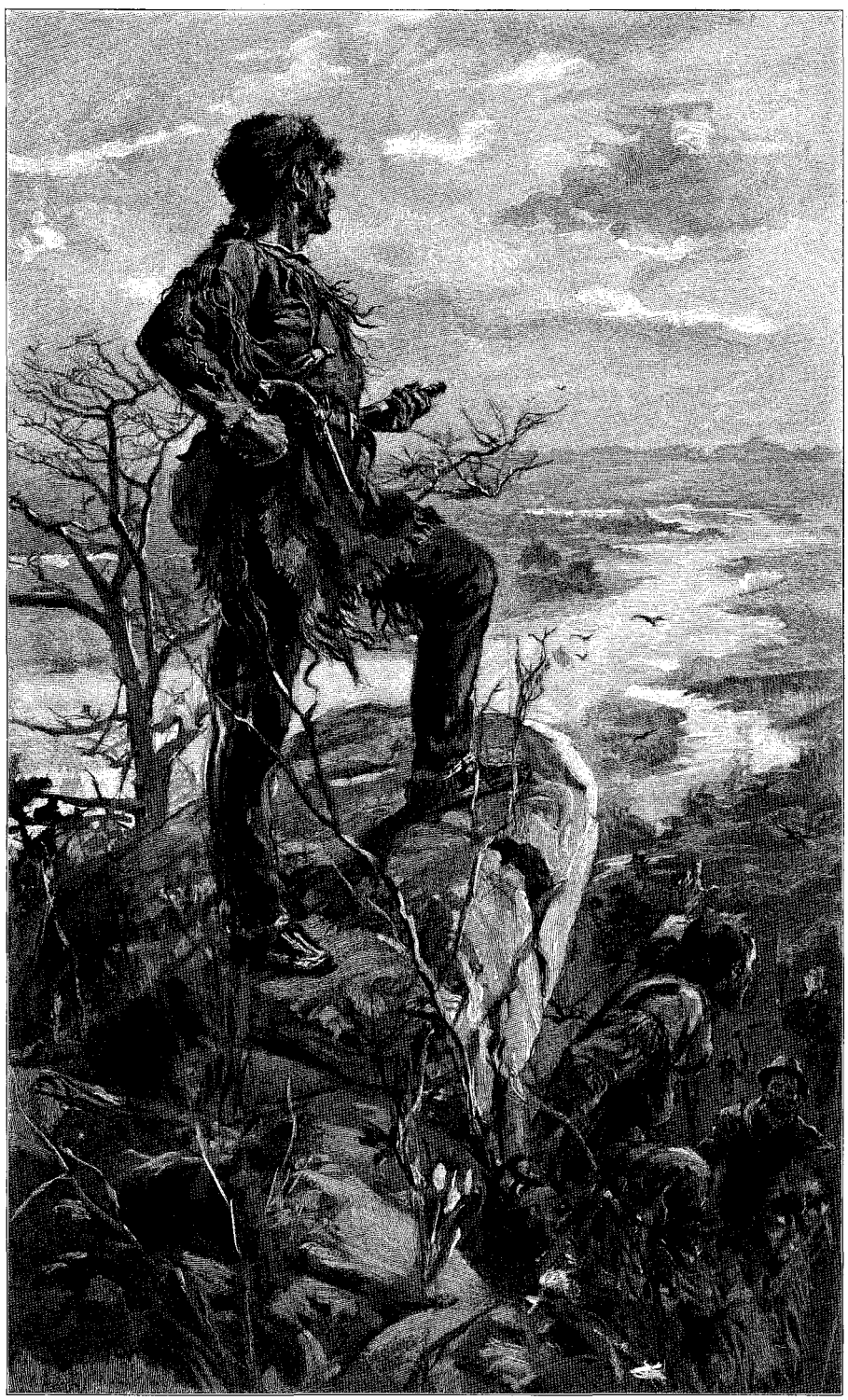
As in the matter of recruiting and organization, so also in regard to supplies, arms, equipment, and pay, the army was terribly deficient at all times throughout the long struggle. It lived from hand to mouth and was incapable of offensive movements during the three years from 1778 to 1781.

The total number of enlistments in the Continental or so-called regular forces, from 1775 to 1783, was 231,791, exclusive of the militia who were called out for short service in greater or less numbers every year, aggregating a total variously estimated from 60,000 to 150,000. The greatest number of enlistments in any year was 46,901 in 1776, and the smallest number was 13,076 in 1783. The average was about 25,000 per annum, which was greater than the average number on the rolls; so that the service of each man was usually less than a year, and the army was discharged and renewed nine times over during the progress of the struggle.

Fully one-half of the total enlistments were from New England; less than one-fourth were from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania; and something over one-fourth were from the Southern States. Massachusetts headed the list with 67,907, and Connecticut came next with 31,939; Virginia followed with 26,678, Pennsylvania 25,678, and New York 17,781.

During the war there were appointed twenty-nine major-generals, and seventy-six brigadiers. On the organization of the army in 1775 there were four major-generals, Artemas Ward, Charles Lee, Philip Schuyler, Israel Putnam; and nine brigadiers, Gates, Pomroy, Montgomery, Wooster, Heath, Spencer, Thomas, Sullivan, and Greene. Of these, Greene was the only one who remained in active service until the close of the war, exercising, during its last three years, an independent command in the South. By common consent he is considered the ablest of Washington's lieutenants. John Fiske says of him: "In every campaign since the beginning of the war Greene had been Washington's right arm; and for indefatigable industry, for strength and breadth of intelligence, and for unselfish devotion to the public service, he was scarcely inferior to the Commander-in-Chief. . . . So consummate had been his strategy that whether victorious or defeated on the field, he had, in every

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Lewis's First Glimpse of the Rockies.

(Lewis and Clark Expedition, 1804.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instance, gained the object for which the campaign was made."

As happened in the Civil War, three generations later, so in the Revolution, those who were appointed to high command in the beginning gradually disappeared and their places were taken by junior officers who were developed by actual service. Ward was the commander of the Massachusetts militia, and he resigned at the close of the siege of Boston. Schuyler rendered most valuable service in the northern campaign, but he was forced out of the army by the intrigues of Gates. Charles Lee was court-martialed for cowardice and inefficiency at Monmouth, sentenced to a year's suspension, and then allowed to resign. It was afterward discovered that he was as vile a traitor as Arnold. Putnam was a brave soldier and patriot, but displayed no military ability and resigned on account of ill-health. Gates possessed considerable talent, and had had much military experience, but he was devoid of loyalty, full of intrigue, appropriated to himself the credit that was due to others in the northern campaign, and when thrown on his own resources in the South was ignominiously defeated. Sullivan was a fine soldier, commanding a division in all the campaigns from 1775 to 1778, rendering splendid service at Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, and Germantown, in command at Newport, in 1778, and against the northern Indians in 1779. Ill-health then compelled him to leave the army and enter Congress.

Of the younger men, Knox became Chief of Artillery at the age of twenty-five and served in that capacity during the war; Wayne gained lasting fame by his brilliant capture of Stony Point in 1779; Morgan organized the Rifles and with them won a splendid victory at the Cowpens in 1781; and young Henry Lee was the finest cavalry leader developed by the war.

In order to compensate for the lack of trained and experienced officers at the outbreak of the war, a large number of foreign officers were engaged—so many, in fact, as to create serious trouble in the army as well as in Congress. Many of them were worthless adventurers; others rendered good service, such as du Portail, chief engineer at Yorktown; Kosciusko, chief engineer in Greene's Southern campaign; de Kalb, who was killed at Camden, and Pulaski, who was mortally wounded at Savannah. But the two foreign officers whose services were of preeminent and almost inestimable value were Lafayette and Steuben. They were very different in character, temperament, and position. One a rich and brilliant nobleman, inspired by generous enthusiasm to leave his home and country while a mere boy, a major-general at twenty; yet developing fine abilities as a diplomatist and as a soldier, the friend and confidant of Washington, commanding an independent force in Virginia just prior to Yorktown, with conspicuous success, and above all, giving vitality to the French alliance, during his visit home in 1779, by securing the despatch of French troops to America, and the acceptance of American loans.

Steuben, on the other hand, had worked his way up by long and arduous service in war; he had fought at Prague and Rossbach, and had seen twenty years of active military duty under the great Frederick of Prussia. He joined the army at Valley Forge, in February, 1778, was made inspector-general, and immediately inaugurated measures of the highest importance for improving its military efficiency. He began with a squad drill, of which he was the drill-master, marching his men up and down in the snow and swearing in three languages at their lack of knowledge of the most elementary evolutions. He wrote the first drill-regulations ever used in our service, he organized for the first time a system of accountability for arms, equipments, and supplies, he improved the organization of regiments and companies, he introduced system and economy in every branch of the service, he gave the instruction which only a military expert could give, and which the army had never had before.

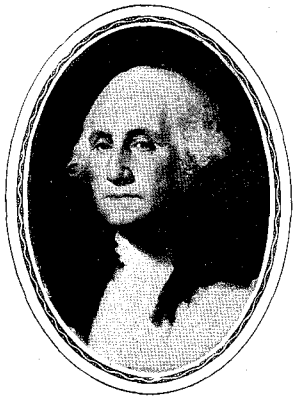
Of the generals of the Revolution it may be fairly said that their military ability was, at least, superior to that of their opponents. They never lost an army, while Burgoyne lost his at Saratoga, and Cornwallis his at Yorktown. Howe gained victories at Long Island, the Brandywine, and Germantown, but they were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry Knox.
Major-General, 1783-1784.

Anthony Wayne.
Major-General, 1792-1796.

James Wilkinson.
Brigadier-General, 1796-1798.
Brigadier-General, 1800-1812.



George Washington.
Major-General, 1775-1783.
Lieutenant-General, 1798-1799.

Henry Dearborn.
Major-General, 1812-1815.

Alexander Hamilton.
Major-General, 1799-1800.

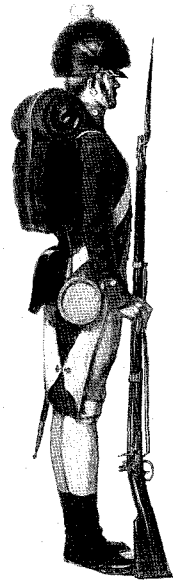
Arthur St. Clair.
Major-General, 1791-1792.

Josiah Harmer.
Lieutenant-Colonel, 1784-1791.

Generals Who Commanded the Army from 1775-1815.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not due to his skill, but to the fact that he commanded regular, trained troops and was opposed by undisciplined levies; he escaped defeat at Monmouth, but this was due to Lee's treachery and cowardice. Similarly, Cornwallis gained victories at Guilford and Eutaw Springs, and for the same reasons. But neither Howe nor Cornwallis was ever able to destroy or capture the army opposed to him; and Clinton did not think it prudent to attempt any decisive operations. On the other hand, Washington constantly showed military ability of the very highest order. There is no greater mistake than to call him a good man, but a second-rate soldier. At Boston, the manœuvre by which he seized Dorchester Heights rightly made him master of the situation and compelled Gage to evacuate. At Long Island he extricated a defeated army from a perilous position and conducted it safely across a deep and rapid river, with a skill which has never been surpassed in an operation of this kind. At Trenton he turned upon his foe and inaugurated a series of manœuvres so ably planned and so brilliantly executed as to call forth the warmest eulogy from the great Frederick, the foremost soldier of the day. Finally, in marching to Yorktown, surrounding and capturing Cornwallis's army, he showed a military instinct, a capacity for prompt action and a skill in execution, which stamps him as a great soldier.

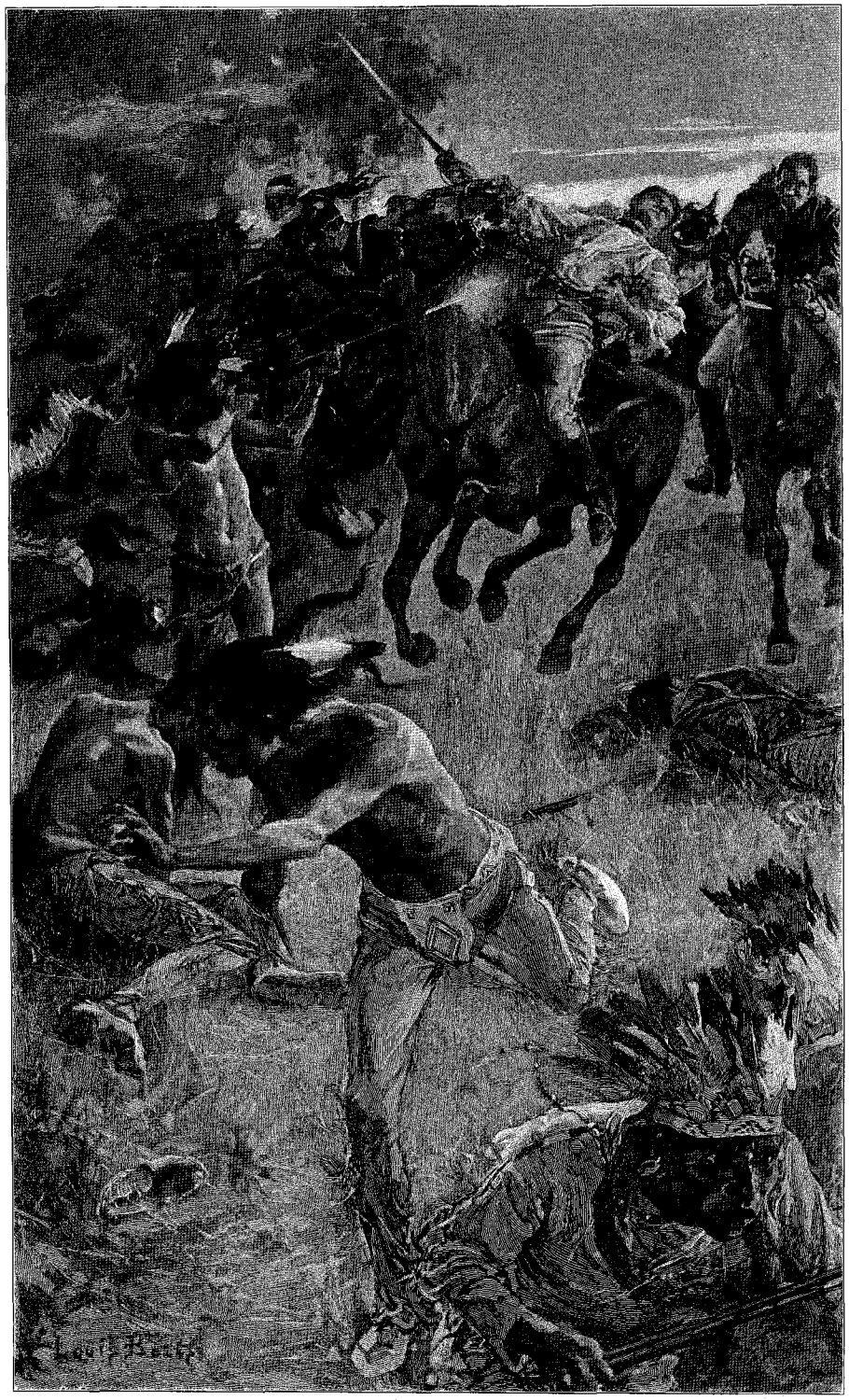


Infantry Private, 1802.

The rank and file of the army contained as fine material as ever carried a musket. Its patriotism, its devotion, its endurance, its patience under suffering have never been excelled. These qualities were not utilized so as to produce the best military results, because the people were imbued with the militia ideas which they had inherited from their ancestors, and because there was no central authority to devise and put into operation proper military plans of organization. Congress neither had nor assumed the power to bring out the full military strength of the nation. There was, in fact, no nation, but only thirteen independent States. There was, therefore, an enormous waste of resources and of good material, in men as well as in money, credit, and supplies.

These administrative failures, in conjunction with the feeling of jealousy and almost of contempt toward the Army on the part of Congress, finally led to mutiny. The first outbreak was in the Connecticut line at Morristown in May, 1780. It was suppressed without difficulty. But in the following winter it was succeeded by another of the most serious character, which threatened for a time to result in the disbanding of the Army and the summary collapse of the Revolution. The history of it is most interesting as showing the character of the men in the ranks, who were men of independent thought, accustomed to exercising their own will; they were as far as possible from being unthinking mercenaries or hirelings, but on the contrary were as ardent patriots as any who sat in Congress. If, when driven to desperation by injustice, they determined to assert their rights in defiance of all military discipline, it must be acknowledged that they had extraordinary provocation. Their grievances were that they "were perpetually on the point of starving, were often entirely without food; were exposed without proper clothing to the rigors of the season, and had now served almost twelve months without pay." These privations were common to the whole army, but the Pennsylvania division, consisting of six regiments with about 1,300 men, cantoned in huts at Morristown for the winter and commanded by Brigadier-General Anthony Wayne, had a peculiar and special grievance of their own. The greater number of the men had been enlisted in 1777 to serve "for three years or the war." The same form of enlistment was afterward used in the Civil War, and when the enlistments expired in 1864, the war not being ended, the alternative was invariably decided in favor of the soldier who was granted a furlough if he was willing to re-enlist, or given his discharge if he desired it. But in 1780

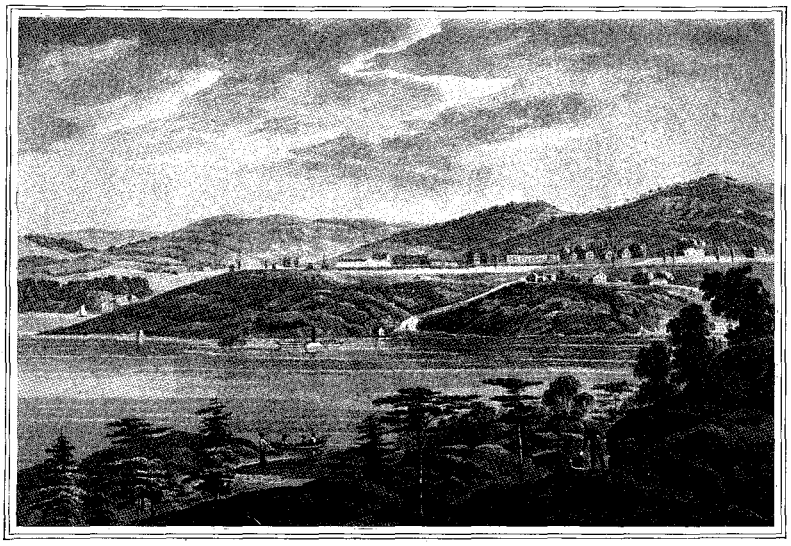
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Louis Betts.

Charge of Harrison's Troops at Tippecanoe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



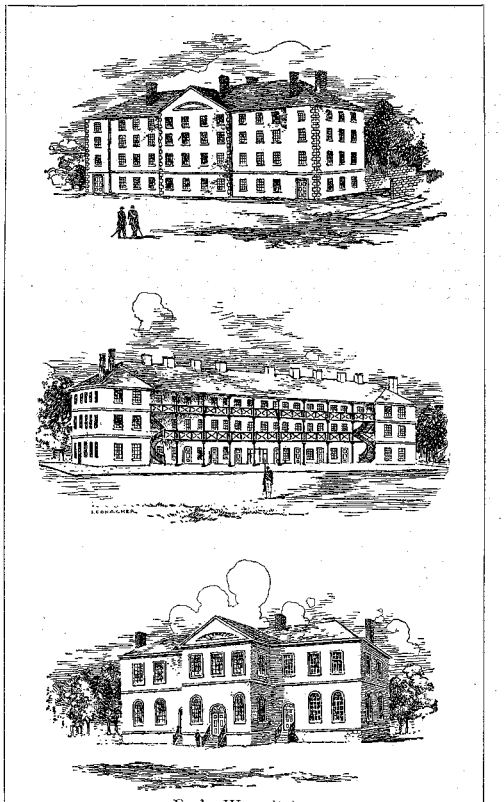
West Point in 1835.
(From an old print.)

the alternative was decided in favor of the Government, and the soldier was held to serve indefinitely so long as the war lasted. The soldier considered this a breach of contract, all the more flagrant and unjust as immense bounties were being paid for new recruits. The result was a practically unanimous revolt on the part of the Pennsylvania troops. On the night of January 1, 1781, at a given signal, they paraded under arms, and under command of their non-commissioned officers, announcing their intention to march to the seat of Congress and demand redress. In attempting to quell the mutiny one officer was killed and several were wounded. Wayne himself appeared in their midst and drew his pistol; the soldiers placed their bayonets at his breast, and Wayne, seeing that resistance was useless, withdrew. The six regiments then marched off under command of their sergeants to Princeton. Wayne and two of the colonels followed them the next day and on overtaking them made a written proposal that they should appoint a committee of one man from each regiment to state their grievances. This they did, and their demands were that those who had served three years should receive their discharge; that all should be given immediately their arrears of pay and clothing, and that those who saw fit to re-enlist should receive the full bounty and "real pay" (not worthless paper) in the future. Wayne was powerless to grant these requests and referred the men to the civil power; meantime remaining at Princeton with the men, but in a most anomalous position. The facts were reported to Washington at Newburg, and to Congress at Philadelphia; and they became known to Clinton at New York. To Washington the case was one of extraordinary embarrassment. His first impulse was to march to New Jersey and suppress the mutiny; but if he did so he put it in the power of Clinton to seize the highlands of the Hudson and detach New England from the Middle States, and moreover, if he could not count on a sufficient force of faithful troops to carry out his orders, he would be placed in the position of Wayne, and such a result in the case of the Commander-in-Chief would be absolutely fatal. Washington therefore remained at Newburg; but he sent Knox, with letters to the Governors of the New England States, urging them to raise money and clothing, wrote Wayne approving his plan of keeping in touch with the revolted regiments, ordered St. Clair, who was in command at Morristown, to march to the south side of the Delaware at Trenton and prevent the mutineers from crossing, and reported the matter fully to Congress.

This body appointed a committee to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proceed to Princeton in company with Governor Reed, of Pennsylvania, and hear the claims of the men. Meanwhile Clinton assembled the greater part of his troops in New York, ready to move at a moment's notice to West Point or to Princeton, as circumstances should require; and he sent three emissaries to the mutineers in the hope of winning them over. These men succeeded in reaching the camp at Princeton during the night of January 7th, carrying a letter enclosed in a piece of tea lead. To their astonishment they were promptly arrested by the sergeants in command and forthwith taken to Wayne's tent and delivered up to him, the sergeants stating that they "spurned the idea of turning Arnolds"! The emissaries were kept under guard until the trouble was over, when they were tried as spies and hanged.



Early West Point.

The North Barracks (looking northeast). Erected in 1817. Demolished in 1851.

The South Barracks (looking southwest). Erected in 1815. Demolished in 1849.

The Academy (looking southeast). Erected in 1815. Destroyed by Fire, February 19, 1838.

Drawn from E. C. Boynton's "History of West Point."

The Committee of Congress practically granted all the demands of the mutineers, and it was agreed that three commissioners should be appointed to ascertain what men had been enlisted for the war, and what men for three years or the war, and when the enlistment papers could not be produced the oath of the interested party was to be sufficient; pending these proceedings, the sergeants were to remain in command. In point of fact, without waiting to find the enlistment papers, nearly the whole command was discharged on their oaths that they were enlisted for three years or the war. When the papers were produced it was found that most of the men had enlisted absolutely for the war. Nevertheless the discharges already granted were not cancelled, the few who remained in service were granted a furlough of forty days, and before that time had expired nearly all of those who had been discharged were anxious to re-enlist. Wayne designated the towns where the different regiments should rendezvous in March, and the men were then re-enlisted, with the full bounty. As soon as organized they were ordered to Virginia, took part in the Yorktown campaign, and then joined Greene in Georgia.

Thus terminated a mutiny which, in its various phases, is quite unique in military annals. It led to others, which, however, were quickly quelled.

The first was that of the New Jersey troops. They were stationed at Pompton, near Paterson, and on January 20, 1781, they attempted to follow the example of the Pennsylvanians. But Washington was now sure of the fidelity of the Eastern troops, and he instantly sent a detachment from Newburg, under General Robert Howe, with these instructions which may well be considered a model: "The object of your detachment is to compel the mutineers to unconditional submission; and I am to desire,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that you will grant no terms while they are with arms in their hands in a state of resistance. The manner of executing this I leave to your discretion. If you succeed in compelling the revolted troops to a surrender, you will instantly execute a few of the most active and incendiary leaders." Howe carried out his instructions to the letter, surprised and surrounded the camp of the mutineers, disarmed them, selected one ringleader from each regiment, tried and hanged him forthwith. Washington then issued a general order to the army approving Howe's action, stating his regret that such action had been necessary, expressing his deep appreciation and sympathy in the terrible hardships the army had been compelled to undergo, but saying, in the strongest language, that these were no excuse for flying "in the face of law and government to procure redress." He concluded: "It is our duty to bear present evils with fortitude, looking forward to the period when our country will have it more in its power to reward our services."

At no time did Washington's genius for leading and controlling men appear in a stronger light than during this trying period. He had to use the same tact and firmness in dealing with another incipient mutiny at Newburg at the close of the war, though in this case he was not obliged to use force.

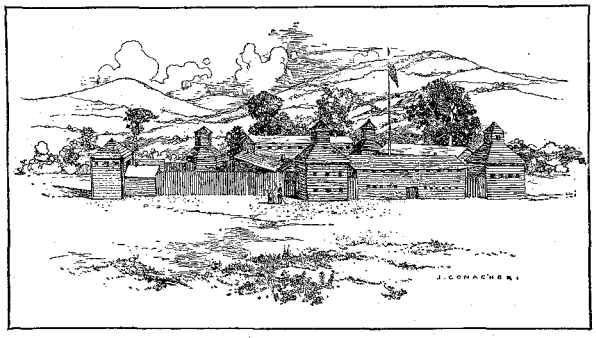
The third mutiny was in Greene's army after the Pennsylvania line had joined it in 1782. The ringleader was one of the sergeants who had commanded a regiment at Princeton. He was arrested, tried, sentenced, and executed. Five other conspirators were sent into the interior under heavy guard, and the mutiny was thus suppressed before it gained headway.

Finally, in 1783, a single company of Pennsylvania troops, just discharged, openly insulted and defied Congress at Philadelphia. It was this act which led to the provision in the Constitution of 1789 for a federal district, under absolute control of Congress, as the seat of government.

In 1783 the Army of the Revolution melted away. The preliminary treaty of peace had been signed November 30, 1782, the definite treaty was not signed until September 3, 1783, and news of it was not received until November of that year. Throughout the spring and summer of 1783 numerous furloughs were granted, and on October 18th Congress issued a proclamation discharging all officers and soldiers absent on furlough from further service. There was no formal leave-taking, no review of assembled troops; the organizations simply disbanded and the men went to their homes in squads, unpaid and unrewarded except by a resolution of Congress giving them "the thanks of their country, for their long, eminent, and faithful service."

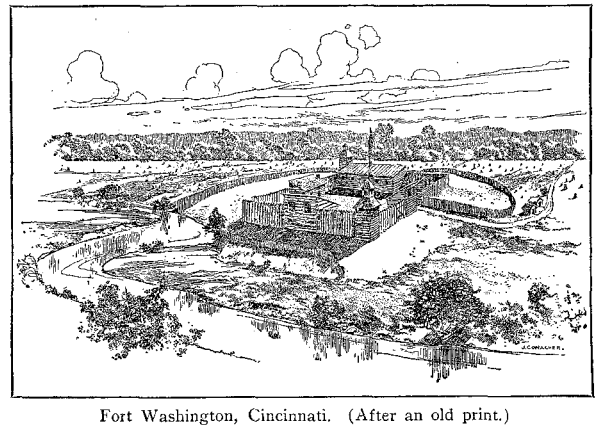
A few men were retained in service to guard the military stores, and throughout the winter of 1783–84 there were long debates as to what should be the peace establishment of the army. The New England delegates were unanimously in favor of a resolution declaring that "standing armies in time of peace are inconsistent with the principles of republican government, dangerous to the liberties of a free people, and generally converted into destructive engines for establishing despotism"; they therefore advised that "recommendations instead of requisitions shall be sent to the several States for raising the troops necessary for garrisoning the Western posts," etc. The Middle and Southern States on the other hand were equally unanimous in favor of enlisting a small force of United States troops for this purpose to serve three years. The matter was finally settled in June, 1784, by a resolution discharging all troops in the service of the United States except twenty-five privates to guard the stores at Fort Pitt (Pittsburg) and fifty-five to do similar duty at West Point; and another resolution requesting the States of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania to furnish from their militia a force of 700 men, to be supported at the expense of the United States, for garrisoning the Western posts, protecting the frontier, and guarding the public stores. At the end of a year (April, 1785) the services of these militia expired and it was then determined to raise a force of equal numbers of United States troops, to serve for three years. It was to consist of eight companies of infantry and two of artillery; in 1789, two companies of artillery were added and the total force increased to 840

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Fort Wayne, 1795. (After an old print.)

men. Knox was made Secretary of War in 1785, and continued in that office by Washington when he became President in 1789. Lieutenant-Colonel Josiah Harmer, of Pennsylvania, was made Commander-in-Chief, his rank being increased to that of Brigadier-General by brevet in 1787. In 1790 the force was increased to 1,216 men, and, with about 300 of these and over 1,000 militia from Pennsylvania and Kentucky, Harmer started out in the autumn of 1790 from Fort Washington (Cincinnati) to subdue the hostile Indians northwest of the Ohio River—the first of a long series of Indian campaigns in which the army was to be engaged at intervals during the succeeding hundred years. Harmer was not successful, although he inflicted severe losses on the Indians along the Scioto. At the next session of Congress the army was increased by an additional regiment, and the President was given full authority to call out such force of militia as he deemed necessary. Major-General Arthur St. Clair was now made Commanding General of the Army, and conducted a still larger force against the Indians in the autumn of 1791. He was disastrously defeated on the Miami, losing 800 out of a total force of 1,800 men. Knox, as Secretary of War, now brought forward his plans for permanent military organization; they were approved by Washington and adopted by Congress in the spring of 1792. There was an elaborate system for organizing the militia, which never was carried into effect, and has been obsolete for three-quarters of a century, although it still remains on the statute books unrepealed. The regular establishment consisted of a "Legion" commanded by a major-general and comprising a staff and four sub-legions; each of the latter contained one troop of dragoons, one company of artillery, four companies of rifles, and eight companies of infantry. The strength of each sub-legion was 1,280 men, and of the Legion 5,120. St. Clair having resigned, Major-General Anthony Wayne was appointed to the command, and with a force of about 3,000 men he left Fort Washington (Cincinnati) in the summer of 1793 and began his campaign along the Maumee River and its tributaries. It was carried on with prudence and skill during the next two years, posts being established at Fort Recovery, Fort Defiance, and Fort Wayne. In the summer of 1794 he penetrated almost to the mouth of the Maumee (Toledo), inflicting severe punishment on the Indians and burning their villages. In the following summer the Indians sued for peace, a treaty was concluded and the first of our Indian wars, which had lasted nearly five years, was brought to a successful conclusion. In this war the celebrated Indian Chief Tecumseh was one of the most active braves. He joined in the Treaty of Peace, but ten years later he renewed the war and kept it up until he was killed in the battle of the Thames in 1813.



Fort Washington, Cincinnati. (After an old print.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE *the Subſcribers do hereby ſeverally inliſt ourſelves into the Service of the* United American Colonies, *until the firſt Day of* January *next, if the Service ſhould require it;—and each of us do engage to furniſh and carry with us into the Service aforeſaid, a good effective Fire Arm and Blanket; (alſo, a good Bayonet, Cartridge Pouch, and a Hatchet, or Tomahawk, or Cutting Sword, if poſſible;) and we ſeverally conſent to be formed by ſuch Perſon or Perſons as the General Court ſhall appoint, into a Company of Ninety Men, including one Captain, two Lieutenants, one Enſign, four Serjeants, four Corporals, one Drum, and one Fife, to be elected by the Company and commiſſionated by the Council, and when formed, we engage to March into* Canada *with the utmoſt Expedition, and to be under ſuch Field Officers as the General Court have appointed, or ſhall appoint; and we further agree, during the Time aforeſaid, to be ſubject to ſuch Generals, or ſuperior Officers, as are or ſhall be appointed; and to be under ſuch Regulations, in every Reſpect, as are provided for the Army aforeſaid. Dated the of A. D.* 1776.

Enlistment Blank of 1776.

Wayne died in 1796 and was succeeded in command of the army by Brigadier-General James Wilkinson, who had served under Wayne in the campaigns of the last three years. The army was reduced to about 2,800 men, and so remained until the troubles with France arose in 1798. Then Congress provided for a large increase. The two artillery and four infantry regiments were to be increased to 700 men each; twelve additional regiments of infantry and six troops of dragoons were to be organized, and in addition there was to be a provisional army of 10,000 men, and the President was authorized to accept the services of such volunteer corps as might offer. Washington was appointed Lieutenant-General and Hamilton, Pinckney, and Knox Major-Generals. At the next session (January, 1799) twenty-four additional regiments of infantry, three of cavalry, two of rifles, and one of artillery were authorized, carrying the total strength of the regular army to over 40,000 men, in a total population of 5,250,000, and a force of volunteers limited only by the President's discretion. Only a small part of these projected troops were ever raised, and in 1802 the army was reduced to the strength of 1796, one regiment of artillery and two of infantry, about 3,000 men in all. On Washington's death in 1799 Hamilton became Commanding General of the Army, but resigned the following year, and Wilkinson resumed the command, with the rank of Major-General by brevet.

Thomas Jefferson was a firm believer in the doctrine that a standing army is a dangerous thing; yet it was during his administration that the regular army was first definitely and permanently established, and though its numbers have been increased or diminished from time to time as circumstances required, it has never since been disbanded. Washington had argued for years in favor of an efficient regular army, a well-organized and *disciplined* militia, and the establishment of a military academy—all as parts of one general plan, in time of peace prepare for war. But he saw none of these projects adopted. On the other hand, Jefferson, who looked upon any military force as an evil and believed that war could be averted by diplomacy, was forced by the course of events while he was President to establish a military academy, and to organize a standing army; the formation of a well-drilled and disciplined militia was never accomplished by the National Government, and was only brought about by the united efforts of the individual States more than two generations later.

It was also during Jefferson's administration that the army was first intrusted with the survey of the Great West. Within a year after the acquisition of Louisiana, Jefferson gave his personal attention to the organization of an exploring expedition under the command of two army officers, Captain Meriwether Lewis of the infantry, who was Jefferson's private secretary, and Second Lieutenant William Clark of the artillery. With a party of fourteen soldiers and an equal number of civilian employees they left St. Louis in the spring of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1804, ascended the Missouri to its source, thence crossed the Rocky Mountains to the head waters of the Columbia, descended that stream to the Pacific Ocean and then retraced their steps to St. Louis, arriving there in the autumn of 1806, after an absence of two years and four months, and a journey on foot, on horseback, and in canoes, of over 10,000 miles through the wilderness. The expedition was remarkable for the courage and skill shown by the two officers, their tact in dealing with the numerous Indiana tribes through whom they safely passed, their endurance of extraordinary hardships, and the variety and accuracy of the information which they brought back and published in their report. It was the worthy beginning of that long series of exploring and surveying expeditions which were carried on by the army during the next seventy years and which were of such inestimable benefit in the development of the country. A similar expedition was sent out in 1805 to explore the sources of the Mississippi. It was commanded by Captain Zebulon Pike of the 1st Infantry, a young officer of twenty-six, whose father had served through the Revolution, and who was destined to close his own career as brigadier-general in command of the force which attacked and captured York (Toronto) in 1813, where he was killed by the explosion of the British magazine. His name is perpetuated in Pike's Peak, the highest point in the world reached by the locomotive, which was the landmark and point of direction for all the emigrant trains crossing the plains before the transcontinental railroad was opened in 1869. In his first expedition Pike ascended the Mississippi from St. Louis to its source and spent nine months in explorations in what is now Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Dakota. In his second expedition (1806–7) he followed up the Platte River to its source in the Rocky Mountains, thence worked south until he reached the head-waters of the Rio Grande del Norte, where he was made prisoner by the Spaniards, carried to Santa Fé in New Mexico, and thence escorted to Natchitoches on the Red River and there set free in July, 1807. By these three expeditions, within a few years after the acquisition of Louisiana, the valleys of its three great rivers, the Missouri-Mississippi, the Columbia, and the Rio Grande, had been explored by the army under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty and hardship.

The Military Academy at West Point was established by the Act of Congress of March 16, 1802. It appears that when Congress was deliberating, in 1776, upon the urgent letters sent by Washington in regard to the organization of the army, it appointed a committee to proceed to camp for consultation with Washington, and among other things this committee recommended "that the Board of War be directed to prepare . . . a military academy, and provide the same with proper officers." Before this report was received, Congress itself had passed a resolution (October 1st), appointing a committee of five "to prepare and bring in a plan of a Military Academy at the Army." The report of the committee at camp was the result of suggestions made by Henry Knox, Chief of Artillery. John Adams was a member both of the Committee and of the Board of War. No report was made and no action taken by either body, possibly on account of the well-known views of Adams in opposition to a permanent military establishment. The matter was not brought forward again until Knox, as Secretary of War, made his celebrated report of January 18, 1790, on the proper basis of military defence for the United States. His plan was to "reject a standing army . . . as possessing too fierce an aspect, and being hostile to the principles of liberty" . . . "to provide a corps of artillerists and engineers, and a legion for the protection of the frontiers and the magazines and arsenals," . . . "to regard an energetic national militia as the *capital security* of a free people," and to attain this by means of "adequate institutions for the military education of youth." Knox's plan was adopted in the law of 1792 so far as to organize the legion and provide a plan for the militia, but nothing was done about the institutions for military education. When it was discussed in the Cabinet Jefferson was of opinion that such a project was unconstitutional. Washington strongly recommended the plan to Congress in 1793 and again in his last message (December, 1796), but no action was taken. Dr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

James McHenry, who had served as a surgeon in the Revolutionary Army, and afterward as Washington's secretary, was appointed Secretary of War in 1796 and was retained in that office until the last year of Adams's administration. During the excitement of the anticipated war with France in 1798, he was in constant communication with Washington on military matters, including this project of a military academy, concerning which he made elaborate notes embodying Washington's views. These he incorporated in a report dated January 5, 1800, to President Adams, which the latter transmitted to Congress with a brief message. Again, no action was taken. But in the winter after Jefferson's inauguration the Secretary of War (Dearborn) was called upon for a report upon the military establishment and to what extent it could be reduced. As a result the law of March 16, 1802, was passed, by which what remained of the army organized to fight France was reduced to 3,000 men, and Washington's plan of a military academy, as elaborated by his Secretaries of War, Knox and McHenry, was adopted. The act authorized the President "to organize a corps of Engineers," which, "when so organized, shall be stationed at West Point, in the State of New York, and shall constitute a Military Academy." The corps was to consist of seven officers and ten cadets, the senior officer was to "have the Superintendence of the said Military Academy," and the Secretary of War, under the President's direction, was to make regulations for its government and to procure the necessary books, implements, and apparatus for its use and benefit.

This was the small beginning of what has since become a unique and famous educational establishment. Unlike military schools in other countries it educates officers for all branches of the service. It is a special and technical school, in no sense a university or even a college, devoted to the sole purpose of educating and training soldiers; but as the basis of its teaching was mathematical and analytical, it was for many years, prior to the formation of the schools of Technology at the great Universities and independent of them, the only institution in the country where a scientific education was given. As Henry Adams says: "Great as the influence of this new establishment was upon the army, its bearing on the general education of the people was still greater, for the government thus assumed the charge of introducing the first systematic study of science in the United States."

Jefferson took a warm interest in his bantling, increased its numbers by sending to it the forty cadets of artillery authorized by a previous law, and in 1808 sent a special message to Congress recommending its enlargement. But during the first years of Madison's administration, Dr. Eustis, of Massachusetts, the Secretary of War, did everything in his power to break up the institution by the simple process of not appointing any cadets, until finally there were no cadets and only one instructor. Eustis was forced out of office for incompetency in 1813, and at the same time a law was passed reorganizing the academy on a more secure foundation and enlarging the number of cadets. It was not until 1817, however, that it was fully organized on its present basis. In that year Major Sylvanus Thayer was appointed Superintendent. He was an officer of great ability and unbending will, himself a graduate of West Point in 1808 having previously graduated from Dartmouth, who, after distinguished service throughout the War of 1812, had been sent to Europe in 1815 to witness the operations of the allied armies before Paris, and afterward to study fortifications in France and the Netherlands. He introduced among the cadets the rigid discipline for which the academy has ever since been distinguished, organized and arranged the classes, prepared for the approval of the War Department the curriculum of studies, established the system of drills, and inculcated the highest principles of honor, integrity, and truthfulness as the basis of their moral education. He remained at the head of the institution for sixteen years and gave it the character which it has ever since maintained.

The results of his great work were first made evident to the public in the War with Mexico, where the company officers and some of the field officers were West Point graduates of the preceding thirty years; Scott was so delighted with their gallantry and their intelligent efficiency

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he eulogized them in the most generous terms, declaring that the success of his brilliant campaign was due more to them than to any other cause. The splendid service of its graduates in this war and again in the Civil War protected the academy from the attacks which were constantly made upon it, and at times with such force as nearly to destroy it. Those who believed in the theory of militia and temporary armies as a means of conducting war contended that it was aristocratic in tendency and useless in results; whereas those who shared the views of Washington, Hamilton, and Marshall, that war can only be successfully carried on by trained soldiers, supported the institution as the best means for providing military training.

From this academy there have now been graduated a little more than 4,000 officers; among them, Grant, Lee, Sherman, Johnston, Sheridan, Jackson, Thomas, Longstreet, Meade, McClellan, Hancock, and a host of other famous soldiers. For a few years preceding the Mexican War, and again just before the Civil War, and before the War with Spain, its graduates have constituted a large majority of the officers of the army, and nearly all its captains and lieutenants. At other periods its graduates have been in the minority. But at all times for the last sixty years the teachings of West Point have been the guiding principles of the army. None are more desirous to have their sons educated there than those officers who have gained their military education in the fiery school of war. None more than they realize the immense advantages of sound military education. The academy is now so securely intrenched in the affection of the people and the approval of the military authorities, the method of appointing the cadets is so thoroughly representative and democratic, that the attacks upon it are comparatively feeble, and it is firmly established as an integral part of our military system.

The enlargement and establishment of the army, which took place during Jefferson's administration, occurred in 1808. Prior to that time the military force, hardly large enough to be called an army, had fluctuated in numbers: in 1789, two regiments; in 1791, three regiments; in 1792 the Legion, equivalent to six regiments; in 1796, six regiments; in 1798, nine regiments; in 1800, six regiments; in 1802, three regiments. In 1807 these three regiments, with the staff and engineers, numbered 3,356 men, the greater part of whom were stationed on the frontier in the Northwest Territory. In June of that year our strained relations with Great Britain were stretched to the breaking-point, when news was received of the attack on the Chesapeake by the Leopard. Not since Lexington had the blood of the American people been stirred as it was by this high-handed outrage. An increase of the army was immediately demanded, and the Governors of States were called upon to furnish the muster and inspection returns of their respective quotas of 100,000 militia. At the next session of Congress the army was increased to eleven regiments, seven of infantry and one each of heavy artillery, light artillery, riflemen and dragoons, numbering in all about 10,000 men. This force was soon recruited, officered, and organized, and for the first time since the adoption of the Constitution the United States possessed a regular force comprising all arms of the service. Its numbers have since fluctuated, but at no time has the number of regiments been less than in 1808.

Among the officers who entered the army at this time were Captain Winfield Scott of the Light Artillery, aged twenty-two, and First Lieutenant Zachary Taylor, of the 7th Infantry, aged twenty-four. Their fathers had both served in the Revolutionary Army. In his memoirs, written fifty-five years later, Scott says: "The army of that day, including its general staff, the three old and the nine new regiments, presented no pleasing aspect. The old officers had very generally sunk into either sloth, ignorance, or habits of intemperance. Among the honorable exceptions were" Macomb, Swift, Totten, Thayer, and others. "Many of the appointments were positively bad, and a majority of the remainder indifferent. Party spirit of that day knew no bounds, and of course was blind to policy. Federalists were almost entirely excluded from selection, though great numbers were eager for the field, and in the New England and some other States there were but very few educated Republicans. Hence the selections from these communities consisted mostly of coarse and igno-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rant men. In the other States, where there was no lack of educated men in the dominant party, the appointments consisted generally of swaggerers, dependants, decayed gentlemen and others, 'fit for nothing else,' which always turned out to be utterly unfit for any military purpose whatever. These were the men who, on the return of peace, became the 'unscarred braggarts of the war,' a heavy burden to the Government and, as beggars, to the country. Such were the results of Mr. Jefferson's low estimate of, or rather contempt for, the military character, the consequence of the old hostility between him and the principal officers who achieved our independence."

After making all allowance for the exaggeration due to Scott's prejudices, this is probably not very far from the truth. It is universally admitted that the appointments of all grades at this time and until after the War of 1812 were based almost wholly on political considerations. The commanding general was Brigadier-General James Wilkinson, who had a varied and picturesque career. He was Gates's adjutant-general at Saratoga, and was a member of the Conway Cabal. In a convivial moment he disclosed this to Lord Stirling, by whom it was communicated to Washington; and after challenging both Gates and Stirling and then withdrawing the challenges, he was forced to leave the army. At the close of the war he entered into commercial arrangements of a dishonorable character at New Orleans, but succeeded in getting back into the army in 1791, served in Wayne's campaigns against the Indians, 1793–95, and in 1796 succeeded Wayne in command of the army. In 1801 he took part in Burr's conspiracy, although the proof of this was not discovered until long after his death. In 1807 he turned state's evidence against Burr at his trial; but was himself tried for conspiracy and treason in 1811, being acquitted for lack of evidence. He was a conspicuous failure as a general in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, and in 1815 he was discharged from the army and passed the few remaining years of his life in Mexico.

With such a man as commanding general, it could hardly be expected that the tone of the army would be high; the officers were divided into his partisans, who were in the majority, and those of his next in command, Brigadier-General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina. In 1809 Scott expressed the opinion that he "believed Wilkinson to have been equally a traitor with Burr." For this he was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to a year's suspension.

The war for which this army was organized did not come until four years later. Meanwhile the troops served in the Northwest and the Southwest. When war seemed imminent in the winter of 1808–9, Wilkinson was ordered to New Orleans with 2,000 of the new troops, to organize them and defend the place. The inefficiency of his administration was extraordinary, his camp abounded with "filth and nastiness of almost every kind," his men were badly organized and poorly equipped, and in a few months nearly forty per cent. of them had died of disease. When he moved up to the high ground of Natchez in the autumn of 1809, of the survivors fully three-fifths were on the sick list.

There were no actual wars with the Indians during Jefferson's administration, but in the new territory of Indiana, of which Harrison was made governor in 1807, the tribes under Tecumseh and his brother were restless and discontented; they feared the advance of the whites, there were frequent murders of the settlers, and the chiefs were making an effort to unite all the tribes into one great federation. To keep the Indians in check, Harrison was authorized to erect a fort in the vicinity of their village of Tippecanoe on the Wabash River, near the present town of Lafayette. For this purpose he organized an expedition at Vincennes of about 1,100 men, consisting of the 4th Infantry, which was sent to him from Pittsburg, and of militia and volunteers from Indiana and Kentucky. With these he marched up the Wabash Valley, in October, 1811, stopping to build a fort on the present site of Terre Haute, and arrived near Tippecanoe on November 6th. We probably never had in the service a better Indian fighter or one who more thoroughly understood the Indian character than Harrison. He was then thirty-eight years of age, had served with dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinction as a young officer in Wayne's campaigns on the Maumee, eighteen years before, and had since lived on the frontier with the exception of one year when he was a delegate in Congress. The Indians used every art to lead him into an ambush, but without success; his camp and his march were always well guarded. The night of November 6th was dark and rainy; his little force was camped about a mile and a half from the village, fully protected by sentries. Harrison himself was up before four o'clock in the morning of the 7th, and at that hour a shot was fired, followed by a rush of the Indians upon the angle of his camp. A sharp fight ensued at close quarters, lasting about two hours until day broke, when the troops took the offensive and the Indians fled. The losses were heavy, amounting to 188, of whom 61 were killed; of the officers nine were killed and twenty-five wounded. The Indians left thirty-eight bodies on the field, but carried off the rest of their dead and all their wounded. The village was burned, and Harrison then began his return march, carrying his wounded with him, and reaching Vincennes on November 18th.

This was one of the most decisive defeats ever inflicted on the Indians. It gave Harrison great reputation. Although he served with distinction throughout the War of 1812, and afterward was a senator and a foreign minister, yet the chief source of his popularity was this battle with the Indians, and nearly thirty years after it the campaign song which carried him into the Presidency was "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

The declaration of war against England was signed on June 12, 1812. In anticipation of it and subsequently, laws were passed for raising the necessary military forces as follows: In January, 1812, an act was passed increasing the regular army from 10,000 to 35,000 men, to consist of two regiments of dragoons, four of artillery, one of riflemen, and twenty-five of infantry. The men were to serve for five years, to receive $5 per month in pay, $16 in bounty, and on discharge, three months' extra pay and 160 acres of land. In February, a second act was passed, authorizing the President to accept the services of 50,000 volunteers, to serve twelve months, to be officered by the States, and to have the same pay as the regulars. In April, a third act was passed authorizing the President to call out 100,000 militia to serve six months, and while in service to have the same pay as regulars. In the same month another act was passed, for the purpose of filling up the new regiments, by which it was provided that 15,000 men might be enlisted to serve for eighteen months. A man desiring to serve in the war had thus a variety of options open to him, and he usually chose the most favorable, which was undoubtedly the service in the militia.

The next year, between January and March, 1813, a somewhat different programme was adopted. The law authorizing volunteers was repealed, and the regular army was increased by twenty additional regiments of infantry, carrying its total strength to 58,000 men; the enlistments were to be for twelve months, the pay was increased to $8 per month, with three months' pay in advance in addition to the bounty, and a promise of invalid pensions at the rate of $5 per month.

In the following year, January, 1814, the regular army was again increased by about 5,000 men, consisting of three additional regiments of riflemen and one of infantry, carrying its nominal strength to 63,000 men; at the same time the term of enlistment was changed back to five years, the pay was increased to $10 per month, the bounty raised to $124, the land grant to 320 acres, and recruiting agents were to be paid $8 for each recruit. The President was also authorized to accept the services of volunteers in such number as he thought proper, and on the same terms as the regulars.

None of these laws was effective; at no time during the war was the strength of the regular army as great as one-half of what the law authorized; a bill was even introduced in Congress, in 1814, providing for conscription, but it failed to pass. It was impossible to get recruits for the regular army.

While we achieved splendid and unexpected success on the sea during this war, our operations on the land were in the main unsuccessful and at times disgraceful. Inadequate laws in Congress, incompetence in the War Department,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inefficiency in the field, were the characteristics of the three-years campaigns. There was no Washington to counteract the defects of the militia system by his profound wisdom and sound judgment. Within sixty days after the declaration of war the Western posts at Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and Mackinac had been captured, and those at Fort Wayne, Fort Harrison, and Vincennes were besieged by the Indians. In New York it was planned to attack Montreal by the Champlain route, to attack Kingston from Sackett's Harbor, and to cross the Niagara River and attack Queenston. The Montreal expedition went no farther than Plattsburg, the Kingston expedition did not start at all, and the attack on Queenston resulted in a most shameful defeat. For these disasters the commanding general, Henry Dearborn, was largely responsible. He had served through the Revolution as a young officer, had afterward been a Representative in Congress, Secretary of War and Collector of the Port of Boston. From the latter position he was appointed Senior Major-General of the army in January, 1812, an office for which he was hopelessly incompetent.

In 1813, we were not so entirely unsuccessful. At the beginning of the year Dearborn captured and burnt York (Toronto) and seized Lewiston and Fort George, and later in the year Harrison relieved the Western posts, defeated the British and Indians in the battle of the Thames, and regained Detroit. In the South Jackson conducted a successful campaign against the Creek Indians. But at the close of the year the British not only regained control of their own side of the Niagara River but occupied the American side from Fort Niagara to Buffalo; and an expedition under Wilkinson, which moved down the St. Lawrence toward Montreal, resulted in a complete fiasco and defeat at Chrystler's Farm. The events of the year led to the retirement from active service of Dearborn, Wilkinson, Hampton and Lewis, the senior officers of the army and all about equally incompetent.

In 1814, the army for the first time acquitted itself creditably. Under the command of Brown, with Scott and Ripley as brigadiers, it fought a series of engagements at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Fort Erie, on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, against the best British regulars just arrived from Europe. The fighting was severe, the losses large in proportion to numbers engaged, and the advantage lay with the Americans. At Plattsburg, chiefly owing to McDonough's great naval victory, the British troops were defeated and fell back to Montreal. On the other hand, in the South, the city of Washington was captured, the public buildings burned, and the Government put to flight. This disaster was in a measure redeemed in the following month by the defeat of the British at Baltimore and the death of their commander, Lord Ross. In the extreme South Jackson had carried his campaign against the Creeks to a successful conclusion, and was then ordered to the defence of New Orleans where, on January 8, 1815, he gained the one really great victory of the war—one of the most brilliant achievements in all our history.

Meanwhile the treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent two weeks before. The war settled nothing; the objects for which it was undertaken were not even mentioned in the treaty. It had been in progress for nearly three years. The number of regulars enlisted is said to have been 85,000, and the number of militia called out over 470,000, although at no time were more than 30,000 regulars under arms, and not as many militia in the field. In none of the battles were more than 4,000 men actually engaged on our side. The aggregate of all the losses on the American side was about 1,900 killed and 3,700 wounded.

During this war, two questions of a fundamental character were raised in regard to the militia. The Constitution gives Congress power, "To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions." In April, 1812, a law was passed authorizing the President to call out 100,000 militia. When he issued the call the Governors of three New England States: Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, flatly refused to obey the call; and similar action was taken by the Governor of Vermont in 1814. They were sustained by the legislatures and courts of their respective States. The Supreme

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Court of Massachusetts decided that the President had no power to determine whether any one of the three conditions named in the Constitution had arisen; that decision rested with the Governor of each State, and as the Governors of the New England States were of opinion that neither invasion, insurrection, nor defiance of the laws existed, they declined to order out the militia. This decision was squarely overruled by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1820 in the case of Martin *vs.* Mott, in unequivocal language as follows: "We are all of opinion that the authority to decide whether the exigency has arisen belongs exclusively to the President, and that his decision is conclusive upon all other persons." In another case, Houston *vs.* Moore, the United States Supreme Court also decided that "The President's order may be given to the Chief Executive magistrate of the State, or to any militia officer he may think proper." The law in the case was thus settled in such a manner that no doubt concerning it has since existed.

The other question was the right to order the militia beyond the limits of their respective States, or of the United States. At the battle of Queenston, the New York militia, although they had clamored to be led into battle, refused to cross the Niagara River on the ground that they could not be ordered out of the United States. At that time, as now, the act of February 28, 1795, was in force prescribing penalties for any officer, non-commissioned officer, or private of the militia, when called into the service of the United States, who fails to obey the orders of the President, and this would seem to give ample authority to order them wherever he saw fit. But the precise question of his right to order them out of the limits of the United States has never, so far as I know, been passed upon by the Supreme Court.

The question has never arisen since the War of 1812. With that war the militia, as it had been understood for several generations, passed into well-merited contempt, and it has never since been called out by the President. In subsequent wars the President has been authorized to call for volunteers, who have been individually enlisted and mustered into the service of the United States, and for the time being constituted part of its army, subject to the articles of war, and bound by the enlistment oath to obey the orders of the President and the officers appointed over them.

The National Guard regiments of New York and other States which were ordered out for temporary service during an emergency in 1861, 1862, and 1863 were organized military bodies, uniformed, equipped, and drilled. They were totally different from the militia as understood in the Revolution and in the War of 1812.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUSPENSE

By Rosina Hubley Emmet

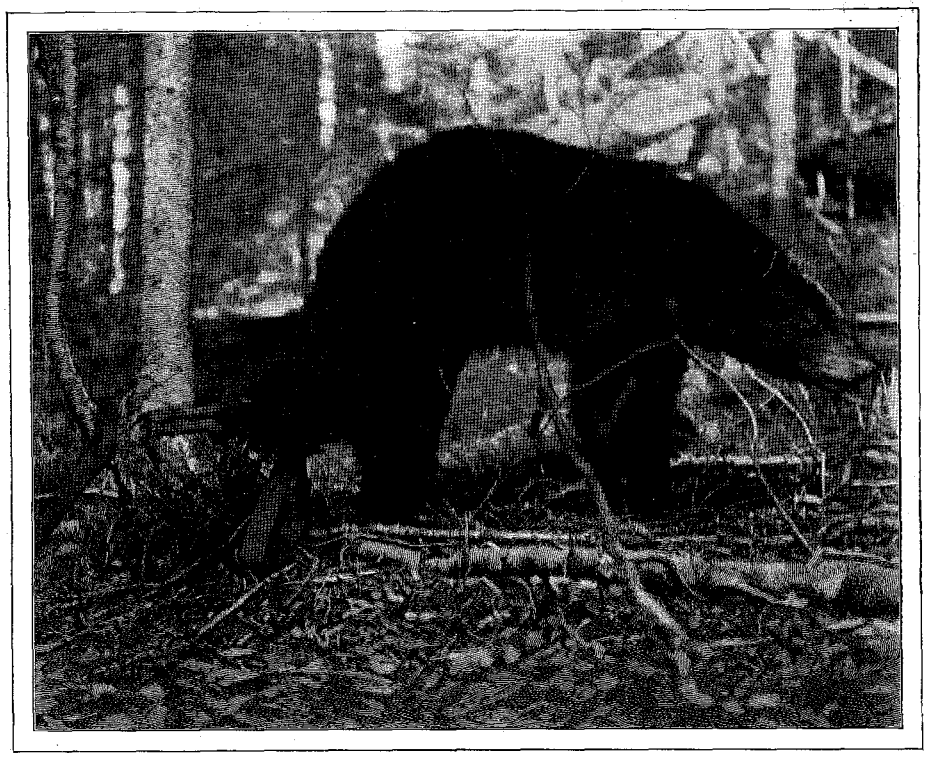
We waited through the darkness of the morning,
We listened through the silence of the night.
No sound had come of comfort or of warning,
The aching emptiness clung close and tight—
No human breath to ease our bosom's anguish,
No note of sweet companionship we heard,
No grateful breeze across our brows to languish,
As we sat on and listened for the word.

Without, the heartless winter morn was breaking;
Within, the creeping light was still and gray;
Through night and morn, through sleeping and through waking,
One mortal fear had filled us with dismay.
The icy pane, the pale, unliving ember,
Our souls with sombre prophecy did fill,
As on that darkening morn of dim December
We listened and we waited and were still.

The sun began to peer above the branches
And lingered like a blessing on the snow,
It filled our joyless room with avalanches
Of light, that made more dark our darksome woe.
The shadeless sky looked in, nor blinked, nor wondered
To see our silent outlines resting there;
No watching thing our waiting souls had sundered,
No listening ear our wedded pain might share.

Then glittering day stepped fearless o'er the mountains,
And glittering sun hung fearless in the sky;
Strange pulsings seemed to stir our beings' fountains,
A gush of pain that stifled on the cry.
The night was done—another day had broken
The heartless force of Nature's heartless will—
And yet our naked lips no word had spoken,
We listened and we waited and were still.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Trapped Bear.

THE BEGUILING OF THE BEARS

By Frederic Irland

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

SOME people like the woods in summer, and some go there in the fall. This year I visited a far-away fastness before the spring awoke, and stayed till summer abounded in the land.

The most remote and inaccessible stream in the province of New Brunswick is the North Pole Branch. No road or trail approaches it. Mountain ramparts guard its birthplace. Falls and rapids, which even the salmon cannot climb, are a barrier to its ascent.

Henry sometimes goes there to hunt, and he has a shed camp at the foot of a mountain. Many years ago the trees on this mountain were burned, and you can see the scar of the old fire when you are miles away. Dunc Moon was sent to this camp last summer with flour on his back and the burnt mountain for his landmark. He reported, on his return to humanity, that his feet "never teched the ground fer three mile." This is why the fallen tree-trunks, which mark the pathway of an unrecorded cyclone, are known to the chosen few as "Dunc's Three Mile."

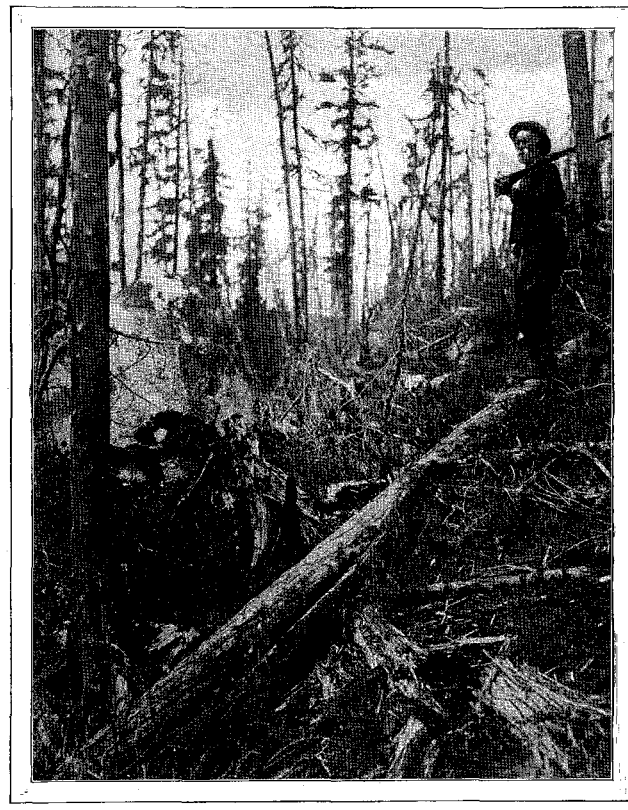
Much of the North Pole Branch is fine canoeing water; a smooth, silent, strong-flowing stream, with banks which the beavers climb even at noon-day, to feast on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

balsam-boughs; and interminable alder-swales, where the bears roll in the wet places, while little birds sing above them. When the flies are bad, the moose stand in the water up to their ears, and in their search for river-grass keep their noses submerged long enough to down three men.

joyed it a great deal more than the bears did.

If we had been famous arctic explorers, we should have run fifty or sixty miles the first day. As we were going for pleasure, we found twenty miles of snowy road ample to engage our daily attention. When

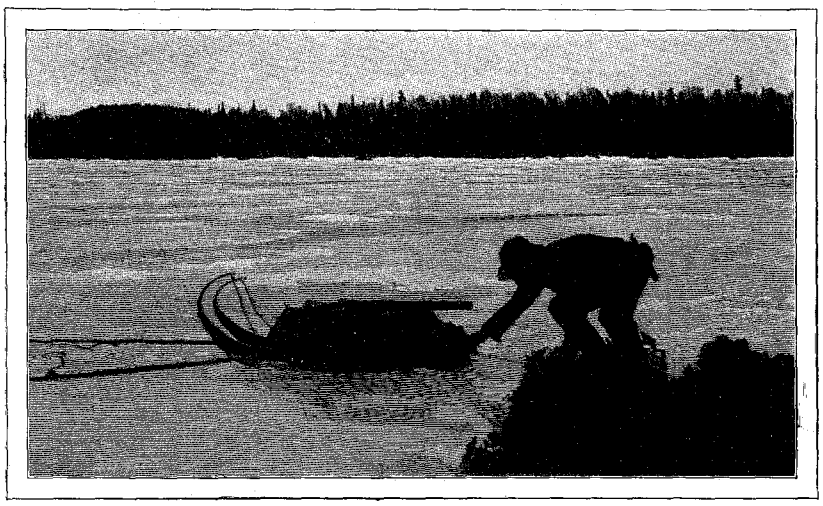


Dunc's Three Mile—"Never teched the ground fer three mile."—Page 313.

At great pains Henry packed a rip-saw to the banks of the Pole, and worked out enough thin boards to make a canoe. This craft had been built about a week when a bear came along and bit a hole in the bottom through which a cat might crawl. Another bear visited Henry's camp on Mitchell Lake, a few miles from the Pole, and made it look as though a primary election had been held there. These things occurred in the fall of 1900, and Henry concluded that the bears in the Pole precinct needed suppressing. So in the spring of 1901 he spread desolation among them. I was allowed to accompany him on this campaign, and en-

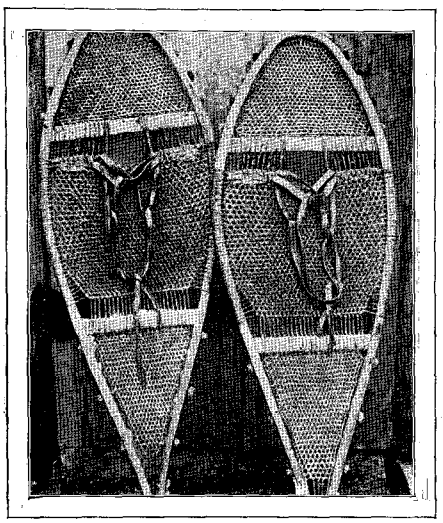
we had gone above all the lumbering operations, and reached the country where the trees are too small for commercial purposes, we could travel in the early morning on the crusted snow. After ten o'clock, when the warm April sun had set things dripping, we would break through a few times and find the snow more than leg-deep. Then we would spread our raw-hide wings and sail along finely for a while. After the snow got very soft, and a shovelful caught on each toe at every step, we did a little penance for our sins. But it was nothing. A week of rather bad going, and then we used the snow-shoes only for the worst places.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Rescuing the Toboggan.

There are as many sorts and conditions of snow-shoes as there are of guides. Poor snow-shoes sag when subjected to severe trial. The raw-hide fillings slacken, and the journey of the wearer is a joyless progress. Well-made shoes are strung with caribou-skin, so stretched that as the filling becomes wet it draws more tight. Few Indians make good shoes. Henry fills his own, and at the close of a day's march, in the sloppiest snow, his shoes are as tight as drum-heads. There is also a nice knack in tying the strings that hold the shoes to the feet. I believe Henry is the inventor of the tie most commonly used in that region. It is an interesting study to those who have walking to do on deep snow, and is plainly shown in the photograph.

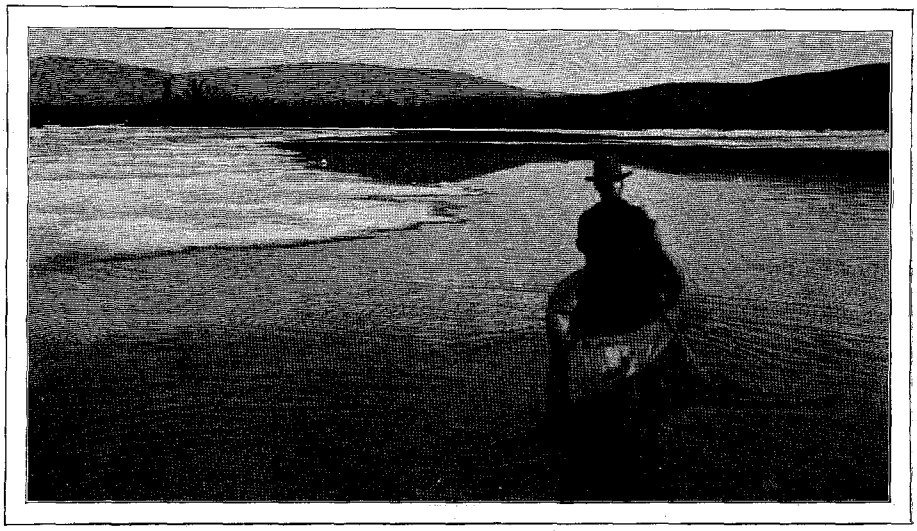


The Correct Thing in Snow-shoes.

Henry had a lot of big steel bear-traps hidden in the woods, which he wished to put where they would do the most good, and it was desirable to transport them while the lakes were still frozen over. All woodland trails take to the water as much as possible, both in summer and winter, because the hauling of loads is easiest there, whether by canoe or toboggan. There is a short time in the fall and spring when travel is almost impossible, because the ice is unsafe and canoes cannot run. The dangerous period is very short in the fall, for the thin, new ice of a single night will often bear one with perfect safety; but in the spring ice six inches thick may be so rotten that it will give way without warning. There are several ways to tell whether ice is good. As long as the caribou and moose cross it freely, it may be relied on implicitly. When it begins to soften, the dangerous spots get brown or black as the water soaks through, while the strong ice remains white or blue.

We had a merry adventure with the ice one day. It was getting near the limit of winter travel. The trail led across a narrow neck of Birch Lake, only a few minutes' walk. The toboggan track of two days ago went straight to the other shore. There were ominous brown spots all over the lake, but it would take hours

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



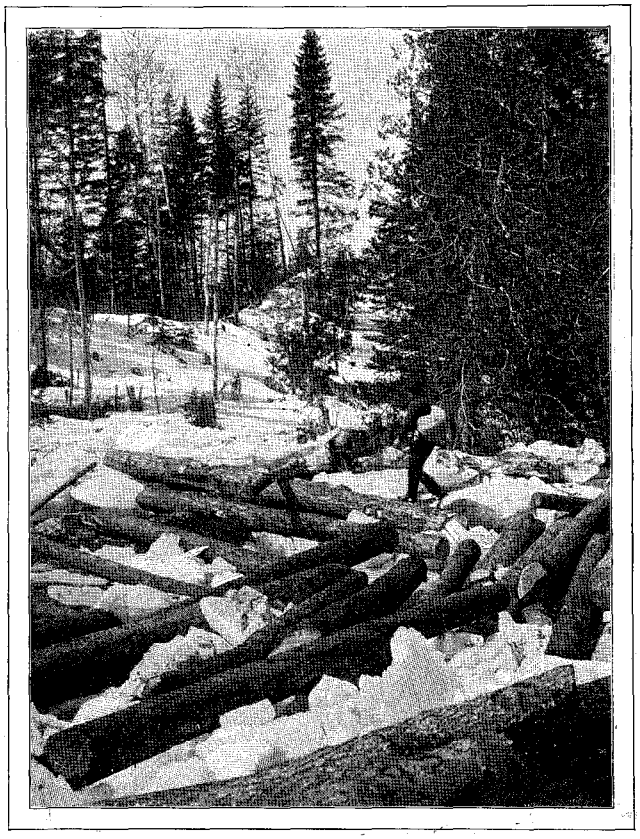
The Opening of the Lake.

to drag the sleds around the shore, among the fallen trees and thick bushes. Henry thought we could steer a devious course over the ice. We climbed down the steep bank by a fallen tree, and got the sleds on the ice. A few rods from shore, where it looked doubtful, Henry sounded with his axe, while I hesitated and was lost. I felt the ice going, and told Henry so. "Look out for the camera," he warned, as I plunged waist-deep. So as I fell I held the camera on high. Henry stretched forth the saving hand, and in an instant he also broke through, and found how cold the water was. We were not in a particle of danger, but the toboggans were. Henry broke a path back to shore and I followed him. After the first plunge the water did not seem so cold, and we managed to coax the sleds along till they were in reach of safety. Then Henry floundered ashore, felled some little trees onto the ice, and sneaking gingerly out, rescued our food and blankets from a watery grave.

In a few days the streams began to open, and another picture in the infinite panorama of the wilderness spread out before us. Wherever the water ran with a fair current the ice was gone in the centre of the stream, so that canoe navigation was practicable. We could go sometimes for miles through narrow aisles, with ice and snow between us and the shore on either side. Where the river widened into a lake the winter coverlet was still spread, and there was often trouble in making a landing on the edge of the ice. One morning we hauled the canoe far from the water's edge and walked securely down the frozen dead-water. At evening, when we retraced our steps, our morning snow-shoe tracks led straight into black depths, and a long détour was necessary to bring us around the newly opened water.

One day when Henry had gone on a solitary cruise, to look out a new trail somewhere, Albert, the cook, went with me canoeing. We floated quietly along, and presently I heard the splashing of some large animal walking slowly through the slush close to the shore. Watching an opening in the evergreen growth, I saw the shape of a large bull moose, with his new antlers already grown a foot or more. I saw he would come out at the head of a little bogan not far away. We paddled as fast as possible to the nearest point, and jumping on the ice, I went ashore with the ever-present camera. In front of me was a little hillock covered with scattering spruces. From the top of this the ground fell to an open barren, but along the water's edge the growth was thick. The moose was not in sight, and I stood a couple of minutes, watching for him to cross the open ground in front, hoping to make a picture. The snow on the land side of the hillock was drifted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Logs Waiting for Spring Freshet.

very deep. The footing seemed fairly secure, and I walked along the edge of the drift, toward the bushes where I knew the moose must be. Without preliminaries the snow gave way, and I was floundering in the soft mass. Then it was that, looking over my right shoulder, I beheld at my side the great motionless moose, with ears thrown forward, nostrils distended and eyes solemnly bulging. a black statue of dignified curiosity. Even in my momentary panic, I could not help noticing how cunningly he kept a bush between himself and me. This habit of the moose is one thing which makes him so hard to photograph. But I was chiefly concerned then to get out of that soft snow. Had the moose known it, he had a fine chance to avenge some of his brothers whom I had slain in former years. Two jumps would have put him on me. But he only pulled his gray muzzle back into the bushes, faced about, and stole away without making a sound. I took the camera to the canoe and shook the snow out of the bellows. Then Albert and I went back to look at the tracks, and we saw that the moose had not run, but carefully placed each foot where the walking was best, and so taken himself away without turmoil.

That evening when I told Henry about it, he said the moose was harmless, that his ears thrown forward were a sign of interrogation. "But," said he, "if you ever meet a moose in the snow and he lays his ears back and begins to lick his lips, then look out. And don't you go to clawing at a tree to climb it either. To scrape the bark of a tree in front of a moose is the deadliest insult you can offer him; for that is the way one bull dares another to fight. Never run away from a moose either. Stand your ground and call him all the names you can think of."

The opening of the shallow dead-wa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Setting the Bear Trap.

ters disclosed a curious phenomenon of spring which I have seen described. The canoe passed over extensive patches of ice stuck fast to the bottom, showing where the water had frozen clear through. The rising flood of spring finally lifted these ice patches clear, bringing with them masses of lily roots and mud. After the ice melted, a great many of these lily roots, thick as a girl's wrist, were left floating on the surface.

Henry got his bear traps and provisions pretty well scattered out before the snow went away, and finally the time came when he concluded that the bears must be abroad. We visited the bones of two or three moose shot last fall, miles apart. At one place we found the tracks of a large bear. Henry thought it would be a good idea to set a trap here, as the bear might return.

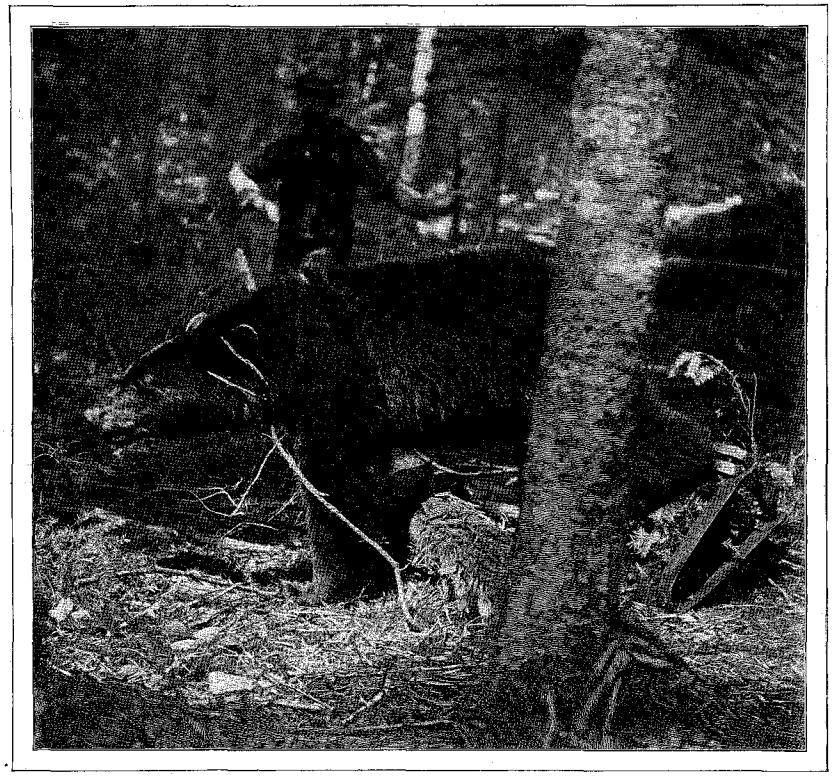
The trapping of bears is an arduous art. Henry believes it to be justified from the sportsman's standpoint, because the bear is the deadly enemy of the moose. During the first few days of its life the baby moose is a clumsy, helpless creature, that wabbles feebly on its long legs, and can scarcely get out of the way of a man, to say nothing of a bear. All the bears go moose-hunting at this season, and any bear killed in May is almost certain to have moose-hair in its stomach. Since Henry and a few other trappers have decimated the bears and lynxes, the moose have increased enormously. Henry and one other man trapped eighty-four bears in three consecutive springs, a few years ago. Now, the bears are comparatively scarce, and the moose are certainly ten times as plentiful as they were in the early nineties, when I first began going to New Brunswick.

You cannot set a bear-trap anywhere and anyhow, and expect success. Bears like green woods when the sun is warm, and they must get to water about as

There . . . . stands a big ill-tempered bear.—Page 321.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

often as a man must. Therefore a bunch of green timber close by the water, in the midst of burnt woods or barrens is an ideal bear-set. One trap in a place where bears are sure to come is better than ten set haphazard. A dozen traps, therefore, may be strung out on a line twenty-five or thirty miles long. Henry scoured the country, and set traps in the neighborhood of all the bear-tracks he saw.



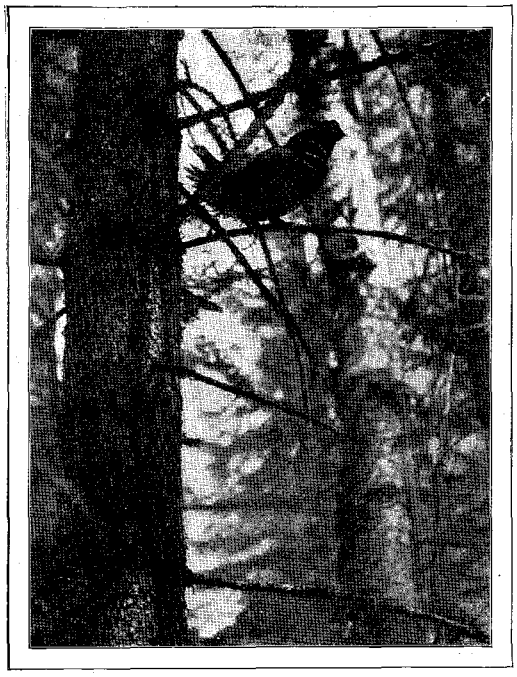
Getting His Clog Snubbed by a Root.—Page 321.

The trap itself is simply a large, double-spring affair, with jaws a foot wide. It weighs fifteen or twenty pounds. The New Brunswick forest is well marked with paths made by the wild animals. Traps are never set in the paths, for fear of catching something not wanted. There was once a game-warden who walked into a bear-trap; but that was a long time ago.

A place is selected where three or four small trees grow close together, and these are surrounded with brush on three sides. In this little enclosure the bait is placed. If the brush is old and prickly all the better, for a bear will not go through dry limbs if he can help it. The twigs break off and stick in his clothes. The trap is set in the opening on the fourth side. The steel springs are so strong that they cannot be pressed down by a man's weight. They are held down by levers, as shown in the photograph [page 318]. Then the trap is covered with moss, and slender sticks are stuck in the ground, crosswise, in such a way that the bear, in avoiding them, will put one foot on the pan of the trap and spring it. The placing of these sticks is the finest art in bear-catching. The people in the Harvey settlement have a peculiarity of speech by which they are known throughout the province. It was a man from Harvey who brought back a bear-trap to the blacksmith, saying: "This twop's no gude. It won't gwob a baw." But a skilful trapper can set a trap so as to "grab a bear" by any foot he pleases.

And what is the bait used? You would not guess in a long time. The very best

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

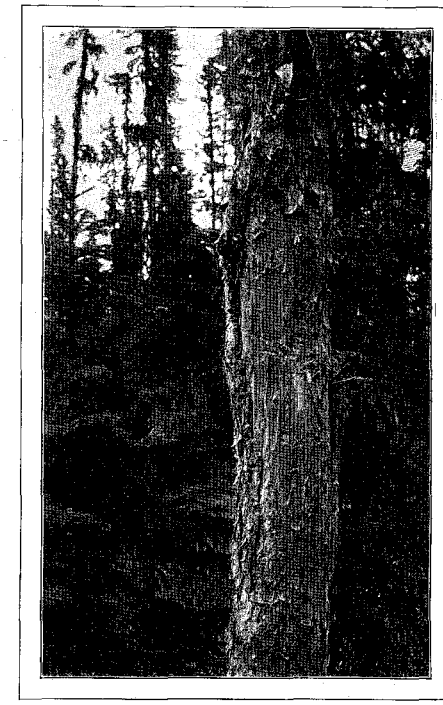


Spruce Partridge.

is a mixture of honey and cheese. Henry simply took a stick and split it, and into the opening plastered a tiny morsel of honey and a little slice of cheese. He placed the stick in the brush back of the trap, and left it; a patient, alert invention of the evil one of beardom. Almost anything will do for bear-bait. An old moccasin, a piece of birch-bark twisted up, a bit of raw-hide; any unusual thing will attract the attention of a bear, and he must stop to turn it over, as he comes loose-jointed along the path, swinging his head from side to side, and seeing everything with his shrewd little pig-eyes. He falls a victim not to his necessities, but to his curiosity, and his liking for dainties.

The trap is not chained to a tree. If it were solid, the bear would surely break it or pull his foot out of the trap. So it is fastened to a light clog, which allows considerable freedom, and at the same time catches in trees, roots, and bushes, to the great hindrance and vexation of the bear. Some of the large ones go a long way, though. Our biggest bear picked up the trap, chain, and clog, and carried them over a mountain, nearly three miles.

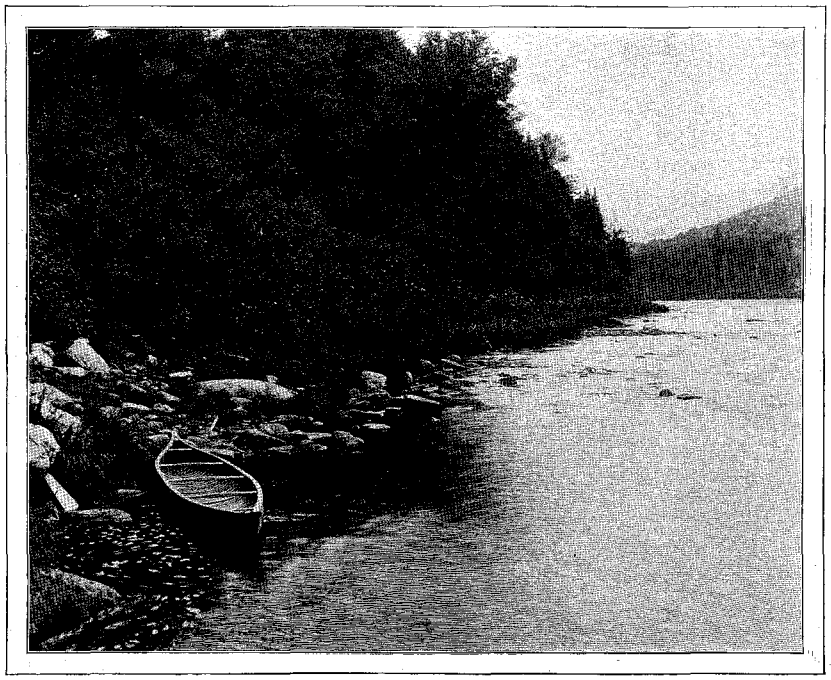
You would feel imposed on if you were forced to travel as far daily as you will willingly walk to inspect traps. You reach the first one. There it is, mossy covering undisturbed, the bushes intact, and the dreadful thing beneath almost hypnotizing you to put your foot on it, to see if it is really there. Not a sign of a bear anywhere. Never mind. Three miles away, on the other side of yonder tangled mountain, is another trap. It takes two hours to get there. Clothes are torn by the prostrate trees, and muscles tried by constant climbing. The moss here, too, conceals only yawning ennui. Now we are at the river, and the next trap can be reached by canoe. But how high the water is! If we run down the next rapid we shall not get back to-day. So we canoe as far as the head of the rapid, and climb painfully up out of the deep gorge, to avoid the bushes. When the journey was made by canoe, it seemed no distance at all. Now the road has stretched out like a rubber string.



Bears' Striking Tree.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But see the moose! There he is, swinging across the burnt upland at what seems to be a lazy walk. Yet a man would soon be winded who tried to equal his pace. This is the season of safety for all moose. We are not even carrying a gun. He is crossing ahead, and will probably get wind of us. Henry says perhaps not, as the sun is hot and the moisture rises. Sure enough, the big beast never turns his head, but trudges on, four feet at a stride, his black winter coat a little rusty, and his antlers nothing to speak of. In three months he will have a head-piece that will catch in all the trees, and then he will be very proud and important.



A June Twilight—9 P.M.

Now the moose has gone, and we have rested from our climb. It is all down hill to the dead birches which mark the location of the next trap. As we approach, unconsciously we increase our pace, and crane our necks to see. "Here's trouble," says Henry. The brush is scattered. The moss is torn. The trees show marks of frantic teeth. The ground is clawed, and trap and clog are gone. But not far. There is a broad plain trail. We break into a run as we follow, and there, black against the pale green of the spring foliage, as life-like as though in a cage at the zoo, stands a big ill-tempered bear.

"Well, old fellow, are you the boy that bit a hole in my canoe?" inquires Henry, pointedly. The bear deigns no reply, but when Henry gently touches the black nose with the end of his axe-handle, the bear snaps his teeth in fury. There is a very decent sunlight among the trees, and as I focus the camera, the bear concludes it is some new trap, and makes a rush for it, getting his clog snubbed by a root when five feet or so away. I make a picture, and Henry gives the bear a quick one-handed tap on the head with his axe. An instant ago the bear was biting great strips from that green tree. Now he lies as still as a log.

There were days at a time when there was nothing doing in bear-traps. The real rushing business did not begin until about the first of June, when the moose calves had got big enough to run fast. Then Henry discovered to his great joy that the bears had begun marking anew their striking trees. The trapper who takes possession of a stream by blazing

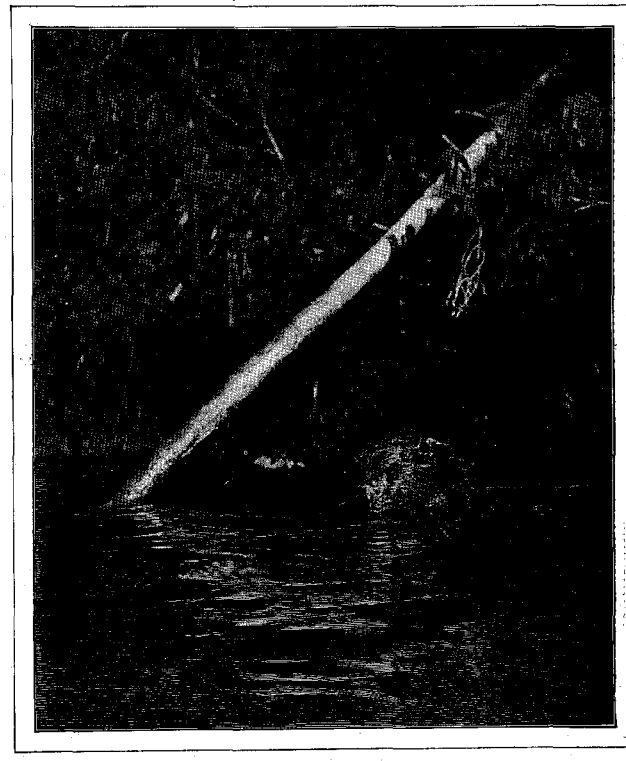
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Beaver House.

trees with his axe is only imitating a custom that was old before Elisha studied bear culture. The big bears stand up as high as they can by certain trees and mark them with their teeth. Each year they bite them anew, at the beginning of summer, and Henry showed me several freshly struck trees one day. "That bear is an old settler," said Henry, as we looked at the bites on the tree, higher than a tall man's head. So he rebaited the nearest traps, and burnt the feathers of a loon which had come too close to camp. "I think he will smell those burnt feathers a mile," said Henry. Also he toasted cheese and stuck bits of it in cleft sticks about the neighborhood, to get the bear interested.

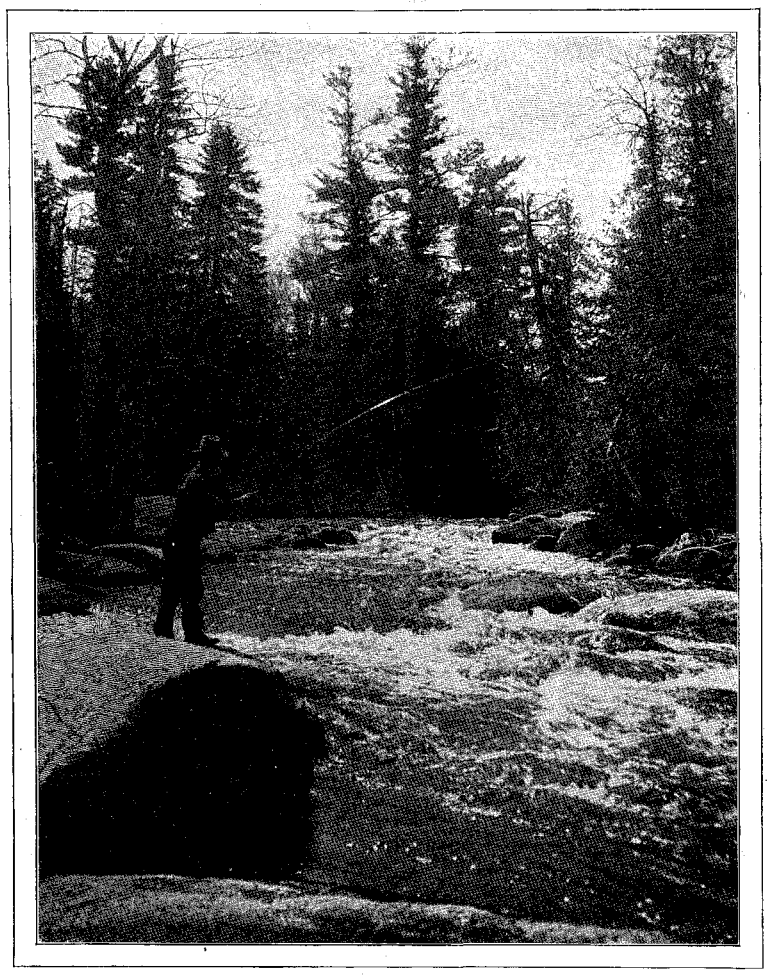
This diabolism worked its spell, for on approaching the trap, three days later, we heard roars and howls a quarter of a mile away. The bear had become entangled in a snarl of blow-downs, and having fought the trap and bushes for hours, lay flat on his back as we approached, wailing his despair. Henry said he never heard a bear make so much noise.

There was a great difference in the way the bears acted. Some of them tried to get away, some became furious at our coming. But all of them took the final blow quietly, and died instantly. Henry seldom carries a gun while bear-hunting. He thinks the axe is the most useful weapon a woodsman can have, and that, except when he goes out to



The Astonished Beaver.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Pocket Lake Pool.

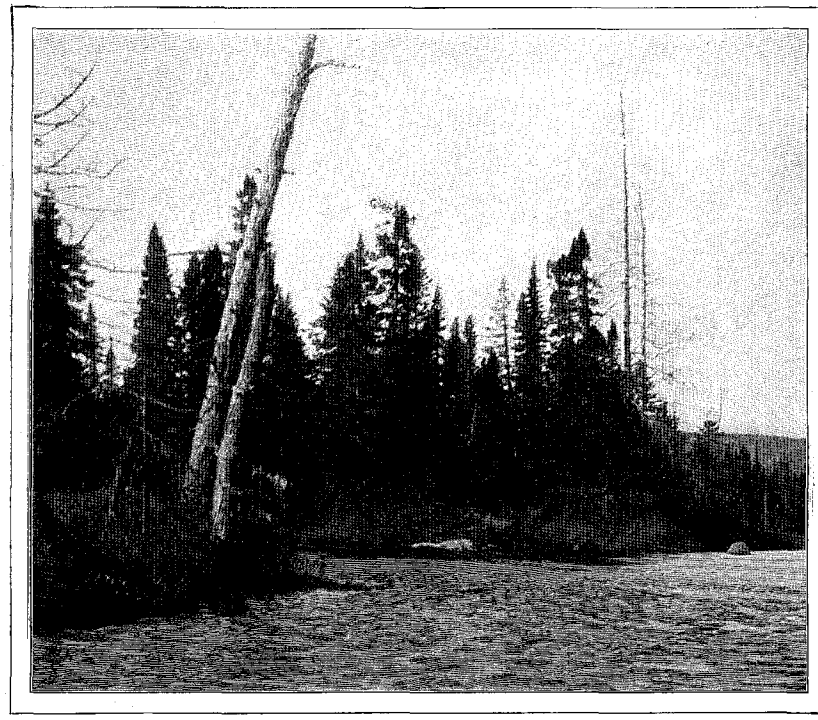
(A Three Pound Brook Trout.)

get his one moose a year, he need carry no rifle.

The winter-birds were with us from the first. Flocks of friendly cross-bills, red and yellow, and the tiny speckled thistle-bird which we always saw in their company, were daily working about our various camps. They seemed to have a great liking for salt; and an old bag in which pork had been carried would furnish them pickings for days. These little birds are particularly fearless. Time and again while standing at the camp door they alighted on my fishing-rod, my shoulder, my hat. I would sit perfectly still, watching them feed within six feet of me, and they would peck away while watching me with their bright round eyes. The old red ones fought a good many sham-battles. Suddenly some nervous one would fly, for no reason at all, and with mimic thunder the whole flock would rise, only to return in a few moments, one by one. Henry caught several in his hands, right in open daylight, but I could not learn that trick. And when released they would not fly far, but soon return to their endless eating of nothing in particular.

I wish the partridge hunters of these United States could see how coolly the ruffed grouse took us. We saw them daily, seldom more than one or two at a time. But there was none of the alert

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

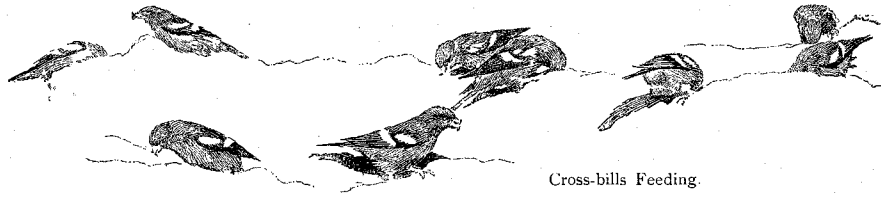


Moose Standing on Shore.

rigidity and noisy flight so familiar to us all. Cocks and hens alike would scarcely get out of our way. There are two kinds of partridge in New Brunswick, locally known as the birch and spruce. The birch partridge is the pheasant of Virginia, and the common friend of all bird-shooters of North America. Even this most suspicious fowl would not easily take alarm. I photographed one at six feet as it was walking on a log.

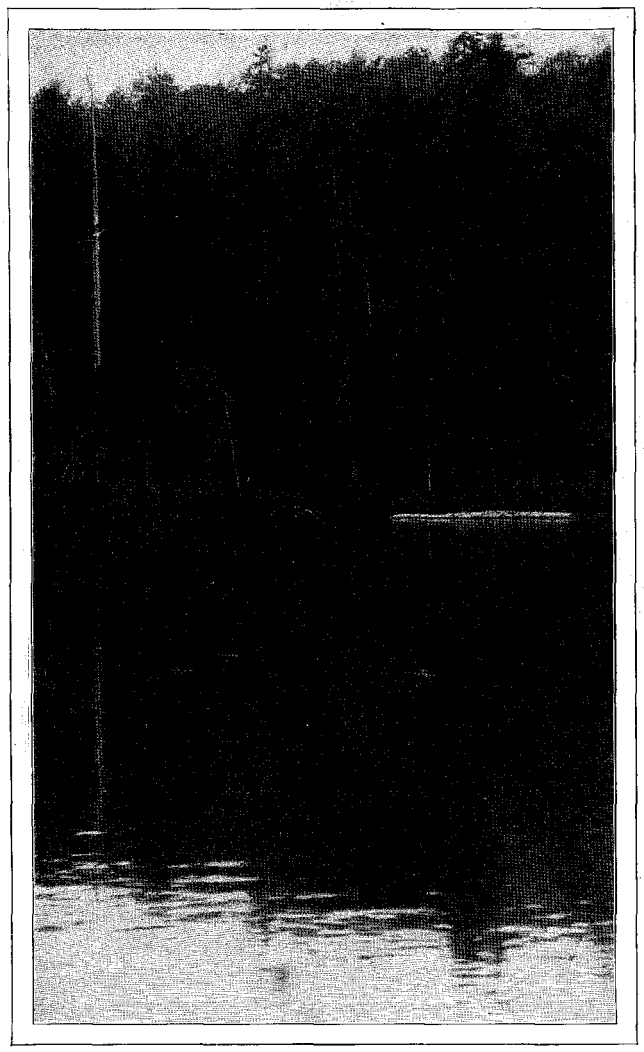
The woods in May are a continual Saengerfest. There are a great many people who never heard the morning song of a wren. I would willingly go a thousand miles to hear this little bird make his joyous prediction of fine weather. The lumbermen want rain to fall in the spring, so the streams will be full of water to float their logs to mill, and they have a saying that "two wrens will hang a drive." But as I heard their happy songs, I did not care if they hung up all the logs in the province.

It was a splendid thing to see the wonderful increase in the beavers. In our pursuit of bears we were on many lakes and streams. In scores of places the old dams and houses had been repaired, and at almost every turn the sticks, denuded of their bark, showed beaver-work. One day, running down the North Pole, we came upon a whole family at work. The Indians say "Beaver big fool; work all time, same as white man." One beaver we took wholly by surprise. He was dragging a stick down the bank, and it seemed to have caught on something. He was dragging it backward, beaver fashion, and had his head turned away



Cross-bills Feeding.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Moose in the Water—Evening.

from us as the canoe shot toward him. I had the camera in my hand as usual and instantly hoped for a picture. We almost ran the beaver down before he suddenly let go the stick and whirled around. For an instant he was the most astonished-looking animal you ever saw. I snapped the shutter, and the beaver dived almost under the bow of the canoe, not even having time to slap the water with his tail, as we heard others do. Sometimes a frightened beaver will whack the water so loudly that you would think a tree had fallen into it. Beavers have been entirely protected in New Brunswick for some years, and it is certain that we saw fresh signs of scores of them in the different waters we crossed. We only heard of two being caught, and this was done by a man in a lumber crew away down river.

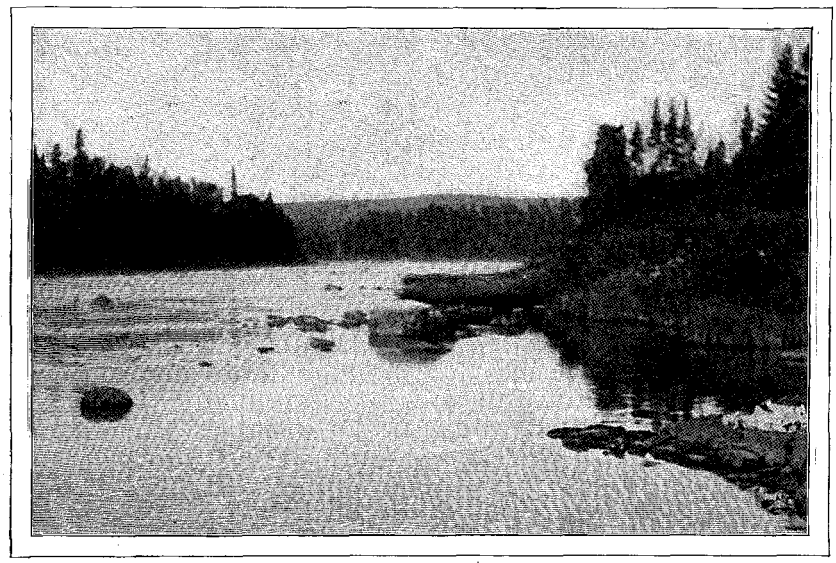
The fishing this spring after the trout began to gather in the pools as the water warmed, was the finest I have ever seen. I do not kill many fish, but I love to know they are about. At some of our camps the trout supply was ample without going beyond the water-hole. One morning, as we were coming out of the woods, Henry and I made a business of going to fish at Pocket Lake pool, where the stream pours out among big rocks. I got out of the canoe onto a bowlder, just big enough to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stand upon, using the canoe as a bridge, the other end being ashore. Henry went up the trail to see if he could find a toboggan that the driving crew's cook had borrowed and not returned. I hooked a fine two-pound trout, and trailed him about till he was tired out. Then I discovered that the canoe had drifted away from my rock, leaving me without place or means to land my fish. So I coaxed him close to my feet and firmly seized him by the mouth and one gill, getting my fingers nicely bitten. I pray I may have fingers torn by trout's teeth for a great many years yet. Lifting the trout from the water and keeping my balance on the little rock, I disengaged the hook, and let the fly trail on the water while I reached in my pocket for a large jack-knife to stop the struggles of the fish, which I had strung on my left thumb. And it is only the narrative of truth that as my fly dangled unwatched on the water, a wicked trout, much larger than the first, seeing my embarrassed condition, grabbed the fly and ran with it. I had a big flapping trout in one hand, a water-devil running out my line from the rod in my other hand, and no way to let go or get ashore. So Henry found me when he came back, trying my best to fight the two fish at once. We landed the second one, and the two of them weighed five pounds. That was the most concentrated fishing I had on the trip.

There is a general impression among those who take an interest in wild animals that their days on this continent are numbered. Some years ago the editor of a sportsman's magazine in New York wrote a very doleful article on "The Vanishing Moose." It is only the commonplace statement of an obvious fact to say that in New Brunswick the moose and deer are increasing in numbers. Henry reads a great deal, and often when we would come upon a bull or a cow and her calves in the woods he would laugh and say: "There are some more of those vanishing moose." The season when they go into the water to feed and to escape the insects had hardly come when we left the woods. Yet we saw more than thirty moose in three weeks while we kept count, and there were fresh tracks everywhere.

The last week or two, after the snow water had all gone, we began to see the moose feeding on lily roots. One day we were paddling home and on rounding a familiar bend I had a queer sensation that I had not before seen a rock which stood out of the water two hundred yards ahead. The canoe ran on for perhaps a minute, when suddenly there was a splash, and a long neck, head, and ears grew on the rock. What we had seen was the back of a moose, with her head submerged. She would not have seen us probably till we were close to her, but the wind blow-



Slightly out of focus and none the worse for that.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing fair upon her from us caught her attention, and in a moment she began a springy trot for shore, leaving a wake of muddy water after she had disappeared in the woods. One evening at dusk we came upon a moose similarly feeding, and I touched her back with my paddle as we swept past her. She tore up the lily roots by the dozen with her feet, in her frantic rush for shore.

Bear-hunting was just becoming good when we left the woods and returned to the settlement, where we found the dwellers in the Miramichi beginning the attack on the first run of sea-trout and salmon. Some day the salmon rivers of New Brunswick will be rehabilitated as the woods have been.

I went into the forest on the snow. I came out in the miracle of the northern summer, when the daylight was eighteen hours long. I travelled many miles up and down that indescribable wilderness, and saw many things which will ever linger in memory, a little indistinctly perhaps, like a photograph slightly out of focus and none the worse for that. After all, what can a man do in two months, in the woods?

THE CLOCK IN THE SKY

By George W. Cable

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"NOW, Maud," said uncle jovially as he, aunt, and I drove into the confines of their beautiful place one spring afternoon of 1860, "don't forget that to be too near a thing is as bad for a good view of it as to be too far away."

I was a slim, tallish girl of scant sixteen, who had never seen a slave-holder on his plantation, though I had known these two for years, and loved them dearly, as guests in our Northern home before it was broken up by the death of my mother. Father was an abolitionist, and yet he and they had never had a harsh word between them. If the general goodness of those who do some particular thing were any proof that that particular thing is good to do, they would have convinced me, without a word, that slave-holding was entirely right. But they were not trying to do any such thing. "Remember," continued my uncle, smiling round at me, "your dad's trusting you not to bring back our honest opinion—of anything—in place of your own."

"Maud," my aunt hurried to put in, for she knew the advice I had just heard was not the kind I most needed, "you're going to have for your own maid the blackest girl you ever saw."

"And the best," added my uncle; "she's as good as she is black."

"She's no common darky, that Sidney," said aunt. "She'll keep you busy answering questions, my dear, and I say now, you may tell her anything she wants to know; we give you perfect liberty; and you may be just as free with Hester; that's her mother; or with her father, Silas."

"We draw the line at Mingo," said uncle.

"And who is Mingo?" I inquired.

"Mingo? he's her brother; a very low and trailing branch of the family tree."

As we neared the house I was told more of the father and mother; their sweet content, their piety, their diligence. "If we lived in town, where there's better chance to pick up small earnings," remarked uncle, "those two and Sidney would have bought their freedom by now, and Mingo's too. Silas has got nearly enough to buy his own, as it is."

Silas, my aunt explained, was a carpenter. "He hands your uncle so much a week; all he can make beyond that he's allowed to keep." The carriage stopped at the door; half a dozen servants came, smiling, and I knew Sidney and Hester at a glance, they were so finely different from their fellows.

That night the daughter and I made

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

"De moon shine full at His comman'
An' all de stahs obey."—Page 332.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acquaintance. She was eighteen, tall, lithe and as straight as an arrow. She had not one of the physical traits that so often make her race uncomely to our eyes; even her nose was good; her very feet were well made, her hands were slim and shapely, the fingers long and neatly jointed, and there was nothing inky in her amazing blackness, her red blood so enriched it. Yet she was as really African in her strong, eager mind as in her color, and the English language, on her tongue, was like a painter's palette and brushes in the hands of a monkey. Her first question to me after my last want was supplied came cautiously, after a long gaze at my lighted lamp, from a seat on the floor. "Miss Maud, when was de conwention o' coal-oil 'scuvvud?" And to her good-night she added, in allusion to my eventual return to the North, "I hope it be a long time afo' you make dat repass!"

At the next bedtime she began on me with the innocent question of my favorite flower, but I had not answered three other questions before she had placed me where I must either say I did not believe in the right to hold slaves, or must keep silence; and when I kept silence of course she knew. For a long moment she dropped her eyes, and then, with a soft smile, asked if I would tell her some bible stories, preferably that of "Moses in de bound'ries o' Egyp'."

She listened in gloating silence, rarely interrupting; but at the words, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Let my people go," the response, "Pra-aise Gawd!" rose from her lips in such volume that she threw her hands to her mouth. After that she spoke only soft queries, but they grew more and more significant, and I soon saw that her supposed content was purely a pious endurance, and that her soul felt bondage as her body would have felt a harrow. So I left the fugitives of Egyptian slavery under the frown of the Almighty in the wilderness of Sin; Sidney was trusting me, uncle and aunt were trusting me, and between them I was getting into a narrow corner. After a meditative silence my questioner asked:

"Miss Maud, do de bible anywhuz capitulate dat Moses aw Aaron aw Joshaway aw Cable *buy* his freedom—wid money?"

Her manner was childlike, yet she always seemed to come up out of deep thought when she asked a question; she smiled diffidently until the reply began to come, then took on a reverential gravity, and as soon as it was fully given sank back into thought. "Miss Maud, don't you reckon dat ef Moses had a-save' up money enough to a-boughtened his freedom, dat'd a-been de wery sign mos' pleasin' to Gawd dat he 'uz highly fitten to be sot free widout paying?" To that puzzle she waited for no answer beyond the distress I betrayed, but turned to matters less speculative, and soon said good-night.

On the third evening—my! If I could have given all the topography of the entire country between uncle's plantation and my native city on the margin of the great lakes, with full account of its every natural and social condition, her questions would have wholly gathered them in. She asked if our climate was very hard on negroes; what clothing we wore in summer, and how we kept from freezing in midwinter; about wages, the price of food, what crops were raised, and what the "patarolers" did with a negro when they caught one at night without a pass.

She made me desperate, and when the fourth night saw her crouched on my floor it found me prepared; I plied her with questions from start to finish. She yielded with a perfect courtesy; told of the poor lot of the few free negroes of whom she knew, and of the time-serving and shifty indolence, the thievishness, faithlessness and unaspiring torpidity of "some niggehs"; and when I opened the way for her to speak of uncle and aunt she poured forth their praises with an ardor that brought her own tears. I asked her if she believed she could ever be happy away from them.

She smiled with brimming eyes: "Why, I dunno, Miss Maud; whatsomeveh come, and whensomeveh and howsomeveh de Lawd sen' it, ef us feels his ahm und' us, us ought to be 'shame' not to be happy, oughtn't us?" All at once she sprang half up: "I tell you de Lawd neveh gi'n no niggeh de rights to snuggle down anywhuz an' fo'git de auction block!"

As suddenly the outbreak passed, yet as she settled down again her exaltation still showed through her fond smile. "You

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

know what dat inqui'ance o' yone bring to my memb'ance? Dass ow ole Canaan hymn—

O I mus' climb de stony hill
Pas' many a sweet desiah;
De flow'ry road is not fo' me,
I follows cloud an' fiah."

After she was gone I lay trying so to contrive our next conversation that it should not flow, as all before it had so irresistibly done, into that one deep channel of her thoughts which took in everything that fell upon her mind, as a great river drinks the rains of all its valleys. Presently the open window gave me my cue: the stars! the unvexed and unvexing stars, that shone before human wrongs ever began, and that will be shining after all human wrongs are ended—our talk should be of them.

At the supper-table on the following evening I became convinced of something which I had felt coming for two or three days, wondering the while whether Sidney did not feel the same thing. When we rose aunt drew me aside and with caressing touches on my brow and temples said she was sorry to be so slow in bringing me into social contact with the young people of the neighboring plantations, but that uncle, on his arrival at home, had found a letter whose information had kept him, and her as well, busy every waking hour since. "And this evening," she continued, "we can't even sit down with you around the parlor lamp. Can you amuse yourself alone, dear, or with Sidney, while your uncle and I go over some pressing matters together?"

Surely I could. "Auntie, was the information—bad news?"

"It wasn't good, my dear; I may tell you about it to-morrow."

"Hadn't I better go back to father at once?"

"O my child, not for our sake; if you're not too lonesome we'd rather keep you. Let me see; has Mingo ever danced for you? Why, tell Sidney to make Mingo come dance for you."

Mingo came; his leaps, turns, postures, steps and outcries were a most laughable wonder, and I should have begged for more than I did, but I saw that it was a part of Sidney's religion to disapprove the dance.

"Sidney," I said, "did you ever hear of the great clock in the sky? Yes, there's one there; it's made all of stars." We were at the foot of some veranda steps that faced the north, and as she and Mingo were about to settle down at my feet I said if they would follow me to the top of the flight I would tell this marvel: what the learned believed those eternal lamps to be; why some were out of view three-fourths of the night, others only half, others not a quarter; how a very few never sank out of sight at all except for daylight or clouds, and yet went round and round with all the others; and why I called those the clock of heaven; which gained, each night, four minutes, and only four, on the time we kept by the sun.

"Pra-aise Gawd!" murmured Sidney. "Miss Maud, please hol' on tell Mingo run' fetch daddy an' mammy; dey don't want dat sto'y f'om me secon' haynded!" Mingo darted off and we waited. "Miss Maud, what de white folks mean by de nawth stah? Is dey sich a stah as de nawth stah?"

I tried to explain that since all this seeming movement of the stars around us was but our own daily and yearly turning, there would necessarily be two opposite points on our earth which would never move at all, and that any star directly in line with those two points would seem as still as they.

"Like de p'int o' de spin'le on de spinnin'-wheel, Miss Maud? O, yass, I b'lieve I un'stand dat; I un'stan' it some."

I showed her the north star, and told her how to find it; and then I took from my watch-guard a tiny compass and let her see how it forever picked out from among all the stars of heaven that one small light, and held quiveringly to it. She hung over it with ecstatic sighs. "Do it *see* de stah, Miss Maud, like de wise men o' de Eas' see de stah o' Jesus?"

I tried to make plain the law it was obeying.

"And do it p'int dah dess de same in de broad day, an' all day long?—Pra-aise Gawd! And do it p'int dah in de rain, an' in de stawmy win' a-fulfillin' of His word, when de ain't a single stah admissible in de ske-eye?—De Lawd's na-ame be pra-aise'!" Her father, mother, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brother were all looking at it with her, now, and she glanced from one to another with long heavings of rapture.

"Miss Maud," said Silas, in a subdued voice, "dat little trick mus' 'a' cos' you a mint o' money."

"Silas," put in Hester, "you know dass not a pullite question!" But she was ravening for its answer, and I said I had bought it for twenty-five cents. They laughed with delight. Yet, when I told Sidney she might have it, her thanks were but two words, which her lips seemed to drop unconsciously while she gazed on the trinket.

They all sat down on the steps nearest below me, and presently, beginning where I had begun with Sidney, I went on to point out the polar constellations and to relate the age-worn story of Cepheus and Cassiopeia, Andromeda and the divine Perseus.

"Lawd, my Lawd!" whispered the mother, "was dey—was dey colo'd?"

I said two of them were king and queen of Ethiopia, and a third was their daughter.

"Chain' to de rock, an' yit sa-ave at las'!" exclaimed Sidney.

While her husband and children still gazed at the royal stars, Hester spoke softly to me again. "Miss Maud, dass a tryin' sawt o' sto'y to tell to a bunch o' po' niggehs; did you dess make dat up —fo' us?"

"Why, Hester," I said, "that was an old, old story before this country was ever known to white folks, or black," and the eyes of all four were on me as the daughter asked, "Ain't it in de Bi-ible?"

As all but Sidney bade me good-night, I heard her say, "I don' care, I b'lieb dat be'n in de Bible an' git drap out by mista-ake!"

In my room she grew queerly playful, and continued so until she had drawn off my shoes and stockings. But then abruptly, she took my feet in her slim black hand, and with eyes lifted tenderly to mine, said: "How bu'ful 'pon de mountain is dem wha' funnish good tidin's!" She leaned her forehead on my insteps: "Us bleeged to paht some day, Miss Maud."

I made a poor effort to lift her, but she would not be displaced. "Cayn't no two people count fo' sho' on stayin' togetheh al'ays in dis va-ain worl'," and all at once I found my face in my hands and the salt drops searching through my fingers; Sidney was kissing my feet and wetting them with her tears.

At close of the next day, a Sabbath, my uncle and aunt called all their servants around the front steps of the house and with tears more bitter than any of Sidney's or mine, told them that by the folly of others, far away, they had lost their whole fortune at one stroke and must part with everything, and with them, by sale. Their dark hearers wept with them, and Silas, Hester, and Sidney, after the rest had gone back to the quarters, offered the master and mistress, through many a quaintly misquoted scripture, the consolations of faith.

"I wish we had set you free, Silas," said uncle, "you and yours, when we could have done it. Your mistress and I are going to town to-morrow solely to get somebody to buy you, all four, together."

"Mawse Ben," cried the slave, with strange earnestness, "don't you do dat! Don't you was'e no time dat a-way! You go see what you can sa-ave fo' you-all an' yone!"

"For the creditors, you mean, Silas," said my aunt; "that's done."

Hester had a question. "Do it all go to de credito's anyhow, Miss 'Liza, no matteh how much us bring?" and when aunt said yes, Sidney murmured to her mother, "I tol' you dat." I wondered when she had told her.

Uncle and aunt tried hard to find one buyer for the four, but failed; nobody who wanted the other three had any use for Mingo. It was after nightfall when they came dragging home. "Now don't you fret one bit 'bout dat, Mawse Ben," exclaimed Sidney, with a happy heroism in her eyes, that I remembered afterward, "'De Lawd is perwide!'"

"Strange," said my aunt to uncle and me aside, smiling in pity, "how slight an impression disaster makes on their minds!" and that too I remembered afterward.

As soon as we were alone in my chamber, Sidney and I, she asked me to tell her again of the clock in the sky, and at the end of her service and of my recital she drew me to my window and showed me how promptly she could point out the pole-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

star at the centre of the clock's vast dial, although at our right a big moon was leaving the tree-tops and flooding the sky with its light. Toward this she turned, and lifting an arm with the reverence of a priestess, said, in impassioned monotone:

"'De moon shine full at His comman'
An' all de stahs obey.'"

She kissed my hand as she added good-by. "Why, Sidney!" I laughed, "you mean good-night, don't you?"

She bent low, tittered softly, and then, with a swift return to her beautiful straightness, said: "But still, Miss Maud, who eveh know when dey say good-night dat it ain't good-by?" She fondled my hand between her two as she backed away, kissed it fervently again, and was gone.

When I awoke, my aunt stood in broad though sunless daylight at the bedside, with the waking cup of coffee which it was Sidney's wont to bring. I started from the pillow. "Oh! what—who—wh'—where's Sidney? Why—how long has it been raining?"

"It began at break of day," she replied, adding, pensively, "thank God."

"Oh! were we in such bad need of rain?"

"*They* were—precisely when it came. Rain never came straighter from heaven."

"They?"—I stared.

"Yes; Silas and Hester—and Sidney—and Mingo. They must have started soon after moonrise, and had the whole bright night, with its black shadows, for going."

"For going where, auntie; going where?"

"Then the rain came in God's own hour," she continued, as if wholly to herself, "and washed out their trail."

I sprang from the bed. "Aunt 'Liza!"

"Yes, Maud, they've run away, and if only they may *get* away, God be praised!"

Of course, I cried like an infant. I threw myself upon her bosom. "Oh, auntie, auntie, I'm afraid it's my fault! But when I tell you how far I was from meaning it——"

"Don't tell me a word, my child; I wish it were my fault; I'd like to be in your shoes. And, I don't care how right slavery is, I'll never own a darky again!"

One day some two months after, at home again with father, just as I was leaving the house on some errand, Sidney, ragged, wet, and bedraggled as a lost dog, sprang into my arms. When I had got her reclothed and fed I eagerly heard her story. Three of the four had come safely through; poor Mingo had failed; if I ever tell of him it must be at some other time. In the course of her tale I asked about the compass.

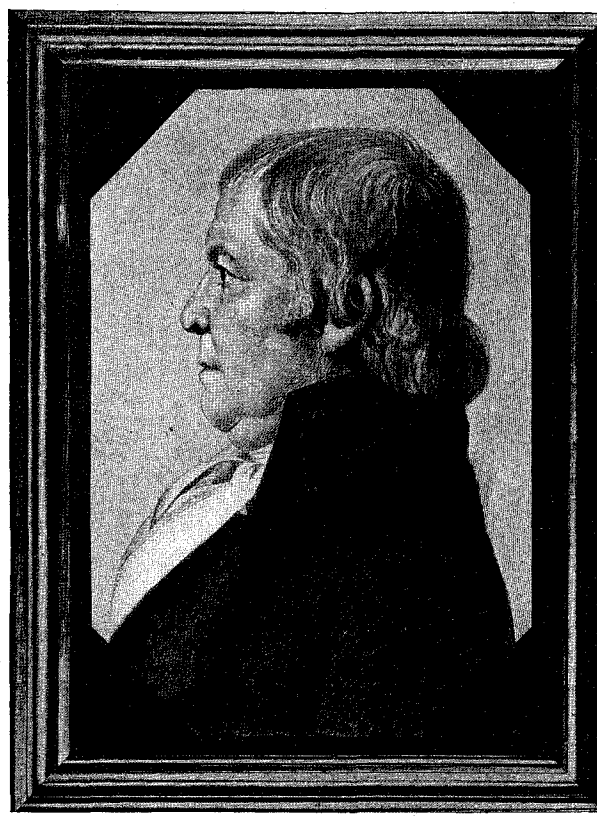
"Dat little trick?" she said, fondly, "O yass'm, it wah de salvation o' de Lawd 'pon cloudy nights; but time an' ag'in us had to sepa'ate, 'llowin' fo' to rejine togetheh on de bank o' de nex' creek, an' which, de Lawd a-he'pin' of us, h-it al'ays come to pass; an' so, afteh all, Miss Maud, de one thing what stan' us de bes' frien' night 'pon night, next to Gawd hisse'f, dat wah his clock in de ske-eye."

FORBEARANCE

By Edith M. Thomas

HE said—oft questioned why his wit's keen lance,
Strikes right and left, his bosom-friend perchance,
While traitor and deserter scathless go—
"We speak no evil of the dead, you know!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Paul Revere, by St. Mémin, 1804.

PAUL REVERE AND HIS ENGRAVING

By William Loring Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED FROM ENGRAVINGS BY PAUL REVERE

ONE of the most interesting and romantic characters of the dark days in our history "which tried men's souls" is that of the patriot, soldier, silver-smith, copper-plate engraver, brass-founder* and confidential agent of the State of Massachusetts Bay, the "Mercury of the Revolution," Colonel Paul Revere. He was a man of action, who, in his time, played many parts, and in all his various undertakings achieved success. In the words of one of his biographers, "He prospered, accumulated, by a long life of industry and economy, a competency in the way of property, and educated a large family of children who venerated the memory of such a father."

Revere (or Rivoire, as the name was written by his ancestors, in France) was of Huguenot descent and was born in Boston, where he died in May, 1818, at the age of eighty-three. He was his father's eldest son, and was brought up to the paternal trade of gold- and silver-smith. It is said that he engraved not only the graceful designs we find upon the silver-plate which bears the coveted mark of P. REVERE (or simply REVERE), but also the wreaths, medallions, and festoons, which decorate many of the cups, spoons, tank-

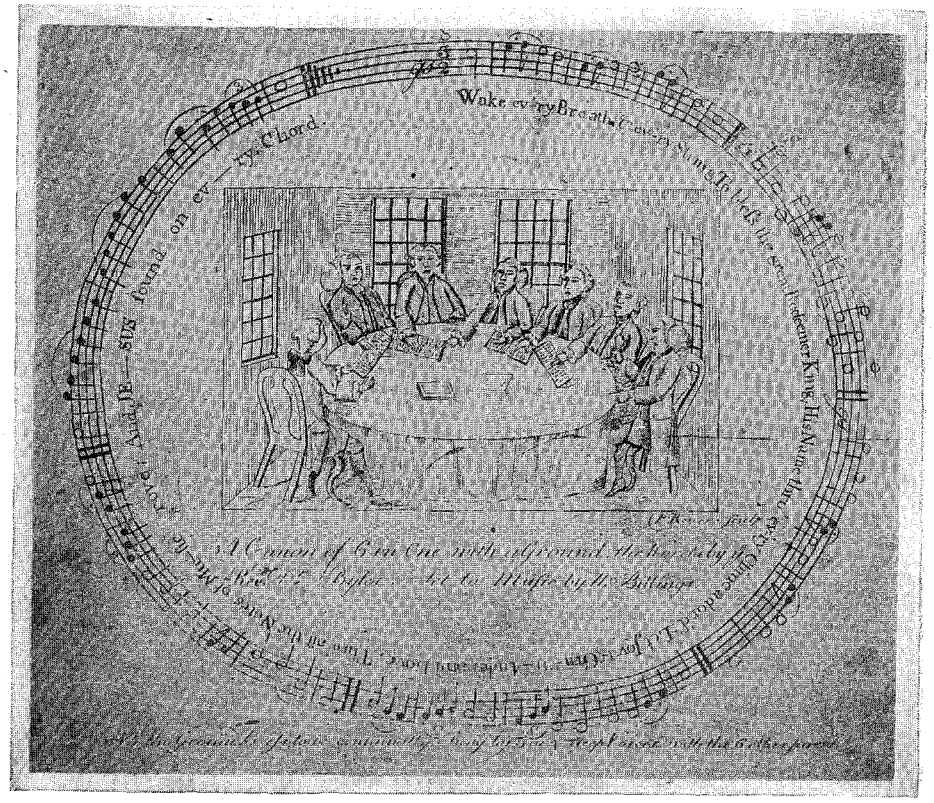
* After the peace Revere erected an air-furnace in which he cast cannon and church-bells, and the latter are still pealing forth their melodious notes upon the New England air. The business card of Paul Revere & Sons, as casters of bells and brass cannon, will be found reproduced in E. H. Goss's "Life of Revere," vol. ii., p. 556.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ards, teapots, and porringers manufactured by other Boston silver-smiths of the period. Thus he acquired, as many a self-taught engraver before and since his time has done, a knowledge—rudimentary it is true—of the art of chalcography.

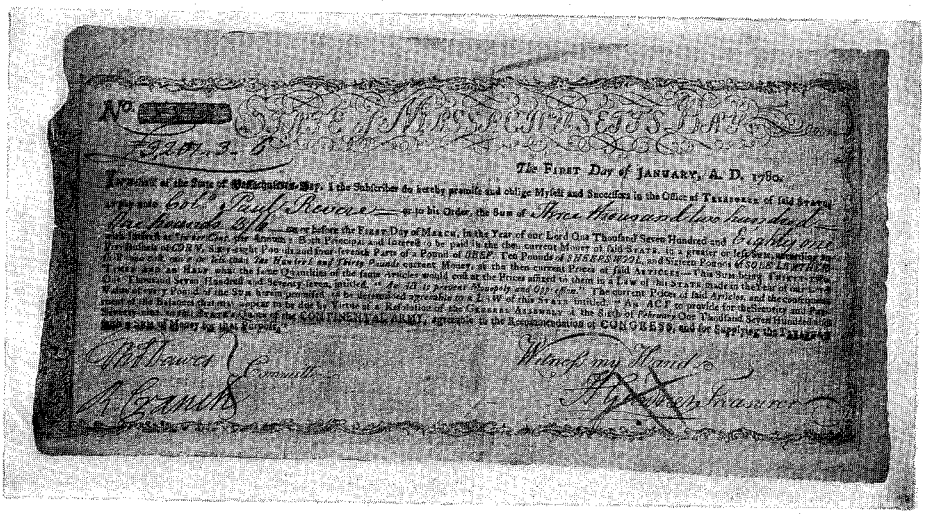
One of his first engravings is reputed to have been a portrait of his friend and spiritual guide, the Rev. Jonathan Mayhew, D.D., pastor of the West Church in Boston. This portrait, it is affirmed, was prefixed to one of the Doctor's printed sermons, but I have been unable to verify this statement by ocular proof. The New York Historical Society possesses a number of Dr. Mayhew's sermons in the original editions, but none of them contains this alleged portrait, and Mr. Sidney L. Smith, of Boston, whom I look upon as an authority on Paul Revere and his work, writes me that he can discover no trace of it, so that I have grown sceptical in regard to its existence and a little weary in the chase for this elusive will-o'-the-wisp of a portrait.

It is in 1765 that, aside from this portrait of Dr. Mayhew, we first hear of Revere as an engraver. In this year he engraved the music score in "A Collection of Psalm Tunes," published by him and Josiah Flagg, in Fish Street, at the north end of Boston. Then followed a succession of engravings embracing a wide variety of subjects—music-books embellished with quaint frontispieces, caricatures, allegorical pieces, certificate, and billheads, book illustrations and Continental paper money. When the province of Massachusetts adopted a paper currency Revere not only engraved the plates, but he made the press and printed the notes; and they are more creditable examples of the engraver's art than are the 2¾ × 3⅜ inch Continental notes ("it was death to counterfeit") which D. Hall (Dr. Franklin's old business associate) and W. Sellers sup-



Fac-simile of Frontispiece to "The New England Psalm Singer or American Chorister" (1770).
(Engraved by Paul Revere.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Massachusetts State Treasurer's Note, Border Engraved by Paul Revere.

plied to the Assembly of Pennsylvania as well as Revere's native State at a later period. By the year 1780 Hall and Sellers appear to have become the Congressional printers, and were printing most of the paper money of the several United Colonies. The border of the Massachusetts State Treasurer's note, which is here reproduced, dated the first day of January, A.D. 1780, was, however, engraved by Revere; it was also payable to and is endorsed on the back by him.

Revere's military experience began when "the Continent was still young in the study and practice of Arms," the War of 1756, during which he held a lieutenancy in a company of artillery in the Colonial army, and was stationed at Fort William Henry on Lake George. He returned to Boston, and was married in 1757, and no other of war's alarms appear to have disturbed the even tenor of his life until the seven years' conflict between Great Britain and her Colonies foreshadowed its approach. Revere was one of those who planned the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor, and after the British evacuation he became a lieutenant-colonel in a regiment of artillery raised for the defence of his native State. He was one of the "Thirty Northend Mechanics" who, during the winter of 1775, patrolled the streets of the "distressed town of Boston," to watch the movements of the British forces; and history has recorded how faithfully they kept their vigil.

The story of the midnight ride of Paul Revere from Boston to the "Bridge at Concord Town" has become, through Longfellow's lines, as familiar to his

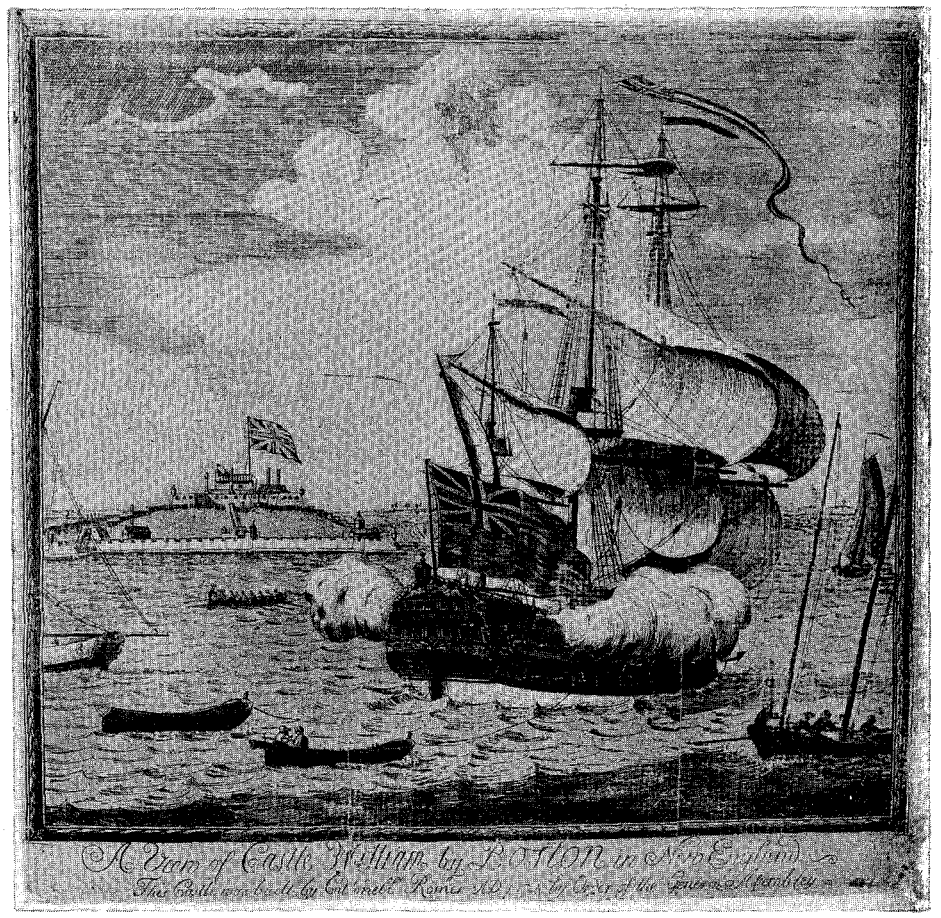
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

countrymen as a household word; but his long life as good citizen and artisan is less well known, and it may interest some to learn what examples we have remaining of his handiwork.

The silverware of Paul Revere is of excellent workmanship and chaste in form, evidently modelled after English eighteenth century designs, and the pieces of plate manufactured by him, and now so eagerly sought for by collectors, are good examples of the style at present so greatly in favor, which we have agreed to call Colonial. The simple classical forms adopted by our struggling artisans at a period when art in this country was still in its "bib and tucker," strangely enough have never been improved upon by their successors; and by reverting to them in these latter days, our silver-smiths, as well as our cabinet-makers are displaying good sense as well as taste; but in this mechanical age they stamp or saw out their patterns in unlimited quantities by machinery, and do not, as of yore, hammer or carve them laboriously, piece by piece, by hand, and therein lies a distinction and a difference.

They appear to have had a peculiar fondness for caricature and allegory on both sides of the Atlantic in Revolutionary days, and the stormy times that immediately preceded them. The *London Magazine*, 1774–75, contains a number of these grotesque and generally coarse conceits, several of which, inspired by the state of political affairs in this country, were copied by Revere for the *Royal American Magazine*, Boston, 1774–75. The caricature we reproduce above, "A Pict-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



uresque View of the State of Great Britain for 1780," as a characteristic example of these satirical compositions, was copied from a much larger French print by an American engraver, possibly by Revere.

In 1765 Revere designed and engraved an allegorical picture emblematical of the disturbed condition of affairs in America, consequent upon the imposition of the Stamp Act, and in commemoration of the repeal of this obnoxious law, he engraved the following year another plate, "A View of the Obelisk Erected under the Liberty Tree in Boston on the Rejoicings for the Repeal of the Stamp Act, 1766."

Revere's celebrated caricature of the Seventeen Rescinders appeared in 1768, and in 1770 he published one of his most important engravings, the view of Boston with a ribbon inscription running entirely across the top of the plate, bearing the legend "A View of part of the Town of Boston in New England and British Ships of War landing their troops, 1768,"* and the following lettering at the foot.

In the right-hand lower corner, within an ornamental border, this dedication:

"To the Earl of Hillsborough, His Majesty's Secretary of State for America. *This view* of the only well Plan'd *Expedition* formed for supporting ye dignity of *Britain* and chaſtiſing ye insolence of *America* is humb'y inscribed."

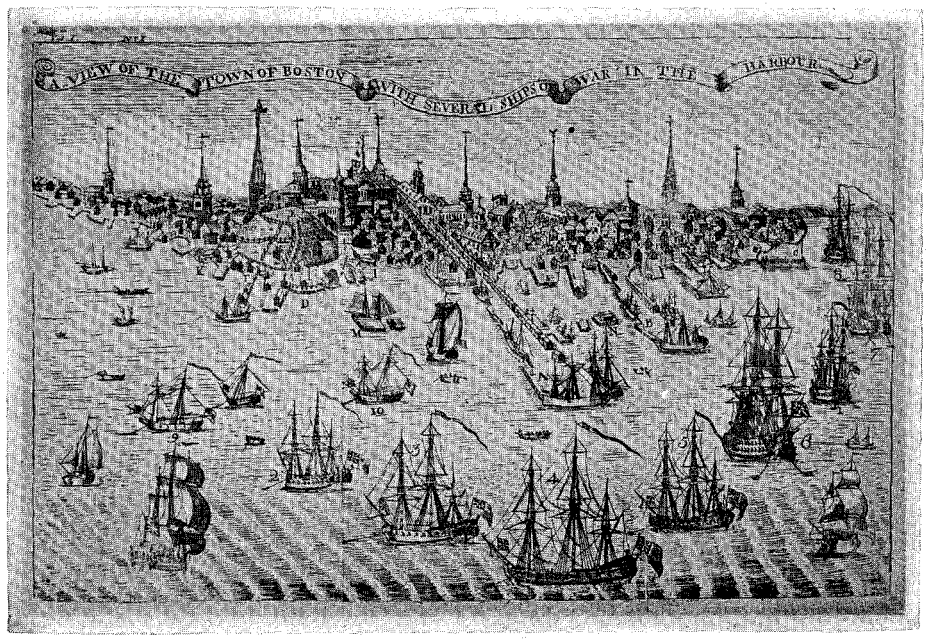
At the foot is the following key and explanation:

1 Beaver	5 Mermaid	A Long Wharf
2 Senegal	6 Romney	B Hancock's Wharf
3 Martin	7 Launceton	C North Battery
4 Glasgow	8 Bonetta	

"On friday, Sept. 30th, 1768, the Ships of *War*, armed Schooners, Transports,

* "The Boston Evacuation Memorial," Boston, 1876, has at page 18 a heliotype reproduction of this print on a reduced scale.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



etc., Came up the Harbour and Anchored, round the *Town* their Cannon loaded, a spring on their Cables, as for a regular Siege. At noon on Saturday, October the 1st, the fourteenth and twenty-ninth Regiments, a detachment from the 59th Reg't and Train of Artillery with two pieces of Cannon, landed on the Long Wharf, there Formed and Marched with infolent Parade, Drums beating, Fifes playing, and Colours flying up *King Street.* Each soldier having received 16 rounds of Powder and Ball. *Engraved, Printed and sold by Paul Revere.*"

The foregoing inscription, and the dedication to Lord Hillsborough express sentiments so diametrically opposed to each other that they must certainly have been penned by two different hands.

A smaller print with this same view of the town of Boston extended farther south,* was engraved by Revere for the *Royal American Magazine* for 1774, the inscription being changed to read:

"A View of the Town of Boston with several ships of War in the Harbour."

Original impressions of the Revere views of Boston are not found hanging from every bush. They are few and far enough between, but the rarest of all Revere's engravings is undoubtedly the "Westerly View of the Colledges in Cambridge, New England," which is, however, not drawn by him. It differs from the view engraved by William Burgis, which antedates it by some forty years, although the general appearance presented by the group of college buildings is the same. According to Mr. E. H. Goss, the author of the most complete "Life of Revere" which has yet appeared, only *one* complete copy of this interesting engraving is known—the one belonging to the Essex Institute of Salem, Mass.; but I am informed that Mr. Z. T. Hollingsworth, of Boston, has a copy in good condition—much better indeed than the one at Salem. The plate was cut in two, and the right-hand section used for engraving the Massachusetts paper money of the Revolution. The remainder of the plate is still in existence, the property of the State of Massachusetts.

The "Boston Massacre" print, the most celebrated of all Revere's engravings, is nearly contemporaneous with the event which it commemorates. [Page 339.] The next of his engravings in chronological order, to which a date can with accuracy be affixed, appears to be the two "effigies" in "The Entertaining History of King Philip's War," by Thomas Church, re-

* Reproduced in Winsor's "Memorial History of Boston," vol. ii., p. 411.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

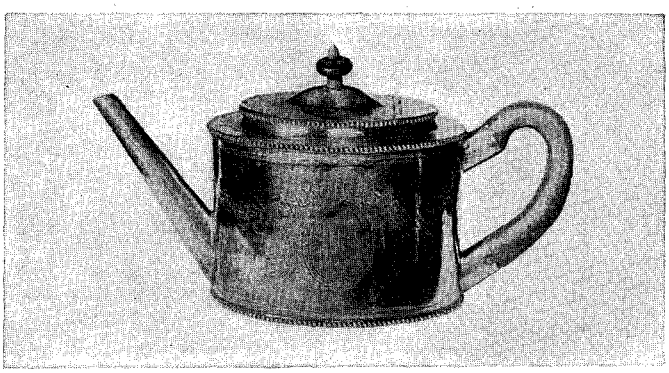
The BLOODY MASSACRE perpetrated in King-Street BOSTON on March 5th 1770 by a party of the 29th Regt.
Engrav'd Printed & Sold by PAUL REVERE BOSTON
Unhappy Boston! see thy Sons deplore.
Thy hallow'd Walks besmear'd with guiltless Gore.
While faithless P—n and his savage Bands,
With murd'rous Rancour stretch their bloody Hands;
Like fierce Barbarians grinning o'er their Prey,
Approve the Carnage and enjoy the Day:
If scalding drops from Rage from Anguish Wrung
If speechless Sorrows lab'ring for a Tongue
Or if a weeping World can ought appease
The plaintive Ghosts of Victims such as these:
The Patriot's copious Tears for each are shed,
A glorious Tribute which embalms the Dead.
But know Fate summons to that awful Goal:
Should venal C—ts the scandal of the Land,
Snatch the relentless Villain from her Hand,
Keen Execrations on this Plate inscrib'd
Shall reach a JUDGE who never can be bribed.
The unhappy Sufferers were Mess.rs Sam.l Gray Sam.l Maverick, Jam.s Caldwell, Crispus Attucks & Patk Carr
Killed. Six wounded; two of them (Christr Monk & John Clark) Mortally

printed from the Boston edition of 1716 by Solomon Southwick, Newport, R. I., 1772, and the illustrations in an "*edition of Cook's Voyages. Printed by James Rivington*, New York, 1774." Church's book contains an imaginary portrait of Colonel Benjamin Church, the "noted Indian fighter, who commanded the party by whom King Philip was killed," and an equally fanciful, and more grotesque representation of Philip, King of Mount Hope, engraved by Revere. [Page 335.]

The "Cook's Voyages" has a map "of the whole navigation" *protracted* by B. Romans (another of our early American engravers) and several illustrations poorly engraved by Revere, which may be either copies of illustrations which appeared in earlier editions, or, like the portraits in Church's "King Philip," original conceptions of the artist; but what an attractive combination in the eyes of a New York collector! A book printed in New York before the Revolution, with illustrations by Paul Revere!

The only one of the quaint old "Harmonies" upon which Revere plied his graver that it has been my good fortune to see is "The New England Psalm Singer, or American Chorister," composed by Mr. Billings, a native of Boston in New England. Boston, New England. Print-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Teapot Chased by Paul Revere.

ed by Edes & Gill (1770). The reproduction [page 334], of the frontispiece engraved for this book by Revere, is taken from the copy belonging to Mr. E. B. Holden, of New York.

Of all eighteenth century American magazines, the most difficult to find in good condition and containing all the plates is the *Royal American*, published in Boston, in 1774 and 1775, by Joseph Greenleaf, and "the father and patron," as he has been justly styled, of the art of printing in Massachusetts, Isaiah Thomas. Thomas's "History of Printing in America," published nearly one hundred years ago, is still considered an authority, and, I believe, the best work on the subject extant to-day.

The following collation of the prints in this valuable and interesting old magazine, the title of which proclaims its pre-revolutionary existence, was kindly furnished me in 1895 by the Librarian of Yale University. This institution is the fortunate possessor of a copy in fine condition—and lacking only one or two of the plates which came from the Brinley Library.

VOL. I., 1774. PLATES.

January.	No. 1. A View of the Town of Boston with several Ships of War in the Harbour. [Page 338.]
	No 2. The Thunder Storm. P. Revere.
February.	No. 3. Sir Wilbraham Wentworth.
	No. 4. The Night Scene. J. Callender.
March.	No. 5. Honorable John Hancock. P. Revere.
	No. 6. The Fortune Hunter. J. Callender.
April.	No. 7. Mr. Samuel Adams. P. Revere.
	No. 8. The Hill-Tops. A New Hunting Song (with a Representation of the Death of the Stag). J. C.
May.	No. 9. An Indian Gazette.
June.	No. 10. The able Doctor; or, America swallowing the bitter Draught.*
	No. 11. The Hooded Serpent.
July.	No. 12. Spanish Treatment at Carthagena. P. Revere.
August.	No. 13. The Method of Refining Salt-Petre.
September.	No. 14. An Elegant Engraving of a Water Spout.
October.	No. 15. The Mitred Minuit† (on title-page) The Dancing Bishops. P. Revere.
November.	No. 16. The Gerbua or Yerboa.
	No. 17. Mademoiselle Clairon.
December.	No. 18. (The manner that Bees take their repose.)
	No. 19. A Conference held between some Indian Chiefs and Colonel Bouquet in the year 1764.‡

VOL. II., 1775.

January.	No. 1. A Certain Cabinet Junto. P. Revere.
February.	No. 2. History of Lauretta. P. Revere.
March.	No. 3. (America in Distress.)

N. B. Parts in parentheses taken from the title-pages. All the plates, except the three signed by J. Callender, were probably engraved by Paul Revere.

A review of Revere's work as an engraver would be incomplete without a reference to the book-plates designed and engraved by him in what I presume Mr. Charles Dexter Allen would call the Chip-

* Copied from the caricature in the *London Magazine*, 1774.

† Copied from the caricature in the *London Magazine*, 1774.

‡ This plate is a copy of the drawing made by Benjamin West for the London edition of the Historical Account, 1776.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pendale style. Mr. Allen, in his work on American Book-plates, describes only four plates as being signed by Revere, and therefore positively known as his work. Revere's own book-plate is unsigned, but it is undoubtedly his engraving. The list is as follows: Gardiner Chandler, Epes Sargent, David Greene, William Wetmore.

These *ex libris* are all of considerable rarity, and command, when offered for sale, prices ranging from $50 upward. Revere's own plate, I understand, is the *rara avis* of them all. Mr. Richard Lichtenstein, of Boston, in a communication to the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, 1886, p. 204, writes: "All the book-plates (engraved by Revere) that I have seen have the evidence of having been done before the Revolution."

The most noted, as I have already stated, of the prints of Paul Revere, is the one in which he depicts, in a fashion rude almost to the point of caricature, that sanguinary prelude to the Revolutionary War, "The Boston Massacre," which was engraved and published shortly after the occurrence of the tragedy of March 5, 1770, in King Street, now called State, Boston.

The size of this engraving, inclusive of the inscriptions at the top and bottom, is 8½x9¾ inches. Of the plate proper 8½x7⅞ inches. All the impressions that I have seen are colored by hand. The cardinal colors, red and blue, predominate, with an occasional wash of green. The uncouthness of the engraving is accentuated by the bizarre effects produced by the colorist. Furthermore, most of the copies in existence are more or less stained by dampness, or the smoke of the kitchen fires of the New England farm-houses where they have hung these many years, and worms have feasted on them; but with all their faults we love them still, and suffer no cleaner's or restorer's hand to come nigh them.

The inscriptions upon the plate are as follows. Inset in lower right-hand margin of the engraving the words:

"Engraved, Printed and Sold by *Paul Revere*, Boston."

At top

"The *Bloody Massacre*, perpetrated in King Street, *Boston*, on March 5th, 1770, by a party of the 29th *regiment*."

At foot, arranged in three compartments, are the three following verses:

Unhappy *Boston!* See thy Sons deplore
Thy hallow'd Walks besmear'd with guiltless Gore,
While faithless P——n and his savage Bands,
With murd'rous Rancour, stretch their bloody Hands
Like fierce Barbarians grinning o'er their Prey,
Approve the Carnage and enjoy the Day.

If scalding drops from Rage, from Anguish Wrung;
If speechless Sorrows lab'ring for a Tongue,
Or if a weeping world can ought appease
The plaintive Ghosts of Victims such as these,
The Patriot's copious Tears for each are shed;
A glorious Tribute which embalms the Dead.

But know: *Fate* summons to that awful Goal,
Where Justice strips the Murd'rer of his Soul;
Should venal C——ts the scandal of the Land,
Snatch the relentless Villain from her Hand,
Keen execrations on this Plate inscrib'd
Shall reach a *Judge* who never can be brib'd.

"The unhappy Sufferers were Messrs. *Sam*[l] *Gray*, *Sam*[l] *Maverick*, *Jam*[s] *Caldwell*, *Crispus Attucks* & *Pat*[k] *Carr Killed.* Six wounded, two of them *(Christ'r Monk* & *John Clark)* Mortally."

Presumably Revere sawed off the part of the plate which bore the foregoing inscriptions, and used these portions of the copper for engraving his paper money—the same use that he made of one half of the Harvard plate. Copper must have been as rare a material in Massachusetts during the Revolutionary War as we are told it was in New South Wales fifty years later, when "in the whole colony it was found impossible to procure a single plate of copper fit for engraving upon, and the artist was in consequence forced to content himself with the common sheet of copper which is employed for the coppering of ships."

The copper-plate of the Boston Massacre print, minus the inscriptions, is now in possession of the State of Massachusetts. Some years since, about the time, I am informed, of the Lexington Centennial Celebration, some enterprising individual in Boston obtained temporary possession of the plate, and had a few impressions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taken from it. When this was discovered by the authorities they recalled the plate, which we are assured has ever since been kept under lock and key in the vaults of the Secretary of State.

The immediate result of the King Street massacre was the removal of the British troops from the town of Boston to Castle Island in the harbor. Among the "Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution," published by Frank Moore, New York, 1856, is the following string of verses entitled "A New Song," 1770. In a note prefixed to these lines it is stated that they appeared in a broadside, a short time after the "Massacre of the Fifth of March, 1770," as a "New Song," much in vogue among the friends of arbitrary power, and since the troops have evacuated the town of Boston, among the soldiery at Castle Island, where it was composed.

CASTLE ISLAND SONG.

You simple Bostonians, I'd have you beware,
Of your liberty Tree, I would have you take care,
For if that we chance to return to the town,
Your houses and stores will come tumbling down,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

If you will not agree to old England's laws,
I fear that King Hancock will soon get the *yaws*:
But he need not fear, for I swear he will,
For the want of a doctor, give him a hard pill.

A brave re-inforcement we soon think to get;
Then we will make you, poor pumpkins, to sweat;
Our drums they'll rattle, and then you will run
To the devil himself, from the sight of a gun.

Our fleet and our army, they soon will arrive,
Then to a bleak island, you shall not us drive.
In every house, you shall have three or four,
And if that will not please you, you shall have half a score.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Castle William (afterward named Fort Independence), on Castle Island, to which the British soldiers were removed, was "built by Collonell Romer, A.D. 1724, by order of the General Assembly," as we are told by the inscription on a copper-plate engraving which was probably executed shortly after the fort was built. This print [page 337] measures 12 x 12½ inches. The only copy of it that I have ever seen or heard of is the one which has been in my own possession for thirty years and over. There is a much smaller engraving of Castle William in the *Massachusetts* and also in the *New York Magazine* (1789 and 1796).

When the British left Castle William they broke off the trunnions of the cannon, an act of petty spite similar to, and as ineffectual, as the one in which they indulged prior to their evacuation of the city of New York when they greased the flagpole on the Battery and cut the halyards. Before the British fleet had passed out the Narrows, the Stars and Stripes were floating triumphantly in the breeze, and the trunnions of the cannon at Castle William in Boston Harbor were with almost equal facility and promptitude restored through the ingenuity of Paul Revere.

I shall not attempt to enumerate or describe here all the known copies of the Massacre print, contemporary and otherwise (of the former, several were English), but conclude with a list of the originals of which I am cognizant.

One in the Bostonian Society in the Old State House where, with other relics of colonial times in China, arms, equipments, old silver, and Franklin's printing-press, it overlooks the very spot (now marked by a circle in the block pavement) where the "Massacre" occurred. This copy has an authentic and interesting history. It was a gift from Eliza Susan Quincy of Boston, September 29, 1882, the year that the Bostonian Society was founded, and has the following label pasted on the back of the frame: "Given in 1825 to Josiah Quincy (1772–1864) by his aunt Mrs. Storer, sister of Josiah Quincy, Jr., who defended Capt. Preston." Other copies of the "Massacre" of the existence of which I am creditably informed are located as follows: Two copies in possession of Zachary T. Hollingsworth, Boston. Two copies in possession of the estate of the late Frederick W. French, Boston. One in possession of G. R. Barrett, Boston. One in possession of Essex Institute, Salem. One in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. One copy in possession of Edwin B. Holden, New York. One copy in possession of Henry C. Eno, New York. One copy in possession of E. Dwight Church, New York. One copy in possession of William L. Andrews, New York; and a copy sold

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some two or three years ago in Philadelphia for, as it was reported, the sum of $350. There may be and probably are other copies in existence, so that the engraving of the Boston Massacre by Paul Revere cannot be deemed a very rare print; but if we take into consideration the historic interest of the tragic occurrence depicted and the national reputation of the engraver as one of the heroic and romantic figures of his time, it may, I think with justice, be said that it is one of the most important and valuable prints from an American collector's point of view that has been left us as an heritage from the past.

THE WRONG HOUSE

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

MY brother Ralph, who now lived with me on the edge of Ham Common, had come home from Australia with a curious affection of the eyes, due to long exposure to the glare out there, and necessitating the use of clouded spectacles in the open air. He had not the rich complexion of the typical colonist, being indeed peculiarly pale, but it appeared that he had been confined to his berth for the greater part of the voyage, while his prematurely gray hair was sufficient proof that the rigors of bush life had at last undermined an originally tough constitution. Our landlady, who spoilt my brother from the first, was much concerned on his behalf, and wished to call in the best doctor; but Ralph said dreadful things about the profession, and quite frightened the good woman by arbitrarily forbidding her ever to let a doctor inside her door. I had to apologize to her for the painful prejudices and violent language of "these colonists," but the old soul was easily mollified. She had fallen in love with my brother at first sight, and she never could do too much for him. It was owing to our landlady that I took to calling him Ralph, for the first time in our lives, on her beginning to speak of and to him as "Mr. Raffles."

"This won't do," said he to me. "It's a name that sticks."

"It must be my fault! She must have heard it from me," said I, self-reproachfully.

"You must tell her it's the short for Ralph."

"But it's longer."

"It's the short," said he, "and you've got to tell her so."

Henceforth I heard so much of "Mr. Ralph," his likes and his dislikes, what he would fancy and what he would not, and oh, what a dear gentleman he was, that I often remembered to say "Ralph, old chap" myself.

It was an ideal cottage, as I said when I found it, and in it our delicate man became rapidly robust. Not that the air was also ideal, for, when it was not raining, we had the same faithful mist from November to March. But it was something to Ralph to get any air at all, other than night-air, and the bicycle did the rest. We taught ourselves, and may I never forget our earlier rides, through and through Richmond Park when the afternoons were shortest, upon the incomparable Ripley Road when we gave a day to it. Raffles rode a Beeston Humber; a Royal Sunbeam was good enough for me, but he insisted on our both having Dunlop tires.

"They seem the most popular brand. I had my eye on the road all the way from Ripley to Cobham, and there were more Dunlop marks than any other kind. Bless you, yes, they all leave their special tracks,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and we don't want ours to be extra special; the Dunlop's like a rattle-snake, and the Palmer leaves telegraph-wires, but surely the serpent is more in our line."

That was the winter when there were so many burglaries in the Thames Valley from Richmond upward. It was said that the thieves used bicycles in every case, but what is not said? They were sometimes on foot to my knowledge, and we took a great interest in the series, or rather sequence of successful crimes. Raffles would often get his devoted old lady to read him the latest local accounts, while I was busy with my writing (much I wrote) in my own room. We even rode out by night ourselves, to see if we could not get on the tracks of the thieves, and never did we fail to find hot coffee on the hob for our return. We had indeed fallen upon our feet. Also, the misty nights might have been made for the thieves. But their success was not so consistent and never so enormous as people said, especially the sufferers, who lost more valuables than they had ever been known to possess. Failure was often the caitiffs' portion, and disaster once, owing, ironically enough, to that very mist which should have served them. But I am going to tell the story with some particularity, and perhaps some gusto; you will see why who read.

The right house stood on high ground near the river, with quite a drive (in at one gate and out at the other) sweeping past the steps. Between the two gates was a half-moon of shrubs, to the left of the steps a conservatory, and to their right the walk leading to the tradesmen's entrance and the back premises; here also was the pantry window, of which more anon. The right house was the residence of an opulent stockbroker, who wore a heavy watch-chain and seemed fair game. There would have been two objections to it had I been the stockbroker. The house was one of a row, though a goodly row, and an army-crammer had established himself next door. There is a type of such institutions in the suburbs; the youths go about in knickerbockers, smoking pipes, except on Saturday nights when they lead each other home from the last train. It was none of our business to spy upon these boys, but their manners and customs fell within the field of observation. And we did not choose the night upon which the whole row was likely to be kept awake.

The night that we did choose was as misty as even the Thames Valley is capable of making them. Raffles smeared vaseline upon the plated parts of his Beeston Humber before starting, and our dear landlady cosseted us both, and prayed we might see nothing of the nasty burglars, not denying as the reward would be very handy to them that got it, to say nothing of the honor and glory. We had promised her a liberal perquisite in the event of our success, but she must not give other cyclists our idea by mentioning it to a soul. It was about midnight when we cycled through Kingston to Surbiton, having trundled our machines across Ham Fields, mournful in the mist as those by Acheron, and so over Teddington Bridge.

I often wonder why the pantry window is the vulnerable point of nine houses out of ten. This house of ours was almost the tenth, for the window in question had bars of sorts, but not the right sort. The only bars that Raffles allowed to beat him were the kind that are let into the stone outside, those fixed within are merely screwed to the woodwork, and you can unscrew as many as necessary if you take the trouble and have the time. Barred windows are usually devoid of other fasteners worthy the name; this one was no exception to that foolish rule, and a push with the pen-knife did its business. I am giving householders some valuable hints, and perhaps deserving a good mark from the critics. These, in any case, are the points that I would see to, were I a rich stockbroker in a riverside suburb. In giving good advice, however, I should not have omitted to say that we had left our machines in the semi-circular shrubbery in front, or that Raffles had most ingeniously fitted our lamps with dark slides, which enabled us to leave them burning.

It proved sufficient to unscrew the bars at the bottom only, and then to wrench them to either side. Neither of us had grown stout with advancing years, and in a few minutes we had both wormed through into the sink, and thence to the floor. It was not an absolutely noiseless process, but once in the pantry we were mice, and no longer blind mice. There

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a gas-bracket, but we did not meddle with that. Raffles went armed these nights with a better light than gas; if it were not immoral I might recommend a dark-lantern which was more or less his patent. It was that handy invention, the electric torch, fitted by Raffles with a dark hood to fulfil the functions of a slide. I had held it through the bars while he undid the screws, and now he held it to the key-hole, in which a key was turned upon the other side.

There was a pause for consideration, and in the pause we put on our masks. It was never known that these Thames Valley robberies were all committed by miscreants decked in the livery of crime, but that was because until this night we had never even shown our masks. It was a point upon which Raffles had insisted on all practicable occasions since his furtive return to the world. To-night it twice nearly lost us everything—but you shall hear.

There is a forceps for turning keys from the wrong side of the door, but the implement is not so easy of manipulation as it might be. Raffles for one preferred a sharp knife and the corner of the panel. You go through the panel because that is thinnest, of course in the corner nearest the key, and you use a knife when you can because it makes least noise. But it does take minutes, and even I can remember shifting the electric torch from one hand to the other before the aperture was large enough to receive the hand and wrist of Raffles.

He had at such times a motto of which I might have made earlier use, but the fact is that I have only once before described a downright burglary in which I assisted, and that without knowing it at the time. The most solemn student of these annals cannot affirm that he has cut through many doors in our company, since (what was to me) the maiden effort to which I allude. I, however, have cracked only too many a crib in conjunction with A. J. Raffles, and at the crucial moment he would whisper: "Victory or Wormwood Scrubbs, Bunny!" or instead of Wormwood Scrubbs it might be Portland Bill. This time it was neither one nor the other, for with that very word "victory" upon his lips, they whitened and parted with the first taste of defeat.

"My hand's held!" gasped Raffles, and the white of his eyes showed all round the iris, a rarer thing than you may think.

At the same moment I heard the shuffling feet and the low excited young voices on the other side of the door, and a faint light shone round Raffles's wrist.

"Well done, Beefy!"

"Hang on to him!"

"Good old Beefy!"

"Beefy's got him!"

"So have I—so have I!"

And Raffles caught my arm with his one free hand. "They've got me tight," he whispered. "I'm done."

"Blaze through the door," I urged, and might have done it had I been armed. But I never was. It was Raffles who monopolized that risk.

"I can't—it's the boys—the wrong house," he whispered. "Curse the fog—it's done me. But you get out, Bunny, while you can; never mind me; it's my turn, old chap."

His one hand tightened in affectionate farewell. I put the electric torch in it before I went, trembling in every inch, but without a word.

Get out! His turn! Yes, I would get out, but only to come in again, for it was my turn—mine—not his. Would he leave me held by a hand through a hole in a door? Not he! Then what he would have done was for me to do now. I began by diving head-first through the pantry window and coming to earth upon all fours. But even as I stood up, and brushed the gravel from the palms of my hands and the knees of my knickerbockers, I had no notion what to do next. And yet I was half-way to the front door before I remembered the vile crape mask upon my face, and tore it off as the door flew open and my feet were on the steps.

"He's into the next garden," I cried, to a bevy of pajamas with bare feet and young faces at either end of them.

"Who? Who?" said they, giving way before me.

"Some fellow who came through one of your windows head-first."

"The other Johnny, the other Johnny," the cherubs chorused.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Biking past—saw the light—why, what have you there?"

Of course it was Raffles's hand that they had, but now I was in the hall among them. A red-faced barrel of a boy did all the holding, one hand round the wrist, the other palm to palm, and his knees braced up against the panel. Another was rendering ostentatious but ineffectual aid, and three or four others danced about in their pajamas. After all, they were not more than four to one. I had raised my voice, so that Raffles might hear me and take heart, and now I raised it again. Yet to this day I cannot account for my inspiration, that proved nothing less.

"Don't talk so loud," they were crying below their breath; "don't wake 'em upstairs, this is our show."

"Then I see you've got one of them," said I, as desired. "Well, if you want the other you can have him too. I believe he's hurt himself."

"After him, after him!" they exclaimed as one.

"Still I think he got over the wall——"

"Come on, you chaps, come on!"

And there was a soft stampede to the hall door.

"Don't all desert me, I say!" gasped the red-faced hero who held Raffles prisoner.

"We must have them both, Beefy."

"That's all very well——"

"Look here," I interposed, "I'll stay by you. I've a friend outside, I'll get him too."

"Thanks awfully," said the valiant Beefy.

The hall was empty now. My heart beat high.

"How did you hear them?" I inquired, my eye running over him.

"We were down having drinks—game o' nap—in there."

Beefy jerked his great head toward an open door, and the tail of my eye caught the glint of glasses in the firelight, but the rest of it was otherwise engaged.

"Let me relieve you," I said, trembling.

"No, I'm all right."

"Then I must insist."

And before he could answer I had him round the neck with such a will that not a gurgle passed my fingers, for they were almost buried in his hot smooth flesh. Oh, I am not proud of it; the act was as vile as act could be; but I was not going to see Raffles taken, my one desire was to be the saving of him, and I tremble even now to think to what lengths I might not have gone for its fulfilment. As it was I squeezed and tugged until one strong hand gave way after the other and came feeling round for me, but feebly because they had held on so long. And what do you suppose was happening at the same moment? The pinched white hand of Raffles, reddening with returning blood, and with a clot of blood upon the wrist, was craning upward and turning the key in the lock without a moment's loss.

"Steady on, Bunny!"

And I saw that Beefy's ears were blue, but Raffles was feeling in his pockets as he spoke. "Now let him breathe," said he, clapping his handkerchief over the poor youth's mouth. An empty phial was in his other hand, and the first few stertorous breaths that the poor boy took were the end of him for the time being. Oh, but it was villainous, my part especially, for he must have been far gone to go the rest of the way so readily. I began by saying I was not proud of this deed, but its dastardly character has come home to me more than ever with the penance of writing it out. I see in myself, at least my then self, things that I never saw quite so clearly before. Yet let me be quite sure that I would not do the same again. I had not the smallest desire to throttle this poor youth (nor did I), but only to extricate Raffles from the most hopeless position he was ever in; and after all it was better than a blow from behind. On the whole, I will not utter a word, nor whine about the thing any more.

We lifted the plucky lad into Raffles's place in the pantry, locked the door on him, and put the key through the panel. Now was the moment for thinking of ourselves, and again that infernal mask which Raffles swore by came near the undoing of us both. We had reached the steps when we were hailed by a voice, not from without but from within, and I had just time to tear the accursed thing from Raffles's face before he turned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A stout man with a blonde mustache was on the stairs, in his pajamas like the boys.

"What are you doing here?" said he.

"There has been an attempt upon your house," said I, still spokesman for the nonce, and still on the wings of inspiration. "Your sons——"

"My pupils!"

"Indeed. Well, they heard it, drove off the thieves, and have given chase."

"And where do you come in?" inquired the stout man, descending.

"We were bicycling past, and I actually saw one fellow come head-first through your pantry window. I think he got over the wall."

Here a breathless boy returned.

"Can't see anything of him," he gasped.

"It's true, then," remarked the crammer.

"Look at that door," said I.

But unfortunately the breathless boy looked also, and now he was being joined by others equally short of wind.

"Where's Beefy?" he screamed. "What on earth's happened to Beefy?"

"My good boys," exclaimed the crammer, "will one of you be kind enough to tell me what you've been doing, and what these gentlemen have been doing for you? Come in all, before you get your death. I see lights in the class-room, and more than lights. Can these be signs of a carouse?"

"A very innocent one, sir," said a well-set-up youth with more mustache than I have yet.

"Well, Olphert, boys will be boys. Suppose you tell me what happened before we come to recriminations?"

The bad old proverb was my first warning. I caught two of the youths exchanging glances under raised eyebrows. Yet their stout, easy-going mentor had given me such a reassuring glance of sidelong humor, as between man of the world and man of the world, that it was difficult to suspect him of suspicion. I was nevertheless itching to be gone.

Young Olphert told his story with engaging candor. It was true that they had come down for an hour's nap and cigarettes; well, and there was no denying that was whiskey in the glasses. The boys were now all back in their class-room, I think entirely for the sake of warmth; but Raffles and I were in knickerbockers and Norfolk jackets, and very naturally remained without, while the army-crammer (who wore bed-room slippers) stood on the threshold with an eye each way. The more I saw of the man, the better I liked and the more I feared him. His chief annoyance thus far was that they had not called him when they heard the noise, that they had dreamt of leaving him out of the fun. But he seemed more hurt than angry about that.

"Well, sir," concluded Olphert, "we left old Beefy Smith hanging on to his hand, and this gentleman with him, so perhaps he can tell us what happened next?"

"I wish I could," I cried, with all their eyes upon me, for I had had time to think. Some of you must have heard me say I'd fetch my friend in from the road?"

"Yes, I did," piped an innocent within.

"Well, and when I came back with him things were exactly as you see them now. Evidently the man's strength was too much for the boy's, but whether he ran upstairs or outside, I know no more than you do."

"It wasn't like that boy to run either way," said the crammer, cocking a clear blue eye on me.

"But if he gave chase!"

"It wasn't like him even to let go."

"I don't believe Beefy ever would," put in Olphert. "That's why we gave him the billet."

"He may have followed him through the pantry window," I suggested, wildly.

"But the door's shut," put in a boy.

"I'll have a look at it," said the crammer.

And the key no longer in the lock, and the insensible youth within! The key would be missed, the door kicked in; nay, with the man's eye still upon me, I thought I could smell the chloroform. I thought I could hear a moan, and prepared for either any moment. And how he did stare! I have detested blue eyes ever since, and blonde mustaches, and the whole stout easy-going type that is not such a fool as it looks. I had brazened it out with the boys, but the first grown man was too many for me,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the blood ran out of my heart as though there was no Raffles at my back. Indeed, I had forgotten him. I had so longed to put this thing through by myself! Even in my extremity it was almost a disappointment to me when his dear cool voice fell like a delicious draught upon my ears. But its effect upon the others is more interesting to recall. Until now the crammer had the centre of the stage, but at this point Raffles usurped a place which was always his at will. People would wait for what he had to say, as these people waited now for the simplest and most natural thing in the world.

"One moment!" he had begun.

"Well?" said the crammer, relieving me of his eyes at last.

"I don't want to lose any of the fun——"

"Nor must you," said the crammer, with emphasis.

"But we've left our bikes outside, and mine's a Beeston Humber," continued Raffles. "If you don't mind we'll bring 'em in before these fellows get away on them!"

And out he went without a look to see the effect of his words, I after him with a determined imitation of his self-control. But I would have given something to turn round. I believe that for one moment the shrewd instructor was taken in, but as I reached the steps I heard him asking his pupils whether any of them had seen any bicycles outside.

That moment, however, made the difference. We were in the shrubbery, Raffles with his electric torch drawn and blazing, when we heard them kicking at the pantry door, and in the drive with our bicycles before man and boys poured pell-mell down the steps.

We rushed our machines to the nearer gate, for both were shut, and we got through and swung it home behind us in the nick of time. Even I could mount before they could re-open the gate, which Raffles held against them for half an instant with unnecessary gallantry. But he would see me in front of him, and so it fell to me to lead the way.

Now I have said that it was a very misty night (hence the whole thing) and also that these houses were on a hill. But they were not nearly on the top of the hill, and I did what I firmly believe that almost everybody would have done in my place. Raffles indeed said he would have done it himself, but that was his generosity, and he was the one man who would not. What I did was to turn in the opposite direction to the other gate, where we might so easily have been cut off, and to pedal for my life—uphill!

"My God!" I shouted when I found it out.

"Can you turn in your own length?" asked Raffles, following loyally.

"Not certain."

"Then stick to it. You couldn't help it. But it's the devil of a hill!"

"And here they come!"

"Let them," said Raffles, and brandished his electric torch, our only light as yet.

A hill seems endless in the dark, for you cannot see the end, and with the patter of bare feet gaining on us I thought this one could have no end at all. Of course the boys could charge up it quicker than we could pedal, but I even heard the voice of their stout instructor growing louder through the mist.

"Oh, to think I've let you in for this!" I groaned, "my head over the handlebars, every ounce of my weight first on one foot and then on the other. I looked at Raffles, and in the white light of his torch he was doing it all with his ankles, exactly as though he had been riding in a Gymkhana.

"It's the most sporting chase I was ever in," said he.

"All my fault!"

"My dear Bunny, I wouldn't have missed it for the world!"

Nor would he forge ahead of me, though he could have done so in a moment, he who from his boyhood had done everything of the kind so much better than anybody else. No, he must ride a wheel's length behind me, and now we could not only hear the boys running, but breathing also. And then of a sudden I saw Raffles on my right striking with his torch; a face flew out of the darkness to meet the thick glass bulb with the glowing wire enclosed; it was the face of the boy Olphert, with his enviable mustache, but it vanished with the crash of glass, and the naked

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Before he could answer I had him round the neck.—Page 346.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wire thickened to the eye like a tuning-fork struck red-hot.

I saw no more of that. One of them had crept up on my side also; as I looked, hearing him pant, he was grabbing at my left handle, and I nearly sent Raffles into the hedge by the sharp turn I took to the right. His wheel's length saved him. But my boy could run, was overhauling me again, seemed certain of me this time, when all at once the machine ran easily; every ounce of my weight with either foot once more, and I was over the crest of the hill, the gray road reeling out from under me as I felt for my brake. I looked back at Raffles. He had put up his feet. I screwed my head round still farther, and there were the boys in their pajamas, their hands upon their knees, like so many wicket-keepers, and a big man shaking his fist. There was a lamp-post on the hill-top, and that was the last I saw.

We sailed down to the river, then on to Thames Ditton as far as Esher station, when we turned sharp to the right, and from the dark stretch by Imber Court came to light in Molesey, and were soon pedalling like gentlemen of leisure through Bushey Park, our lights turned up, the broken torch put out and away. The big gates had long been shut, but you can manœuvre a bicycle through the others. We had no further adventures on the way home, and our coffee was still warm upon the hob.

"But I think it's an occasion for Sullivans," said Raffles, who now kept them for such. "By all my gods, Bunny, it's been the most sporting night we ever had in our lives! And do you know which was the most sporting part of it?"

"That up-hill ride?"

"I wasn't thinking of it."

"Turning your torch into a truncheon?"

"My dear Bunny! A gallant lad—I hated hitting him."

"I know," I said—"the way you got us out of the house!"

"No, Bunny," said Raffles, blowing rings. "It came before that, you sinner, and you know it!"

"You don't mean anything I did?" said I, self-consciously, for I began to see that this was what he did mean. And now at latest it will also be seen why this story has been told with undue and inexcusable gusto; there is none other like it for me to tell; it is my one ewe-lamb in all these annals. But Raffles had a ruder name for it.

"It was the Apotheosis of the Bunny," said he, but in a tone I never would forget.

"I hardly knew what I was doing or saying," I said. "The whole thing was a fluke."

"Then," said Raffles, "it was the kind of fluke I always trusted you to make when runs were wanted."

And he held out his dear old hand.

ANTÆUS

By Fullerton L. Waldo

I WILL arise and go whither my heart is calling,
Into the night star-cresseted, night of the winnowing wind,
There 'mid the dew-whitened fields to find one prone hour of silence. . . .

I am a-weary to-night, earth-mother, and heavily laden;
Suffer me but to come as one of the least of thy children;
Take, O take me, my Mother, and hold me close to thy bosom.

So, with the dawn of the day, I shall mount up with wings as an eagle,
I shall go panoplied forth, with a militant voice of rejoicing,
To fight with the World and to fail . . . and to fail on and fight on forever!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A VAUDEVILLE TURN

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

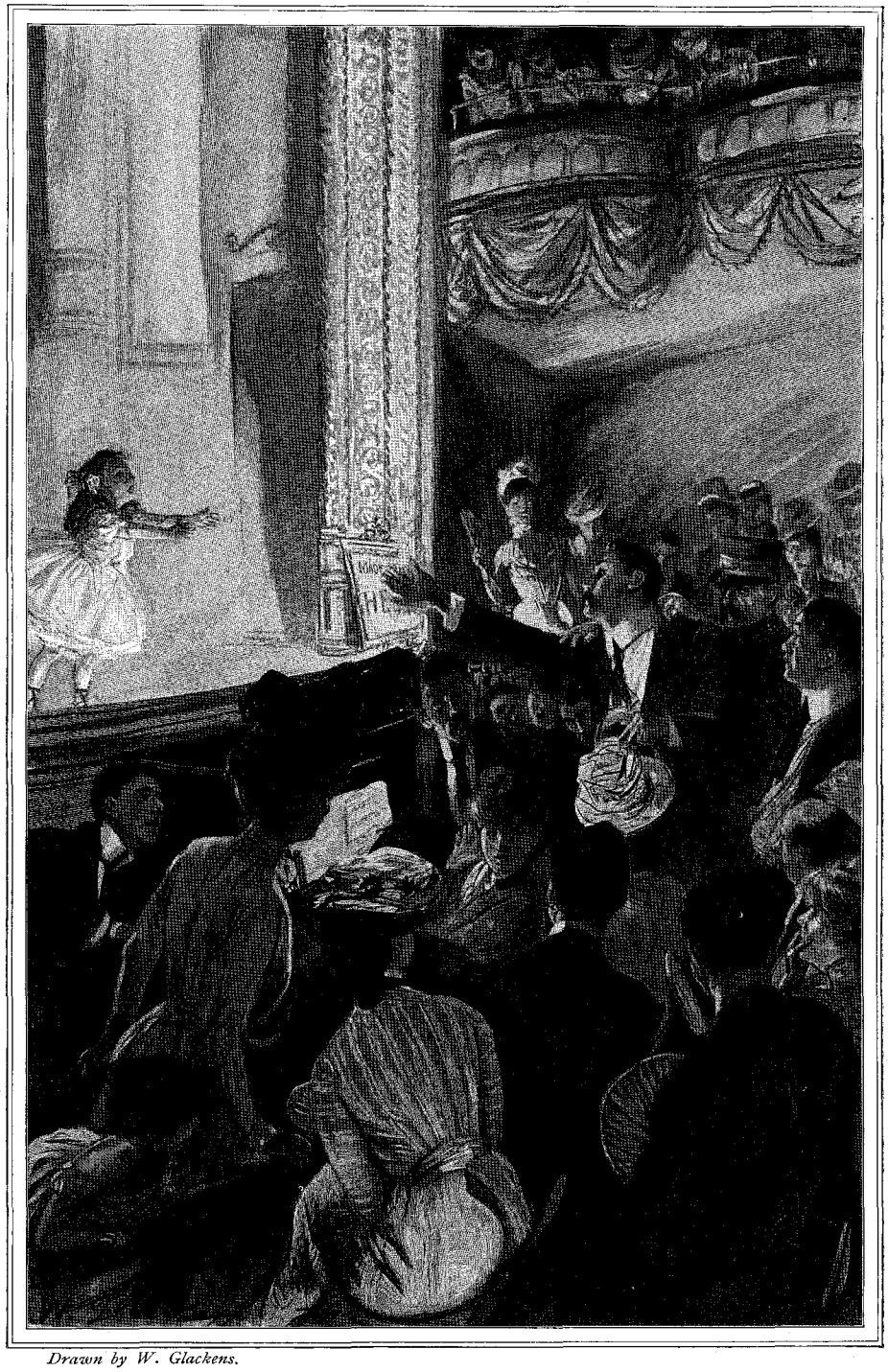
ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS

THE most popular theatre in America, according to the advertisements—where nothing was played but the "continuous"—was packed from parquet to top gallery with a perspiring crowd of pleasure-seekers one hot August night. The papers had said—*via* the society columns of course—that everybody was out of town for the summer, and incidentally, therefore, that all the ordinary places of amusement were closed, except *Les Variétés*. However, the city was not quite deserted; for, of the anchored ninety-nine hundredths of the population, all who could do so, apparently in despair at lack of other amusement, and attracted by the popular prices, had crowded into "the home of refined vaudeville," as it was called on the programme. The house was fluttering with fans; most of the spectators and actors felt as though they were slowly deliquescing in perspiration, but the audience seemed to be enjoying it.

The usual *mélange*—how natural and appropriate it seems to use French words when treating of the vaudeville—of entertainments entirely suited even to a Mrs. Boffin—become a world-wide type of matronly modesty and virtue—had been provided by the high-minded and scrutinizing management. Ladies in short skirts capered nimbly over the stage to the "lascivious pleasing" of the banjo; gentlemen with one leg rode marvellously endowed bicycles in impossible ways; tumblers frisked and frolicked about without the slightest regard either for temperature or gravitation; happy tramps—at least the announcements said they were happy—whose airy, carefully tattered garments were in full consonance with the heated atmosphere, delivered themselves of speeches full of rare old humor and fairly bristling with Bœotian witticisms. There were men singers and women singers, musical cranks, freak piano players, monologue artists, burlesquers, and then a little play—at least they said it was a play.

So with these multifarious stirrers-up-of-varied-emotions, the evening drew toward its close. Finally, just before the biograph went through its eye-shattering, soul-distressing performance, the little boy who walked solemnly across the stage before each turn with such a queer self-important strut that the regular patrons—those who came early and brought their luncheon—felt disappointed when he took a vacation, set out upon the racks, provided on either side of the proscenium arch for the purpose, a tablet bearing the name of "*Mademoiselle Hélène*." When the curtain rose thereafter, the stage was set for a woodland. The lights were turned thrillingly low, so that the expectant audience were scarcely aware how the tiny little body which they saw standing in the full blaze of the calcium light-ray suddenly flashed upon her from the mysterious apparatus in the balcony, had reached the centre of the stage.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by W. Glackens.

"I'm so glad you've found me. Oh, take me away!"—Page 353.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The little miss was apparently not more than six years old. She had short white stockings on her plump little pink legs, and her dainty feet were covered with black ankle ties. She wore fluffy little pink and white skirts like a ballet-dancer, and with her little bare arms she blew graceful kisses to the audience as she bounded before it. With her sweet blue eyes, her golden hair, she made a delightful picture, as she pirouetted around the stage on the tips of her ten little toes, kicking up her little heels, bending her back, wriggling her skirts with an imitation of older and more sophisticated performers—to put it mildly—which would have been more amusing if it had not been a little pitiful.

So little, so cool, so sweet, so fresh, so innocent she seemed, that in the hot theatre on that hot night no wonder a great rapturous "oh-h-h!" of delight and approbation burst from feminine lips—and masculine ones too, if the truth be told. As the little maid in perfect silence continued her little dance, exclamations of admiration rose from the audience, and when she finished her first turn and stopped panting, bowing, hand-kissing, the theatre rang with hand-clapping. Though some of the fathers and mothers in the audience, with thoughts of their own young folk, murmured under breaths, "What a pity! She ought to be at home in bed!" the witchery of her movements and the charm of her face was as strong upon them as it was upon the others; more so—they had children of their own!

As she stopped and stood alone on the large stage after her final *pas*, bowing again and again and throwing more kisses in that sweetly infantile way, there was a commotion among the people enjoying "standing room only" in the passage-way at the back of the parquet. A tall, broad-shouldered, brown-haired, pleasant-featured man forced himself through the crowd in spite of angry remonstrances and rude resistance and ran down the aisle. His pale face was working with emotion, his eyes shining.

"Nellie!" he cried as he ran, in a voice that vibrated above the applause in the theatre. "Don't you know me? Nellie! Nellie!" he continued, stretching out his arms toward the little girl.

The noise of clapping hands died away as if by magic, as they heard the cry, full of love and longing and feeling. The man stopped in full view of the great audience. The little girl, hearing the cry, with one hand still in the air where the kisses had stopped half blown away, looked at the man over the footlights, half dazed apparently by the situation.

"Papa! Papa!" she cried, suddenly awakening to life and bounding toward him. "Papa, take me home!" Every soul in the hushed theatre heard the words in the sweet treble of childhood.

"Where's your mother, baby?" asked the man, apparently oblivious of everything but the little lass.

"She's dead, papa," answered the child, brushing her little hand across her eyes, "I'm so glad you've found me. Oh, take me away!"

"I will! I will!" said the man desperately, forcing his way toward the stage.

Two of the ushers and an officer had hurried down the aisle and seized him by the arms. The piano-player rose from his neglected instrument and caught him also.

"Let me go!" roared the man, shoving them aside with superhuman strength apparently. "She's my daughter, I tell you! I will have her!"

The lights on the stage were suddenly turned up. A hard-featured man came forward and grasped the child by the arm.

"What's all this row?" he cried, "I'm the manager of Mademoiselle Hélène. Her mother left the child with me. She gets good food and clothes and is well taken care of. What more does she want?"

"I want my papa! Oh, I want you!" cried the little girl.

"And you shall have me, dear."

"No," said the man on the stage, roughly, "she shall not!"

"Gentlemen!" cried the other man turning about and facing the audience. "Friends, there is my little daughter. Her mother ran away from me, left me. I haven't seen Nellie for two years. I just happened in here to-night and recognized her, and——"

"Give him his daughter!" broke out a burly man in the third row of the parquet, rising in his seat as he spoke and shaking his fist at the man on the stage, or——"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The house was in a perfect uproar now. The women in tears, the men screaming with flushed, excited faces.

"Let him have her!"

"Give her up!"

"Let the child go with her father!"

"Shame! Shame!"

"Mob him!"

"Lynch the wretch!"

The man on the stage fairly quailed before this outburst of popular passion; the ushers and officers had released the other man, but before he could take a step, in the midst of the confusion the local manager appeared on the stage. Lifting his hand to the crowd he finally succeeded in stilling the tumult.

"I have heard it all!" he cried, as soon as he could be heard. "This theatre don't want to part father and daughter. Give the child to the man! And get out of here!" he said, turning fiercely and shaking his fist at the hard-faced man on the stage. The latter let go the child's arm and shrank back in the wings, followed by the jeers of the crowd. Then the local manager took the little girl in his arms, stepped over the footlights, and handed her to the man who had claimed her.

He lifted her up, kissed her, and pressed her tenderly to his breast. She clasped her little arms around his neck, dropped her head on his shoulder with a low cry of content.

"Thank you, sir," said the man to the manager, "thank you all, ladies and gentlemen! Oh, I have got her back again."

He turned with his precious burden and walked rapidly down the aisle, passed out of the door, and disappeared in the night.

The house rang with cheers. Men and women stood up and clapped and applauded and yelled like mad. When a semblance of order was restored the local manager dismissed the audience. As he said, none of the performers were in condition to go on further after the little tragedy they had witnessed, which had ended so happily after all. Nor was the audience in a mood for any more vaudeville after the bit of real life in which they had participated.

. . . . . .

"How did it go off, Bill?" asked the brown-haired man of the local manager in the office, half an hour later.

"Fine!" said the manager. "It was the greatest act I ever saw! You did splendidly, old man. I congratulate you."

"It has only one disadvantage," remarked the hard-featured one, "you can only do it once in each town. It's only good for one-night stands."

"And didn't Nellie do it well?" returned the other.

"She did that!" replied the local manager, "she couldn't have done it better! It almost made me weep myself."

"That child's a born actress," said the hard-featured man, "she'll be a treasure some day, sure."

"She's a treasure now," replied the local manager. "What a pity we couldn't do it over to-night!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Do you know, men," said the brown-haired man, "I feel real guilty somehow. Seems like such a fraud——"

"Nonsense, Bill!" interrupted the manager, yet with a note of sympathy in in his tone.

"Rot!" commented hard features, not the least comprehending.

"Where is she now?" asked the other, shaking his head dubiously, still uncertain and unconvinced.

"Her father and mother took her home right after the performance, and I hope she is fast asleep in her bed by this time, like a good little girl, continued the manager. "Here's your check, Bill. Be on hand Monday night when we open at X——"

THE PINK OF COURTESY

By Katherine Lee Bates

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. G. FANGEL

WHAT a hole!" thought Juan Vidál, eying his environment with frank disfavor. It was only when he was out of temper that he did his thinking in English. Tall, spare, brusque, and energetic, he reproduced so perfectly the look and manner of his Scotch mother that his father's name sat on him as oddly as a *sombrero* on his sandy hair. Yet it was this shiftless Spanish father whom he had loved best, and into whose native speech his own happier musings naturally ran. Dead and buried they were now—the mother, as she had chosen, under the gowans beside the bonny Doon; the father, with the soldiers of his race, where jasmine and iris gem the banks of the Guadalquivir. But to-morrow would be All Saints', and the son, a Catholic in Rome, a Unitarian in Boston, devotee with one half of his soul and free-thinker with the other, had suddenly sprung to his feet in the noisy café, thrust the half-written letter for a London daily into his pocket and, stung by memory, tramped off through Paris mud to look upon the face of one of his father's friends. He had been rich in friends, this father, if in nothing else.

Vidál well knew where Señor Álvarez was to be found of a Monday evening, but the scene, as he noted its details with the practised glance of a journalist, moved his shoulder to the expressive Spanish shrug. The Frenchmen about him recognized at once its Peninsula quality. This place which displeased him was an oblong class-room, with shreds of coarse drab paper fluttering from the ceiling. Two serried ranks of rickety tables, with cheap chairs wedged in behind them, four to a table, filled the space from platform to rear wall. Between these ranks ran an aisle of irregular width, while narrow passages along the sidewalls served as a dumping-ground for coats, sacques, portfolios and the like. Along these cluttered lanes the late-comers would try to pick their way, with an elaborate show of caution and an invariable clatter of overthrown canes and umbrellas. The late-comers were many, for it was a class after the fashion of University Extension, and was mainly frequented by young clerks, commercial travellers, and similar delegates from the tired army of day-toilers. The slight French figure and the alert French glance were most in evidence, but Vidál detected, here and there, the pink cheeks and flaxen hair of the Englishman, glitter of keen black eyes above the hooked Hebraic nose, the lazy Spanish sprawl, and the puzzled, humorous, undaunted air of the American. He amused himself by noting, in the four chairs behind a table well to the front, strays from four nations. Next the aisle sat a threadbare old German, reading the Spanish indistinctly from scarcity of teeth, but hungry for knowledge even to the end of life. Beside him was a young Italian, casting fervent looks upon his neighbor, a beautiful Russian girl with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the saddest face in the room. The man nearest the wall, to whom Vidál had once been presented by Señor Álvarez, was a Polish goldsmith who, by way of recreation, learned a new language every winter.

The journalist tapped his foot impatiently. "What a hole—and what a racket!" Not here, in sooth, was Milton's "still air of delightful studies." A Choral Union was vociferous in the hall below; through the flimsy partition at the rear came the boom of a lecturer in the adjoining room; the tables rattled and creaked under the pressure of nervous Gallic knees, and the atmosphere had become hot and fetid.

"However can he stand it?" thought Vidál in his angry English, vainly looking about for some means of ventilation. But the bald-headed little gentleman on the platform carried the sunniest of smiles and the cheeriest of voices through it all, reaching out a chubby hand in greeting to those troublesome late-comers, yet without checking for an instant his impetuous overflow of Castilian anecdote and proverb.

"But why do you do it?" asked Vidál, as they walked down the boulevard together, after the whistle had blown and the occupants of the twenty class-rooms had bounded to their feet and pushed and jostled out, for weariness is not easily polite. "Why do you do it? It isn't as if you posed for socialism and all that, like those London fellows."

Vidál had friends in the Fabyan Society, just as he had friends among anarchists and Quakers. He was not a man of prejudices, but the tired lines in a face his father had loved to look on fretted him.

Don Rodolfo Álvarez coughed apologetically.

"Oh, I do it for amusement," he said. "I make some very pleasant acquaintances there, too. There is an Armenian refugee whom I would like to have you meet—a remarkable man. I am always glad to be with remarkable men. I find their society stimulating. Your father, Juan, was one in a thousand, one in a million. I often used to wonder that he cared to spend his time with me."

"Because you are not a remarkable man?" asked Vidál, laughing.

"I? Oh, no, indeed!" exclaimed Señor Álvarez, rounding his brown eyes to a shocked denial in the electric light. "You know, my dear boy, that I am of very little account. The good God made me so. But your father—ah, Juan, his grave is far away, yet we can go to early mass at the Spanish chapel to-morrow and pray together for his soul's repose."

"So you still believe in mass?" asked Vidál, with his father's wicked twinkle in his mother's pious eyes.

The little señor threw out his hands in distressed deprecation.

"You know that spiritual things are quite beyond me, Juan. I have a friend, a Greek, crippled in that unhappy war of theirs, who is a genuine mystic, absolutely inspired. It is one of my greatest pleasures to sit by his bedside and hear him talk, but as for understanding him!—You see my mind has no sky-windows in it. Very unfortunate! I regret it extremely. But, still, we will meet at mass to-morrow morning, will we not? For it is All Saints'."

Vidál did not promise. He halted, instead, at one of the open-air tables in front of a brilliantly illuminated café.

"Come, Don Rodolfo!" he coaxed. "A glass of absinthe!"

A longing look crept into the brown eyes; then Señor Álvarez cheerily shook his head.

"Late, Juan! Too late! Madame will be expecting me. You know her nerves are so delicate."

"Oh, confound her nerves!" responded Vidál, in English, with a grave and courteous intonation. Señor Álvarez smiled a grateful smile. English, as he was wont to remark, was far too difficult a tongue for his poor wits to master, but Juan was evidently saying something sympathetic. So like his father!

Meanwhile Vidál had heaped up the measure of his iniquities by slyly beckoning a *garçon* whom he knew, and suddenly two glasses of the seductive green liquor were placed upon the table beneath their very noses.

"Ah, Juan, Juan! If I only had your strength of will!" murmured the little señor, sinking almost with alacrity into one of those tempting chairs and rubbing his plump palms in joyous expectation. "I have the utmost respect for decision of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enjoying Juan's Society.

character. You possess that noble trait even more fully than your father, my dear boy, an inheritance, undoubtedly, from your lady mother—Christ rest her soul!—whose beautiful face I was never so favored as to see."

Vidál grinned. The mental picture of Don Rodolfo showering his gallant Castilian compliments before the erect and solemn-visaged Scotch woman tickled this observer of men and manners, though the son in him rebuked the journalist.

Señor Álvarez sipped his absinthe slowly. No one, not even Juan, guessed how many luxuries he had denied himself since his sharp-tongued French landlady slipped on the polished stairs and hurt her hip. The other boarders had packed their belongings and gone away at once. Who cares to live in a house disordered by nurses and doctors, a house haunted by sick-room odors and muffled sick-room tones? And even when, after the long months, Madame was able to be about again, pattering on petulant crutches, the old boarders did not return to her, and new ones did not apply. How could a lame, cross-grained old woman expect to keep even so much as lodgers? She had been a neat housekeeper and notable cook in her prime, but since the coming of this daily pain that sapped her daily strength, the rooms grew more and more untidy, and the table went from bad to worse. But Señor Álvarez had stayed on through it all. If at the bottom of his heart he ventured to pride himself on any quality whatever, it was chivalry, and it simply was not in him to desert a woman in distress, let her be as old, bad-tempered, and ugly as she might.

"I am so lazy," he would explain to his friends, "and it is such a trouble to move."

But he never explained to anyone why, as Madame's fortunes shrunk, his own small income dwindled.

So he sipped his absinthe slowly, and then, because it would be rude to leave his entertainer with abruptness, he sat on,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a comfortable glow, enjoying Juan's society and Juan's cigarettes and the ever-fascinating spectacle of the flood of human life as it rolls down a lighted Parisian boulevard, until the hour was so late, or, rather, so early, that he hardly dared go home at all.

It was a very bad quarter of an hour that Madame gave him. Poor soul! She had no one else to scold, and a worried old woman, with shoots of agony in her hip, must scold somebody—at least, so Señor Álvarez tried to think. For it hurt his feelings to be rated so by his fluent French landlady, and it hurt something more precious than his feelings, his ideals. He worshipped womanhood, and Madame profaned his worship with her bitter tongue. But he stood affably smiling through it all, his hat in his hand, and his bald head gleaming in the gaslight.

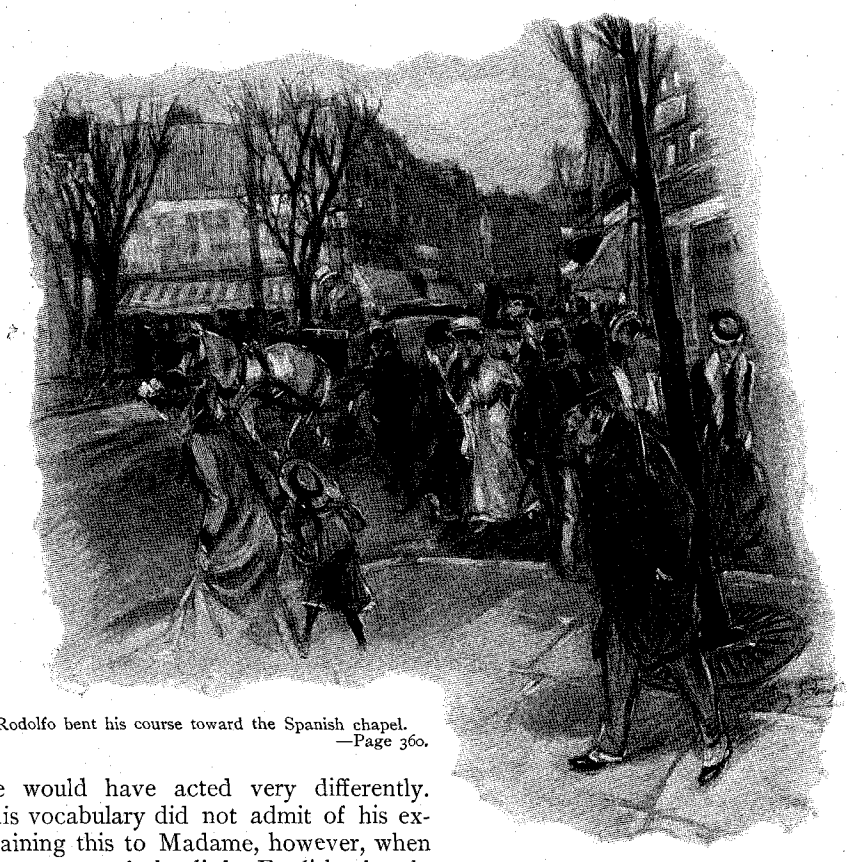
The tirade lasted so long that even the mottled green parrot, Lorito, chained to his perch in the corner, grew impatient:

"*Maria, Maria, dame el chocolate!*" he screamed, for he was an Andalusian bird, with dim longings for sunny Seville still throbbing in his wings, but his angry mistress, far from giving him chocolate, turned and cuffed him smartly across his ruffled poll. This was more than Lorito could bear. The day had already brought him a cruel humiliation. He had slipped his chain at noon—Lorito, after months of study, had just fathomed the workings of that chain—and flown rejoicingly out of the window and into an inviting casement across the street. So far, all was well. He had chanced upon a nursery, and the children adored and petted him, just as Lorito believed he ought to be adored and petted. For Lorito, with his funny, mottled coat, crooked beak and rumpled cap, had never once suspected that he was quite the ugliest specimen of his kind in Paris, nor that his former owner had given him to Madame in charity, because she herself could no longer bear the sight of him. Lorito supposed he was a beauty, and he pecked the children's goodies from their dimpled hands with infinite condescension.

It did not disturb his majestic mood in the slightest to see Madame, purple with spite, shaking her crutch at him from her narrow balcony. But, of course, if Lorito had known it was a Protestant household,

It hurt something more precious than his feelings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Rodolfo bent his course toward the Spanish chapel. —Page 360.

he would have acted very differently. His vocabulary did not admit of his explaining this to Madame, however, when the curate of the little English church, papa of the weeping children, had righteously carried him back again, and the old Frenchwoman, good Catholic that she was, doused Lorito with holy water before chaining him up once more to that monotonous perch. The chill of his shower-bath, anxiety for his spiritual welfare, and the general ignominy of the situation had made Lorito silent and morose all the rest of the day. And now, just as he was ready to forgive and forget, to unbend and be sociable, a cuffing!

Lorito slipped his chain again and was flying, as unobtrusively as he knew how, across the room, hoping to find the window open at the top and to discover Seville at the corner of the street, when he chanced to confront the mirror. Now Lorito's experience of life had not hitherto included mirrors, and every quill on his body bristled with horror to see what a hideous, cock-headed, mottle-coated, ragged-feathered, crooked-beaked, hungry-clawed old fowl was glaring full upon him.

"*Ay, qué loro!* Goodness gracious, what a looking parrot!" screamed Lorito, and valiantly dashed against it. Ah, Lorito had made his last mistake. What Señor Álvarez tenderly lifted from the heap of splintered glass upon the floor was only a bleeding, drooping thing, with broken neck.

Then, finally, Madame stopped scolding. Gathering the dead bird to her heart, she rocked herself to and fro in an ecstasy of lamentation.

Poor Lorito's self-esteem would have been restored could he have heard her eulogy of his graces, gifts, and virtues. "I have lost my only friend," she wailed, "my only, only friend." And Señor Álvarez, as he swept up the broken glass, and "lent" her twenty-five francs out of the thirty-three that were all his store for a fortnight to come, felt such sorrow at sight of her tears that his own brown eyes grew wet.

Dissipation and agitation notwithstanding, the little señor rose early the following morning, tiptoed down those steep and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

polished stairs that had cost Madame so dear, and bent his course toward the Spanish chapel. It was November weather. The Paris air was stained with a London murk. Even the massive Triumphal Arch seemed a dissolving shadow. A few top-story windows, smitten by shafts of pallid sunshine, dazzled blankly. The streets were given over to processions of priest-led school-boys, to sweepers and cleaners, to market-wagons, to ladies with dainty missals—everywhere the poor going to their work, and the rich going to their prayers.

Vidál had not said that he would come, but there he was, yawning in the doorway. He sprang down to clasp hands with Señor Álvarez, whose smiling face looked white and strange through the dimness of the fog.

"You are done up, Don Rodolfo. Come across to the hotel with me for rolls and coffee. The food will do us more good than masses do the dead."

"I am glad that my friends do not always agree with me," replied the señor with his gentle courtesy, "for it widens my range of ideas."

But he entered the sculptured door and Vidál, a grimace on his mouth and an affectionate shining in his eyes, followed after. The younger man stood back against the rear wall of the chapel, while the elder went forward and knelt.

Vidál, first and last and always a reporter, spied about him. Queen Isabel's chapel, small, yet rich, lacked nothing in arching and groining, stained glass and carving, that a Catholic chapel should have. The altar, splendid with gilding, with crimson tapestries, and with taper-lights grouped mystically in sevens, threes, and nines, dominated all the scene. The air was dreamy with incense. The prie-dieus, even the aisles, were filled with kneeling figures, whose profound reverences and intent gaze into the choir wrought slowly upon Vidál until august

"We beg your pardon, sir," said the Spaniard.—Page 362.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and awful mysteries seemed to gather in that gleaming altar-space. There, where he had been standing, the journalist dropped upon his knees, ran his father's rosary rapidly through his fingers and sent his loving heart out toward that father hidden from him so long in the strange, sweet shadow of death. But when his filial tenderness turned toward his mother, he rose, as she would have had him, and stood erect once more.

His professional instinct came back so strongly as to shame him. He wanted to make notes of the architecture, of the people, of his own emotions. "I wonder," he mused ruefully, "if I should try to turn heaven into copy." He looked about for Don Rodolfo, to see if he, at least, were sustaining the spiritual exaltations proper to the place, and chuckled in his heart to find that worthy chevalier also savoring of earth.

It was chiefly a congregation of women, of those whose love remembers, but here and there an elderly man knelt among them, or children, bowing and rising in obedience to the pressure of a mother's hand. Close to a group of ladies in deep mourning, ladies beautiful with a high-bred Castilian beauty, knelt Madame's faithful boarder, the voluntary teacher of the evening Spanish class. Perhaps the carven angel-heads that looked dubiously down upon his devotions were not aware of these and kindred facts. For, almost unconsciously, he was marking the well-chiselled, haughty contour of the señorita nearest him and the droop of the jet earrings against her clear, dark cheek—almost unconsciously, but not quite. Something undeniably secular filtered from him in that hushed and holy hour. His gay red tie was drawn through a big gold ring, on which even the pale candlelight could not forbear to glitter. His watch-chain was nothing less than gaudy. His chubby figure, with his look of bonhomie, irresistibly suggested, as he knelt, a cherub grown old and worldly.

Vidál was joking him about the señorita half an hour later, while, the fog still heavy, they stood on the curbstone waiting their chance to dodge through the press of vehicles.

The little hidalgo cocked a jaunty eye: "Oh, I tell no tales, and yet I have seen the day—but, frankly, my boy, I think that I love all womankind too well to lose my heart to any woman in particular. The real romance of life has ever flitted just beyond my reach. I was not worthy of it. The good God made me so—for the little things, not the great. I was not meant for poetry, tragedy, heroism. I have not, as you suggest, seriousness enough for worship. I sometimes wonder if I have even dignity enough for death."

And he heaved such a gusty sigh that Vidál laughed outright. "I shall be roaming the vale of melancholy and wading the stream of sentiment myself," he said, "if I have to live without coffee two minutes longer. Come on! Here's our chance!"

He whipped out into the tumult of the great circle. Quick eye and sturdy legs had nearly brought him through, when an outcry just behind made the reporter wheel about. Any copy here?

The gray mist confused his vision. It could not—could not be Don Rodolfo reeling, with bleeding temple, toward Vidál's strong arms! By the time the young man laid his burden on the sidewalk, consciousness had gone.

But not life. Juan Vidál worked over his father's friend with the concentrated energy of all the modern press. Before the crowd had time to gape, that inert body had been borne to Vidál's own room in the hotel. Before the proprietor had time to remonstrate, Juan had his man undressed, in bed, with doctors bending over him. Before the doctors had time to pronounce him dead, Juan, shouting in his ears, beating his palms, forcing cordials down his throat, had him alive again. So finally the physicians, naturally a little affronted, changed their diagnosis and declared it "a case of contusion attended by nervous shock."

Vidál was utterly astonished to learn, from witnesses of the scene, that he had sprung back with an athlete's bound and dragged Don Rodolfo from what must otherwise have been certain death under the wheels of a loaded omnibus close upon him.

"Never even saw the thing," he affirmed, stoutly. Would have prosecuted it, if I had. And I could have taken my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oath that I simply stood stock-still in the street and saw Álvarez reeling along toward me."

"He was ten feet away, when you turned," said the bystander, "and was falling already, but he reached his arms toward you as he fell. And you leapt and saved him."

"If ever you dare tell him that," retorted the reporter, "I'll—write you up!"

The little señor rested politely in Vidál's bed all day, but by twilight insisted on returning to Madame, who would, he said, be lonely, missing the parrot. Vidál had made a preliminary call, early in the afternoon, given an account of the morning's peril in his best journalistic style, with all the head-lines, then looked his friend's room over, expressed with extreme clearness his view of the condition in which it was kept, and altogether drawn such a glowing picture of Don Rodolfo's virtues and pointed so forcibly the contrast between what he deserved and what he got, that the old Frenchwoman, quite overawed, repeated, in a spiritual sense, the experience of Lorito. For the first time in her life, she, too, saw herself as others saw her, but, in her case, the consequences were of happy augury. After an hour before the Crucifix, her crutches went clattering about her boarder's room until it really wore such an air of welcome that Don Rodolfo, when he saw it, smiled all over his chubby face and was glad to be at home.

Vidál returned to his hotel by boat. A cab would have been quicker, and time was of importance now, for the reporter had in pocket a telegram from his London chief bidding him be off for St. Petersburg on the midnight train, but he loved the river, and with reason. At evening, most of all, the Seine is an enchanted stream. The great wheel gleams over it with the revolution of many-colored lights, and from the dimness far above flashes out the summit signal of the Eiffel Tower. The busy *bateaux Parisiens* shoot quivering shafts of white and green and crimson down into the depths, the bridges are spans of splendor, and along the banks open vistas of twinkling boulevards. Now and then two boats, in passing, strike for a second light on light, looking into each other's eyes across the dark water, and in another second are already parted, moving steadily on their respective ways. But machinery knows no heart-ache, and it is joy enough for transient little boats to do the errands of the beautiful, the ever-flowing river.

Vidál's revery, for which the father in him must be held responsible, was broken in upon by a mellow voice, accosting him in the purest Castilian. Turning quickly, the journalist saluted a stately old gentleman, on whose arm leaned a señorita. There was something familiar about her clear-cut contour and the droop of her jet earrings.

"We beg your pardon, sir," said the Spaniard, bowing with an old-fashioned exaggeration of courtesy, "but may we ask for tidings of your friend, whose gallantry so nearly cost him dear?"

Vidál's eyes began to dance. He had never thought to ask how the accident happened. Had Don Rodolfo really snatched a lady from a lion's jaws? Immense!

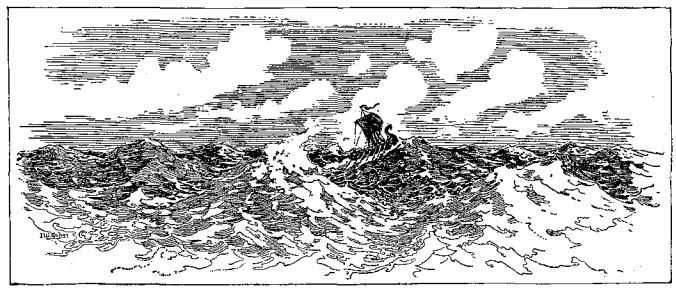
"You know that my daughter had dropped her missal," continued the old gentleman, "and in restoring it to her——"

"If he had not paused to lift his hat, there would have been no danger," interposed the girl, her dark eyes gleaming. "I thought that was so very nice of him. And then that dreadful wheel!"

But Vidál was only half of Don Quixote parentage. Before he knew it, the canny Scot was working at the corners of his mouth, leading the old gentleman to add, almost with severity:

"Your friend did well, sir. There are times when it is more important for a gentleman to lift his hat than to save his life."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE VOICE OF THE SEA

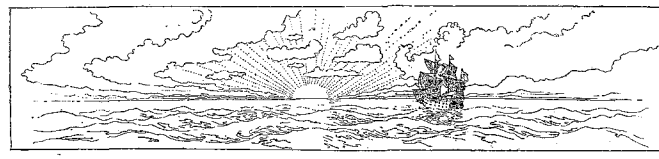
By Thomas Nelson Page

THUS spake to Man the thousand-throated Sea :
Words which the stealing winds caught from its lips :

Thou thinkest thee and thine, God's topmost crown.
But hearken unto me and humbly learn
How infinite thine insignificance.
Thou boastest of thine age—thy works—thyself :
Thine oldest monuments of which thou prat'st
Were built but yesterday when measured by
Yon snow-domed mountains of eternal rock :
The Earth, thy mother, from whose breast thou draw'st,
The sweat-stained living which she wills to give,
And in whose dust thine own must melt again,
Was agèd cycles ere thine earliest dawn ;—
But they to me are young : I gave them birth.
Climb up those heaven-tipt peaks thy dizziest height,
Thou there shalt read, graved deep, my name and age ;
Dig down thy deepest depth, shalt read them still.
Before the mountains sprang, before the Earth,
Thy cradle and thy tomb, was made, I was :
God called them forth from me, as thee from Earth.
Thou burrow'st through a mountain, here and there,
Work'st all thine engines, cutting off a speck ;
I wash their rock-foundations under ; tear
Turret from turret, toppling thundering down,
And crush their mightiest fragments into sand :
Thou gravest with thy records slab and spar,
And callest them memorials of thy Might ;—
Lo ! not a stone exists, from that black cliff
To that small pebble at thy foot, but bears
My signature graved there when Earth was young,
To teach the mighty wonders of the Deep.
Thy deeds—thyself—are what ? A morning mist !
But I ! I face the ages. Dost not know
That as I gave the Earth to spread her fair
And dew-washed body in the morning light,
So, still, 'tis I that keep her fair and fresh ?—
That weave her robes and nightly diamond them ?
I fill her odorous bowers with perfumes rare ;
Strew field and forest with bee-haunted stars ;
I give the Morn pearl for her radiant roof,
And Eve lend glory for her rosy dome ;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I build the purple towers that hold the West
And guard the passage of Retiring Day.
Thy frailest fabric far outlasts thyself:
The pyramids rise from the desert sands,
Their builders blown in dust about their feet.
The wingèd bull looms mid an alien race,
Grim, silent, lone. But whither went the King?
I cool the lambent air upon my breast,
And send the winds forth on mine embassies;
I offer all my body to the Sun,
And lade our caravans with merchandise,
To carry wealth and plenty to all climes.
Yon fleecy continents of floating snow,
That dwarf the mountains over which they sail,
Are but my bales borne by my messengers,
To cheer and gladden every thirsty land.
The Arab by his palm-girt desert pool,
The Laplander above his frozen rill,
The Woodsman couched beside his forest brook,
The shepherd mirrored in his upland spring,
Drink of my cup in one great brotherhood.
'Tis, nay, not man alone—thou art but one
Of all the myriads of life-holding things,—
Brute, beast, bird, reptile, insect, thing unnamed,
Whose souls find recreation in my breath:
Nay, not a tree, flower, sprig of grass or weed,
But lives through me and hymns my praise to God:
I feed, sustain, refresh and keep them all:
Mirror and type of God that giveth life:
I sing as softly as a mother croons
Her drowsy babe to sleep upon her breast.
On quiet nights when all my winds are laid,
I wile the stars down from their azure home
To sink with golden footprints in my depths:
I show the silvered pathway to the moon,
All paved with gems the errant Pleiad lost,
That night she strayèd from her sisters wan;
But I sing other times strains from that song
Before whose awfulness my waters sank,
And at whose harmony the mountains rose,
I heard that morning when the breath of God
Moved on my face, and said, Let there be light!
I thrill and tremble since but at the thought
Of that great wonder of that greatest dawn,
When at God's word the brooding darkness rose,
Which veiled my face from all the birth of things,
And rolled far frighted from its resting-place,
To bide henceforth beyond the walls of day,
While all the morning stars together sang,
And on the instant God stood full revealed!



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PINES OF LORY*

By J. A. Mitchell

V—WONDERLAND

WHEN Pats, in the early morning light, stepped out upon the deck, he found, enveloping all things, a thick, yellow fog. Miss Marshall, her maid, and Father Burke stood peering over the starboard rail at an approaching life-boat. This boat had been ashore with baggage and was now returning for the passengers.

The fog lifted at intervals, allowing fugitive glimpses of a wooded promontory not a quarter of a mile away.

Pats was struck afresh this morning by Miss Marshall's appearance. She wore a light gray dress and a hat with an impressive bunch of black, and he saw, with sorrowing eyes, that she and all that pertained to her had become more distantly patrician, more generally exalted and unattainable, if possible, than heretofore. He knew little of women's dress, but in the style and cut of this particular gown there existed an indefinable something that warned him off. No mortal woman in such attire could fail to realize her own perfection. He also knew that the apparent simplicity of the hat and gown were delusive.

And this woman was so accustomed to the adoration of men that it only annoyed her! Verily, if there was a gulf between them yesterday, to-day it had become a shoreless ocean!

Moreover, he thought he detected in Father Burke's face, as they shook hands at parting, a look of triumph imperfectly suppressed. While causing a mild chagrin it brought no surprise, as the lady's manner this morning, although civil, was of a temperature to put the chill of death upon presumptuous hope.

After a formal good-by to the uncle, Pats climbed into the little boat and assisted the lady to a seat in the stern. Then he turned about and held forth his hands toward the maid. She stepped back and shook her head.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "There is no danger."

"But I am not going ashore, sir."

He looked toward Miss Marshall, who explained: "Louise is not coming with us. She goes on to Quebec, where I am to meet her in a fortnight."

So they pushed away and rowed off into the fog, waving adieus to the little group that watched them from the *Maid of the North*. Both kept their eyes upon the steamer until a veil of gauze, ethereal but opaque, closed in between them. The sun, still near the horizon, lit up the mist with a golden light, and Pats with the haughty lady seemed floating away into enchanted space.

Nearing the shore they made out more clearly the coast ahead. This fragment of primeval forest, its rocky sides rising fifty feet or thereabouts above the water, was crowned with gigantic pines, their tops, above the mist, all glowing in the morning light. The two passengers regarded this scene in silence, impressed by its savage beauty. The little pier at which they landed, neglected and unsubstantial, seemed barely strong enough to bear their weight.

"Is this the only landing-place?" Pats demanded of the boatswain.

"No, sir. There's another one farther in, but the tide isn't right for it."

Just off the pier stood their trunks, and beside them two boxes and a barrel. Of the three passengers, the gladdest to get ashore, if one could judge by outward manifestations, was Solomon. He ran and barked and wheeled about, jumping against his master as if to impart some of his own en-

* Copyright, 1901, by J. A. Mitchell.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thusiasm. His joy, while less contagious than he himself desired, produced one good result in causing the lady to unbend a little. At first she merely watched him with amusement, then talked and played with him. But not freely and with abandon; only so far as was proper with a dog whose master had become a suspicious character. As the life-boat disappeared toward the invisible steamer Pats turned to his companion.

"Welcome to this island, Miss Marshall. I am now the host—and your humble and obedient vassal. Shall I hurry on ahead and send down for the baggage? Or, shall we go on together and surprise the family?"

Her lips parted to say: "Let us go on together," but she remembered Father Burke and his warning. So she answered, with a glance at the trunks, "Perhaps you should go first. The sooner the baggage is removed the better."

With a little bow of acquiescence Pats turned and climbed the rocky path. She followed, but at a distance, and slowly, that there might be no confusion in his mind as to her desire to walk alone. To make doubly sure she paused about halfway up and listened for a moment to the tumbling of the waves upon the little beach below.

Reaching the top of this path she found herself at the edge of a forest. It was more like a grove—a vast grove of primeval pines. Into the shadow of this wood she entered, then stopped, and gazed about. Such trees she had never seen; an endless vista of gigantic trunks, like the columns of a mighty cathedral, all towering to a vault of green, far above her head. And this effect of an interior—of some boundless temple—was augmented by the smooth, brown floor; a carpet of pine-needles. With upturned face and half-closed eyes the girl drew a long, deep breath. The fragrance of the pines, the sighing of the wind through the canopy above, all were soothing to the senses; and yet, in a dreamy way, they stirred the imagination. This was fairy land—the enchanted forest—the land of poetry and peace—of calm content, far away from common things. And that unending lullaby from above! What music could be sweeter?

From this revery—of longer duration than she realized—she was awakened by a distant voice of a person shouting. She could see Pats off at the end of the point waving his handkerchief and trying to attract the attention of somebody on the water. Perhaps the gardener, or some fisherman.

Walking farther on, into the wood, she became more and more impressed by the solemn beauty of this paradise. And the carpet of pine-needles seemed placed there with kind intent as if to insure a deeper silence. She resolved to spend much of her time in these woods, and, even now, she found herself almost regretting the proximity of her friends.

In the distance, between the trunks of the trees, came glimpses, first of Solomon, then of his master, moving hastily about as if on urgent business. She smiled, a superior, tolerant smile at the inconsistency—and the sacrilege—of haste or of any kind of business in the sacred twilight of this grove, this realm of peace. And so, she strolled about, resting at intervals, inhaling the odors of the pines, and dreaming dreams.

In these reveries came no thoughts of time until she saw the enemy—Pats—approaching. His silent footsteps on the smooth, brown carpet made him seem but a spirit of the wood—some unsubstantial denizen of this enchanted region. But in his face and manner there was something that dispelled all dreams. He stopped before her, out of breath. "There is no house here!"

With a frown of dismay she took a backward step. Indicating by a gesture the cottage out upon the point, she said:

"The house we saw from the boat; what is that?"

"I cannot imagine. But it is no gardener's cottage."

"Then what is it?"

"Heaven knows," he answered, with a joyless smile. "It looks like a room in a museum, or a bric-à-brac shop."

"But how do you know there is no other house?"

"I have been over the whole point. I climbed that cliff, behind there, and got a view of the country all about. There is not a house in sight."

"Impossible!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Nor a settlement of any kind."

"Surely, somebody can give us information."

"So it would seem, but I have hunted in vain for a human being."

"The people you were calling to from the cliff, couldn't they tell you something?"

"There were no people there. I was trying to stop the steamer."

She regarded him in fresh alarm. "Do you mean they have landed us out of our way?—at the wrong place?"

He hesitated. "I am not sure. But we can always get the people of this cottage to take us along in their boat. It is still early; only nine o'clock."

As they walked toward the cottage she noticed that he was short of breath and that he seemed tired. But his manner was cheerful, even inspiriting, and while she took care to remember that he was still in disgrace, she felt her own courage reviving under the influence of his livelier spirits. Besides, as they stepped out of the woods into the open space at the southern end of the point—a space about two acres in extent and covered with grass—and saw the blue sea on three sides, she found new life in the air that came against her face. In deep breaths she inhaled this air. Turning her eyes to her left she beheld for the first time the front of the building they had sighted from the steamer. This building, one story high, of rough stone, was nearly sixty feet long by about thirty feet in width.

"What a fascinating cottage!" she exclaimed. "It is almost covered with ivy, roof and all!"

"Yes, it is picturesque, and I am curious to see the sort of family that lives in such a place."

"Is no one there now?"

"Nobody."

"Nor anywhere near?"

"No. I have looked in every direction—and shouted in every direction. They are probably off in their boat."

As Pats and Elinor approached the building and stood for a moment before the door, a squad of hens and chickens, most of them white, began to gather about. They seemed very trusting and not at all afraid. The guiding spirit of the party—a tall, self-conscious rooster, attired, apparently, in a scarlet cap, a light gray suit with voluminous knickerbockers, and yellow stockings—studied the newcomers, with his head to one side, expressing himself in sarcastic gutturals.

"That fellow," said Pats, "seems to be making side remarks about us, and they are not complimentary."

His companion paid no attention to this speech. She had regretted her enthusiasm over the cottage. Enthusiasm might encourage a belief that she was enjoying his society. So she remarked, in a colder tone, "I think you had better knock."

He knocked. They listened in silence. He knocked again. Still no answer. Then he opened the door and entered, she following cautiously. After one swift, comprehensive survey, she turned to him in amazement. He was watching her, expecting this effect.

The interior of the building was practically a single room. From the objects contained it might be the hall of a palace, or of an old château—or of a gallery in some great museum. On the walls hung splendid tapestries and rare old paintings. Beneath them stood Italian cabinets of superb design, a marriage chest, a Louis XV. sofa in gilt, upholstered with Beauvais tapestry, chairs and bergère to match. Scattered about were vases in old Sèvres, clocks in ormolu, miniatures and the innumerable objects of ancestral and artistic value pertaining to a noble house. Over all lay the mellowness of age, those harmonies of color that bewitch the antiquary.

Dumfounding it certainly was, the sudden transition from primeval nature without to this sumptuous interior. Conspicuous in the sombre richness of these treasures were two marble busts, standing on either side of the great tapestry fronting the door. They were splendid works of art, larger than life, and represented a lofty individual who might have been a marshal of France with the Grand Condé, and an equally exalted personage, presumably his wife. These impressive ancestors rested on pedestals of Sienna marble.

Elinor Marshall found no words to express her amazement. She stood in silence, her eyes, in a sort of bewilderment, moving rapidly about the room. At last in a low, awe-struck voice she said:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Have you no idea what it all means?"

"None whatever. But I am sure of one thing, that it has nothing to do with Boyd's Island. If such a house as this were anywhere within reach of my sisters they surely would have mentioned it."

"Oh, surely!"

"It being off here in the wilderness is what takes one's breath away."

"I can't understand it—or even quite believe it yet." Then forgetting herself for an instant, she added, impulsively: "Why, just now I closed my eyes and was surprised, when I opened them again, to find it still here."

"Yes; I expect an old woman with a hook nose to wave a stick and have the whole thing vanish."

As their eyes met she almost smiled. For this lapse of duty to her church and to herself, however, she atoned at once by a sudden frigidity. Turning away she studied a huge tapestry that hung on their left as they entered. This tapestry extended almost across the room, forming a screen to a chamber behind.

"That is a bed-room," said Pats. "I looked in," and he drew aside the tapestry that she might enter. She shook her head and stepped back. But in spite of her respect for the owner's privacy, and before she could avert her eyes, she caught a hasty glimpse of a monumental bed with hangings of faded silk between its massive columns; of two portraits on the walls and an ivory crucifix. This glance at the bed-room served to increase her uneasiness. Moving toward a table that stood near the centre of the room she turned, and regarding Pats with the lofty, far-away air which never failed to congeal his courage, she asked:

"Where do you think we are? How far from your house?"

"I have not the remotest idea. It is hard to guess. But I have a suspicion——"

He hesitated. "Suppose I go out and make another effort to find these people." And he started for the door.

"What is your suspicion?"

He stopped, in obvious uncertainty as to his reply. Looking away through the open door, he said: "Oh, nothing—except that we are not where we want to be."

"Well, what else?"

Pats met her glance and saw that she was becoming distrustful. Standing with one hand upon the ancient table, with the tapestries and busts behind her she was a striking figure, and in perfect harmony with the surrounding magnificence. She reminded him of some picture of an angry queen at bay—confronting her enemies. In her eyes and in her manner he clearly read that she had resolved to know the truth. Moreover, she gave at this moment a distinct impression of being a person of considerable spirit. So, to allay her suspicions, which he could only guess at, he related, after the briefest hesitation, all he had heard the night before between the two sailors, repeating, as nearly as possible, what the drunken man had said. When he had finished she replied, calmly, but evidently repressing her indignation:

"Why did you not tell me this earlier?—on the boat, before it was too late?"

"I did not suppose you would care to know. I attached very little importance to it."

"Importance! I think I might have had some choice as to being landed in the wilderness with you alone, or going on to your sisters."

Pats regarded her in a mild surprise. Her sudden anger was very real. He answered, gently: "The man was so drunk he hardly knew what he was saying. His companion, who probably knew him well, paid no attention to his words."

"But *I* should have paid attention to his words. And so would my uncle, or any friend of mine, if he could have heard him."

Pats, taken aback at the new light in which he stood, retorted, with some feeling:

"I hope you don't mean to say that I did this intentionally?"

"Then why did you keep such information so carefully to yourself?"

"Because when I woke up I found we were here—that is, as I supposed—at Boyd's Island. Both the steward and the first officer told me so. My only doubt when I went to bed was about our getting here. And this morning here we were. It had come out all right, so far as I knew."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With a curl of her lip that expressed a world of incredulity—she dropped into one of the chairs beside the table and rested her chin upon her hand.

In a lower tone he continued: "I have never been here before, and had no idea of how it looked. Why didn't Father Burke tell you this was not the place? He knows our island."

"It was foggy. Nobody could see it. And he knew nothing of the warning you were keeping to yourself."

Beneath this avalanche of contempt, Pats's feeble knees almost let him to the floor.

"Miss Marshall, at least do me the justice to believe——"

"Would you mind leaving me for a time?"

Into his hollow cheeks came a darker color, and he closed his eyes. Then, with a glance of resentment, he took a step or two in her direction as if to speak. But instead of speaking, he turned toward the open door and walked slowly out.

For a long time she remained in the same position, boiling with resentment, yet keeping back her tears. She knew this coast was wild—almost uninhabited, neither to the east nor west a sign of life; behind them, northward, the unending forest. And the owner of this mysterious habitation—what manner of man was he? Perhaps there were several. And she, a woman, alone with these men! From such bitter reflections she was recalled, slowly, by the realization that her eyes were resting upon a little portrait about twice the size of an ordinary miniature, —a woman's face—confronting her from across the table. It hung against the back of the opposite chair, on a level with her own eyes, and was suspended by a narrow black ribbon. An odd place for a portrait; but in glancing at the table in front of her she thought she guessed the reason. Before the place in which she had thrown herself she noticed for the first time a plate, a pewter mug, a napkin, and a knife and fork. Evidently the host expected to eat alone, for there were no other dishes on the table. And the portrait, of course, must be his wife, or his mother, perhaps—or daughter. It proved a pleasant face as it, in turn, regarded her from the little oval frame; rather plump and youthful, with a curious little mouth and large dark eyes, with a peculiar droop at the outer corners. The hair was drawn up, away from the forehead. The shoulders were bare, and a string of pearls encircled the neck. She was dark, with good features, not strictly beautiful, but gentle and somewhat melancholy, in spite of the mirthful eyes.

So this was the romance of their mysterious host! She of the miniature, whatever her title—wife, mother, daughter, or sweetheart—was ever present at his table, looking into his eyes across the board.

The American girl felt a quickening interest in this host. Was it love that drove him to the wilderness? And why did he bring into it such a wealth of household gods?

As she leaned back in the old-fashioned chair, her eyes wandering over the various objects in this unaccountable abode, her imagination began to play, giving a life and history to the people in the tapestries and portraits. The outside world was almost forgotten when she was recalled to herself by the chimes of an enormous clock behind the door. This triumph of a previous century, after tolling twelve, rambled off with a music-box accompaniment into the quaint old minuet attributed to Louis XIII. Before it had finished two other clocks began their mid-day strike.

Elinor looked about in alarm under a vague impression that the various objects in the room were coming to life. Then, with the reaction, she smiled and thought,

"Our friend is methodical with his clocks."

But still, in this atmosphere, she was not at ease; there was an excess of mystery; too much that needed explanation. And now that it was mid-day the host might return at any moment and find her there, alone. So she went out; and to avoid any appearance of pursuing Mr. Boyd, she followed a little path behind the house that led among the pines. Hardly had she entered the wood, however, when she saw, off to her right and not many yards away, the man she was trying to escape. He was lying at full length along the ground, one arm for a pillow, his face against the pine-needles. In this prostrate figure every line bore witness to a measureless despair.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In her one glance she had seen that Solomon, as he sat by his master's head, was following her with his eyes. And these eyes seemed to say: "We stand or fall together, he and I. So go about your business."

She also saw that a warning from the watcher had aroused the downcast figure; for it raised its head and looked about. Mortified and angry with herself, and still angrier with him, she averted her eyes and passed coldly on; but with the consolation of having witnessed some indication of his own misery and repentance. However, it was an empty joy. Of what avail his remorse? The evil was done; her good name was forever compromised.

Preoccupied with these thoughts she halted suddenly, and with a shock. At her feet, across the little path she had unconsciously followed, stretched an open grave. It was not a fresh grave, for on the bottom lay a covering of pine-needles. And the rough pile of earth alongside was also covered with them. Projecting from the sides were several roots, feeders sent out by the great trees above; and from the stumps of other and larger roots it was evident that he who dug the grave had been driven to use the axe as well as the shovel. Close beside this grave was a mound with a wooden cross at the head.

"There," she thought, "rests the lady of the miniature—perhaps." This mound was also covered with pine-needles, as if Nature were helping someone to forget.

The silence of this spot, the murmuring of the wind among the branches high above, all tended to a somewhat mournful reverie; and she wondered how this empty grave had been cheated of its tenant. With reverence she gazed upon the primitive wooden cross, evidently put together by inexperienced hands. Then she looked upward, as if to question the voices in the boughs above. But of the empty grave and its companion the whispering pines told nothing.

Approaching footsteps gave no sound in this forest and she was startled by a cough behind her. It was only Pats, not wishing to startle her by a sudden presence. His face seemed flushed, and even thinner than before; and about his mouth had come a drawn and sensitive look. But her eyes rested coldly upon him as they would rest upon any repugnant object that she despised, but did not fear.

Smiling with an effort, he said: "Excuse my following you, but it is nearly one o'clock and time for food. I am sure we can find something in that cottage."

"I am not hungry."

"Did you have breakfast on the boat?"

"No."

"Then you *must* be hungry."

"I do not care to eat." And she turned away.

"Excuse me, Miss Marshall," and he spoke more seriously, "pardon my giving you advice, but you have had a hard morning and you will feel better, later on, for a little food. As for me, I have had nothing since yesterday, and shall collapse without it. Suppose I go to the house and scrape up some sort of a lunch. Won't you come there in a few minutes?"

Her eyes travelled frigidly from his face to his feet. But before she could reply he added:

"Besides, the owner may come back, now, at any minute, and if he finds us together it will save time in our getting off."

Turning away to resume her walk she answered, indifferently: "Very well, I will be there soon."

VI—THE SECRET OF THE PINES

At one o'clock the lunch was served.

Pats had placed before the lady a portion of a ham, a plate of crackers, some marmalade and a bottle of claret.

"There are provisions in the cellar," he said, "to last a year; sacks of flour, dried apples, preserved fruits, potatoes, all sorts of canned things, and claret by the dozen."

As he spoke he laid his hand upon the back of the chair that held the miniature—the seat opposite her own.

"Don't sit there!" she exclaimed. "We must respect the customs of the house."

"Of course!" and he drew up another seat.

Food and a little wine tended to freshen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the spirits of both travellers. Pats especially acquired new life and strength. The arrival of a glass or two of claret in his yearning stomach revived his hopes and loosened his tongue. Noticing that her eyes were constantly returning to the little portrait that faced her, he said, at last:

"By the way, there is something in the cellar that may throw some light on this lady, or on that empty grave back there." And he nodded toward the pines.

"What is that?"

"A coffin."

He smiled at her surprise and horror. In a low voice, she murmured:

"It is empty, of course!"

"Yes, I raised the lid."

"What can it mean?"

"I have no idea, unless someone disappointed somebody else by remaining alive, when he—or she—ought to be dead. That sometimes happens."

"It is very mysterious," and she looked into the eyes of the miniature as if for enlightenment.

"Very, indeed; but on the other hand, certain things are pretty evident. Such as the character of our host, and various points in his career."

"You mean that he is a hermit with a history?"

"Yes, and more specific than that!" Then, turning about in his chair and surveying the room: "He is an aristocrat, to begin with. These works of art are ancestral. They are no amateur's collection. Moreover, he left France because he had to. A man of his position does not bring his treasures into the wilderness for the fun of it. And when he settled here he had no intention of being hunted up by his friends—or by his enemies."

Elinor, with averted eyes, listened politely, but with no encouraging display of interest.

"But let us be sure he is not within hearing," Pats added, and he stepped to the door and looked about. "Not a sail in sight."

At this point Solomon renewed his efforts to get his master to follow him, but in vain.

"Why don't you go with him?" said Elinor. "He may have made an important discovery, like the graves, perhaps."

"More likely a woodchuck's hole, or a squirrel track. Besides," he added, with a smile, as he dropped into his chair again, "these broomsticks of mine have collapsed once to-day, and I am becoming cautious. It has been a lively morning—for a convalescent."

With a look that was almost, but not quite, sympathetic, she replied: "You have done too much. Stay here and rest. I will go with him, just for curiosity."

She went out, preceded by the bounding Solomon. Through the open door Pats watched them, and into his face came a graver look as he followed, with his eyes, the graceful figure in the gray dress until it disappeared from the sunlight among the shadows of the forest.

That he and she were stranded at a point far away from his own home he had little doubt. No such extraordinary house as this could have existed within fifty miles of Boyd's Island without his hearing of it. Moreover, he keenly regretted on her account his own physical condition. Since rising from his bed of fever he had carefully avoided all fatigue, according to his doctor's injunction. But now, after this morning's efforts, his legs were weak and his head was flighty. Things showed a tendency to dance before his eyes in a way that he had not experienced heretofore. When he lay upon the ground an hour ago he did it, among other reasons, to avoid tumbling from dizziness and exhaustion.

The lady's situation was bad enough already. To have a collapsible man upon her hands was a supreme and final calamity that he wished to spare her. He leaned back in his chair and rested his feet on the heavy carving beneath the table. How good it was, this relaxation of all one's muscles!

The pompous rooster, with a few favorites of his seraglio, came and stood about the open door, eying him in disapproval, and always muttering.

In looking idly about Pats found himself becoming interested in the huge tapestry extending across the room at his right; the one that served as a screen to the bedchamber. While no expert in such matters, he recognized in this tapestry a splendid work of art, both from its color and wealth of detail, and from the quality

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of its material. The more he studied it the deeper became his interest—and his amusement. The scene, a formal Italian garden of the sixteenth century, of vast dimensions, showed fountains and statues without limit, and trees trimmed in fantastic shapes, with a château in the background. But the central group of figures brought a smile to his face. For, while the gardens were filled with lords and ladies of the court of Henri III., those in the foreground being nearly the size of life—all clad in their richest attire, feathers in their hats, high ruffs about the neck, and resplendent with jewels, the ladies in stiff bodices and voluminous skirts—there were two figures in the centre in startling contrast with their overdressed companions. These two, a man and a woman, wore nothing except a garland of leaves about the hips.

Pats smiled, and even forgot his fatigue, as he realized that he was gazing upon a serious conception of the Garden of Eden. And the bride and groom showed no embarrassment. The groom was pointing, in an easy manner, to anything, anywhere, while the bride, in a graceful but self-conscious pose, ignored his remarks.

And all the lords and ladies round about accepted, as a matter of course, the nakedness of this unconventional pair. While still fascinated by the brazen indifference of this famous couple and pleasantly shocked by their disregard for all the rules of propriety, he was aroused by the sudden appearance in the doorway of Elinor Marshall. She had evidently been hurrying. There was excitement in her voice as she exclaimed :

" He is here ! He has come back ! "

" The owner ? "

" Yes, he is taking a nap on a bench, on the other side of the point."

In another moment Pats was beside her, both walking rapidly through the wood. Approaching the western edge of the point they saw, between the trees, a figure sitting upon a bench, overlooking the water, his back toward them. With one elbow upon an arm of the rustic seat, his cheek resting on his hand and his knees crossed, he seemed in full enjoyment of a nap.

Pats took a position in front of the sleeper, at a respectful distance, then said, in a voice not too loud :

" I beg your pardon, sir."

There was no responsive movement. When it became clear that he had not been heard, Pats stepped a very little nearer, and repeated, in a louder tone :

" I beg your pardon, sir."

Still the sleeper slept.

Pats glanced at Elinor Marshall, who smiled, involuntarily. Pats also smiled, as he realized that this ceremonious and somewhat labored greeting had a distinctly comic side ; especially when so completely thrown away. However, he was about to repeat the salutation and in a louder voice, when he was struck by the color of the hand against the cheek. He went nearer and stooping down looked up into the sleeper's face. A glance was enough.

Slowly he straightened up, then reverently removed his hat.

Elinor, with a look of awe, came nearer and whispered :

" Dead ! Is it possible ? "

For a moment both stood in silence, looking down upon the seated figure. It was that of an elderly man, short, and slight of frame, with thick gray hair, and a beard cut roughly to a point. The face, brown, thin, and bony, was unduly emphasized by a Roman nose, too large for the other features. But the face, as a whole, impressed the two people now regarding it as almost handsome. He was clad in a dark gray suit, and a soft felt hat lay upon the seat beside him.

" How long has he been here, do you think ? " asked Elinor, in a low voice.

" A day or two, I should say. His clothes are a little damp, and there are pine-needles on his shoulders, and on his head."

" But how dreadfully sudden it must have come ! Not a change in his position, or in his expression, even."

" An ideal death," said Pats. " I have helped bury a good many men this year, both friends and enemies, but very few went off as comfortably as this."

He took out his watch, seemed to hesitate a moment, then said, reluctantly :

" This is bad for us, you know, finding him dead this way."

" Why ? "

" It means there is no boat to get away with."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A look of alarm came into her face.

"We may as well face the situation," he continued, looking off over the water. "This man lived here alone, as we know from what we have seen in his house. And he evidently selected this place, not wishing to be disturbed. We are at the end of a bay at least ten miles deep, with no settlement in sight. There is nothing whatever to bring a visitor in here. The traffic of the gulf is away out there, perhaps thirty miles from here."

She made no reply. Venturing to glance at her face, he saw there were no signs of anger; only a look of anxiety.

"I will tell you just what I think, Miss Marshall, and you can act accordingly. I shall, of course, do whatever you wish. But as nearly as I can judge, we are prisoners until we can get away by tramping through the wilderness."

He indicated, with a gesture, the broad current at their feet, washing the western edge of the point. "That river we can never cross without a boat, or a raft; and in that direction—I don't know how many miles away—is Boyd's Island. In the other direction, to the east, there is nothing but wilderness for an indefinite distance. That is, I think so. Now, if you prefer, I will go up this bank of the river at once, tie some logs together and try for a passage; then push on as fast as possible for our place, or the nearest settlement, and come back for you. Or, I will stay until we can go on together. Whatever you decide shall be done."

He had spoken rapidly and was ill at ease, watching her earnestly all the while.

As for her, she was dismayed by his words. She had been listening with a growing terror. Now, she turned away to conceal a tendency to tears. But this was repressed. With no resentment, but with obvious emotion, she inquired:

"Can you get across the river?"

"Very likely."

"If you fail, or if anything happens to you, what becomes of me?"

"You would be here alone, and in a very bad plight. For that reason I think I would better stay until we can start together."

A slight gesture of resignation was her only reply. There was a pause, uncomfortable for Pats from his consciousness of her low opinion of him. However, he continued in a somewhat perfunctory way, turning to the silent occupant of the bench.

"Now, as we take possession of this place, the least we can do is to give the owner a decent burial. Fortunately for us a grave is dug and a coffin ready."

"Yes, *his* grave and *his* coffin," and she regarded with a gentler expression the sitting figure. "And I think I know why he dug the grave."

"To save somebody else the trouble?"

"To be sure of resting beside his companion."

"Of course! that explains it all. He knew that strangers might bury him in the easiest place; that they would never chop through all those roots."

He stepped around behind the body, placed his hands under the arms, and made an effort to raise it, but the weight was beyond his strength. Looking toward his companion with an apologetic smile, he said: "I am sorry to be so useless, but—together we can carry him, if you don't mind."

At this suggestion Elinor, with a look of horror, took a backward step.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "for suggesting it. I have been doing so much of this work that I had forgotten how it affected others."

"What work?"

"Burying people. In the Transvaal. One morning, with a squad, I buried twenty-eight. Nine of them my own friends. So, if I go about this in the simplest way do not think it is from want of sympathy."

"I shall understand."

"Then I will bring that wheelbarrow I saw behind the house."

He started of, then stopped as if to say something, but hesitated.

"What is it, Mr. Boyd?"

"I am afraid that coffin is too heavy for me. Would you mind helping with it?"

"No. And I can help you with the body, too, if necessary." And together they returned to the cottage.

Never, probably, did simpler obsequies befall a peer of France.

Sitting up in the same position as on

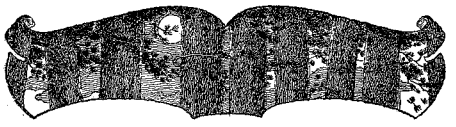
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rustic bench, his cheek upon his hand, his elbow on the side of the barrow, the hermit was wheeled to his final resting-place beneath the pines. Beside him, with a helping hand, walked Elinor Marshall, shocked and saddened by these awful incongruities.

Behind came Solomon.

Among the pines, in the solemn shade of this cathedral, grander and more impressive than any human temple, moved the little procession.

No requiem; only the murmuring in the boughs above, those far-away voices, dearer to him, perhaps—and to his companion in the grave beside—than all other music.



VII—THE CLOUDS GATHER

THE supper that evening was late.

After the simple repast—of crackers, tongue, and a cup of tea—Pats and Elinor strolled out into the twilight and sat upon a rock. The rock was at the very tip of the point, overlooking the water to the south.

On the right, off to the west, the land showed merely as a purple strip in the fading light, stretching out into the gulf a dozen miles or more. Behind it the sinking sun had left a bar of crimson light. To the east lay another headland running, like its neighbor, many miles to the south. These two coasts formed a vast bay, at whose northern extremity lay the little point at which Miss Elinor Marshall and Mr. Patrick Boyd had been landed by the *Maid of the North*. In the gathering gloom this prospect, with the towering forest that lay behind, was impressive—and solemn. And the solemnity of the scene was intensified by the primeval solitude; the absence of all sign of human life.

Both travellers were silent, thoughtful, and very tired. They sat in silence. It had been a long day, and then, the misunderstanding in the middle of it had told considerably upon the nerves of both.

To Pats the most exhausting experience of all had been the business of the baggage; its transportation from the beach below to the house above. Elinor's trunk being far too heavy for their own four hands, Pats had suggested carrying the trays up separately, and this was done. Certain things from his own trunk he had lugged off into the woods, where, as he said:

"There's a little outbuilding that will do for me. Not a royal museum like this of yours, but good accommodations for a bachelor."

She did not inquire as to particulars. The gentleman's bed-chamber was not a subject on which she cared to encourage confidences.

Her fatigue had merely created a wholesome desire for rest; the sleepiness and indifference that come from weary muscles. But Pat's exhaustion was of a different sort. All the strength of his body seemed gone. Every muscle, cord, and sinew was unstrung. His spine seemed on the point of folding up. A hollow, nervous feeling had settled in the back of his head, and being something new it caused him a mild uneasiness. Moreover, his hands and feet were cold. Dispiriting chills travelled up and down his back at intervals. This might be owing to the change in temperature, as a storm was evidently brewing.

The wind from the northwest had grown several degrees colder since the sun went down, and the heavens were sombre. There was not a star in sight. A yearning to close his eyes and go to sleep came over him, but he remembered how offensive was his presence to this lady, even at his best behavior. He must take no liberties; so he remarked, cheerfully, in a tone indicative of suppressed exuberance of spirit:

"I hope you will not feel nervous in your château to-night."

"No, I think not. It is a weird place to sleep in, however."

"Yes, it is. Wouldn't you like me to sleep just outside, near the door? I am used to camping out, you know."

"No, I thank you. I shall get along very well, I have no doubt."

After that a prolonged silence. At last the lady arose.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I think I shall go in, Mr. Boyd. I find I am very tired."

While they were groping about the cottage for a lamp, Elinor remembered two candelabra that stood upon a cabinet, stately works of art in bronze and gilt, very heavy, with five candles to each. One of them was taken down.

"Don't light them all," said Elinor. "We must not be extravagant."

But Pats did light them all, saying: "This is a special occasion, and you are the guest of honor."

The guest of honor looked around this ever-surprising interior and experienced a peculiar sense of fear. She kept it to herself, however; but as her eyes moved swiftly from the life-sized figures in the tapestry to the sharply defined busts, and then to the canvas faces, the whole room seemed alive with people.

"Plenty of company here," said Pats, reading her expression. "But in your chamber, there, you will have fewer companions, only the host and his wife." Then, with a smile, "Excuse my suggesting it, if an impertinence, but if you would like to have me take a look under that monumental bed I shall be most happy to do it."

She hesitated, yet she knew she would do it herself, after he had gone. While she was hesitating, Pats drew aside the tapestry and passed with the candelabrum into the chamber. He made a careful survey of the territory beneath the bed and reported it free of robbers. Solomon, also, was investigating; and Pats, who was doing this solely for Elinor's peace of mind, knew well that if a human being were anywhere about the dog would long ago have announced him. But they made a tour of the room, looking behind and under the larger objects, lifting the lids of the marriage chests and opening the doors of the cupboard. Into the cellar, too, they descended, and made a careful search. The five candles produced a weird effect in their promenade along this subterraneous apartment, lighting up an astonishing medley of furniture, garden implements, empty bottles, the posts and side pieces of an extra bed, a broken statue, another wheelbarrow, a lot of kindling wood, and the empty corner where the coffin had awaited its mission. There seemed to be everything except the man they were looking for.

"Fearfully cold down here!" Pats' teeth chattered as he spoke, and he shivered from crown to heel.

"Cold! It doesn't seem so to me," and her tone suggested a somewhat contemptuous surprise.

"To me it is like the chill of death." The candles shook in his hand as he spoke.

"Perhaps you have taken cold," and with stately indifference she moved on toward the stairs.

"Proximity of a Boston iceberg more likely." But this was not spoken aloud.

Upstairs, when about to take his departure, Pats was still shivering. As he stood for a moment before the embers in the big open fireplace at the end of the cottage, his eyes rested upon a chest near by, with a rug and a cushion on the top, evidently used as a lounge by the owner. After hesitating a moment, he asked:

"Would you object to my occupying the top of that chest, just for to-night?"

As she turned toward him he detected a straightening of the figure and the now familiar loftiness of manner which he knew to be unfailing signs of anger—or contempt. Possibly both.

"Certainly not. If you have a cold, it is better you should remain near the fire. I have no objections to sleeping in that other house. You say there *is* another house."

"Oh, yes! There is another house," he hastened to explain. "And it's plenty good enough. Of course I shall go there. I beg your pardon for suggesting anything else. I forgot my resolve. I didn't realize what I was doing."

"I prefer going there myself," she said, rapidly. "I *much* prefer it."

And she turned toward the chamber to make arrangements for departure. But Pats stepped forward and said, decisively, and in a tone that surprised her:

"You stay here. I go to the other house myself."

He took his hat, and with Solomon at his heels strode rapidly to the door. There he stopped, and with his hand on the latch said, more gently, in his usual manner:

"Wouldn't you like Solomon to stay

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

here with you? He is lots of company; and a protector."

She made no reply, but looked with glacial indifference from the man to his dog.

"You would feel less lonesome, I know." Patting Solomon on the head and pointing to the haughty figure, "You stay here, old man. That's all right. I'll see you in the morning."

The dog clearly preferred going with his master, but Pats with a pleasant good-night to the lady stepped out into the darkness and closed the door behind him.

Solomon, with his nose to the door, stood for several moments in silent protest against this desertion. Later, however, he followed Elinor into the bedchamber, and although his presence gave her courage and was distinctly a solace, she remained vaguely apprehensive and too ill at ease to undress and go to bed; so, instead, she lay on the outside of it, in a wrapper.

Without, the northeast wind had become a gale. The howling of the storm, together with the ghostly silence of the many-peopled room excited her imagination and quickened her fears.

But weariness and perfect physical relaxation overcame exhausted nerves, and at last the lady slept.

VIII—"WOMEN ARE DEVILS"

So sound was Elinor Marshall's sleep that when she awoke the old clock behind the door was celebrating, with its usual music, the hour of nine. From the fury of the rain upon the roof and the sheets of water coursing down the little panes of the window in her chamber, it seemed as if a deluge had arrived. And upon opening the front door she stepped hastily back to avoid the water from the roof and the spattering from the doorstep. But Solomon was not afraid. He darted out into the rain and disappeared among the pines.

"Mr. Boyd will surely get a soaking when he comes for his breakfast," she thought. And she wondered, casually, if he had a waterproof or an umbrella. He would soon appear, probably, and, as men were always hungry, she turned her attention to hunting up food and coffee for a breakfast. These were easily found. Having started a fire and set the table for two she got the coffee under way. Crackers, boiled eggs, sardines, marmalade, cold ham, and apples were to appear at this repast.

But at ten o'clock Mr. Boyd had not appeared. At half-past ten she realized the folly of waiting indefinitely for a man who preferred his bed to his breakfast, and she sat down alone. In the midst of her meal, however, she heard Solomon scratching at the door. No sooner had he entered—dripping with rain—than he began the same pantomime of entreaty as that of yesterday when he tried to get somebody to follow him. Now, perhaps his master was in trouble.

But Elinor remembered what Mr. Boyd himself had said, "He has probably found a woodchuck or a squirrel track."

Looking out into the driving rain she decided to take the benefit of the doubt. But Solomon was persistent; so aggressively persistent that in the end he became convincing. At last she put on her waterproof and plunged forth into the tempest, the overjoyed dog capering wildly in front. Straight into the woods he led her.

Only a short distance had they travelled among the pines when she stopped, with a new fear, at the sound of voices. Two men, she thought, were quarrelling. Then, a moment later, she heard the fragment of a song. After listening more attentively she decided that the voice of Mr. Boyd was the only one she heard. But was he intoxicated? All she caught was a senseless, almost incoherent flow of language, with laughable attempts at singing. At this, Elinor was on the point of turning back, prompted both by terror and disgust, when Solomon, with increasing vehemence, renewed his exhortations. She yielded, and a few steps farther the sight of Pats lying upon the ground at the foot of a gigantic pine, his valise beside him, its contents, now soaked with rain and scattered about, brought a twinge of remorse.

So he had done this rather than oppose her ideas of propriety! And yesterday, when he spoke of another house, she, in her heart, had not believed him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All scruples regarding intoxication were dismissed. She hastened forward and knelt beside him. Pats, with feverish face, lay on his back in wild delirium. The pine-needles that formed his bed were soggy with rain, and his clothing was soaked. She laid her hand against his face and found it hot. His eyes met hers with no sign of recognition.

"That's all right," he muttered, rolling his head from side to side, "nobody denies it. Run your own business; but I want my clothes. Damn it, I'm freezing!"

His teeth chattered and he shook his fist in an invisible face. Involuntarily, from a sense of helplessness, she looked vaguely about as if seeking aid.

Here, in the woods, was protection from the wind, but the branches aloft were moving and tossing from the fury of the gale above. The usual murmuring of the pines had become a roar. Great drops of rain, shaken from this surging vault, fell in fitful but copious showers. This constant roar—not unlike the ocean in a gale—the sombre light, the helpless and perhaps dying man before her, the chill and mortal dampness of all and everything around, for an instant congealed her courage and took away her strength. But this she fought against. All her powers of persuasion, and all her strength, she employed to get him on his feet. Pats, although wild in speech and reckless in gesture, was docile and willing to obey. The weakness of his own legs, however, threatened to bring his rescuer and himself to the ground. And, all the time, a constant flow of crazy speech and foolish, feeble song.

Half-way to the cottage he stopped, wrenched his arm from her grasp and demanded, with a frown: "I say; you expect decent things of a woman, don't you?"

"Yes, of course." And she nodded assent, trying to lead him on again. But he pushed her away and would have fallen with the effort had she not caught him in time.

"Well, there's this about it," he continued, trying feebly to shake his arm from her hands yet staggering along where she led, "I'm not stuck on that woman or on any other. I'm not in that line of business. Do I look like a one-eyed ass?"

"No, no, not at all!" And, gently, she urged him forward.

"Because three or four fools are gone over her she thinks everybody else—oh! who cares, anyway? Let her think!"

It was a zig-zag journey. He reeled and plunged, dragging her in all directions; and so yielding were his knees that she doubted if they could bear him to the house. Once, when seemingly on the point of a collapse, he muttered, in a confidential tone: "This hauling guns under an almighty frying sun does give you a thirst, hey? Say, am I right, or not?"

"Yes, yes, you are right. Come along: just a little farther."

"Did you ever swim in champagne with your mouth open?"

"No."

"What a fool!"

Then he stopped, straightened up and sang, in a die-away, broken voice, with chattering teeth:

> See the Britons, Bloody Britons,
> Millions of 'em doncherknow,
> All a swarming up the kopje—
> Just to turn about an hopje!
> O, where in hell to go!
> Bloody Britons!

Grasping her roughly by the shoulder, he exclaimed: "Why don't you join in the chorus, you blithering idiot?"

This song, in fragments and with variations, he sang—or rather tried to sing—repeatedly. At the edge of the woods he seemed to shrink from the fury of the storm which drove, in cutting blasts, against their faces. And on the threshold of the cottage he again held back. In the doorway, leaning against the jamb, he said, solemnly:

"Look here, young feller, just mark my words, women are devils. The less you have to do with them the better for you. D—n the whole tribe! That's what I say!"

But she dragged him in and supported him to a chair before the fire. He sat shivering with cold, his chin upon his breast, apparently exhausted by the walk. The water dripping from his saturated garments formed a puddle about him.

Elinor, for a moment, stood regarding him in heart-stricken silence. Once more she felt of his clothes, then, after an inward struggle, she made a resolve. As she did it the color came into her cheeks.

(To be continued.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POINT OF VIEW

A "MAGNATE" has lately been making some remarks in disparagement of a college education as a preparation for business, which perhaps deserve more attention than they have received. He was addressing an assembly of newsboys, of whom few or none could expect to "go through college." It was entirely natural and proper that he should emphasize the fact that, nevertheless, they might reasonably look forward to becoming useful and prosperous and even eminent citizens. But he went much farther. He told them that a college education was a distinct and grievous handicap, and that the boy who spent the four or five years before his legal majority in study was at a hopeless disadvantage, compared with the boy who spent them in actual work for pay.

College and Business.

Evidently, if this magnate be right, the old-fashioned boy who "worked his way through college" was all wrong in making the sacrifices that process entailed. And so are all the magnates who have endeavored to bring college within the reach of a greater number of youth. So numerous have they become in this country of late that to vilipend a college education amounts almost to "scandalum magnatum." Very particularly is it a reproach to that particular magnate who built up the great business of which the dissenting magnate is now the administrative head, at the largest salary paid in the United States, and doubtless in the world. For Mr. Carnegie is so insensible of his own blessings in having been spared the drawback of a college education that he has created an endowment, at the amount of which his native island stands aghast, for the express purpose of enabling a greater number of Scottish youth to incur what his successor insists is a disadvantage.

Mr. Kipling has presented us, in a fiction of which this part seems to be pretty securely founded on fact, with a magnate of quite another way of thinking from that of the magnate whose remarks we are taking for a text. "I made the same mistake myself of starting in too soon," said Harvey Cheyne to his rescued and regenerated son, regenerated, it is true, by "The Gospel of Work:" "I can't compete with the men who have been taught . . . I can break them to little pieces, yes, but I can't get back at 'em to hurt 'em where they live. . . . You'll have to stow away the plain, common, sit-down-with-your-chin-on-your-elbows book learning."

Here are two views of "The Education of a Prince," or of a magnate! And the practice seems to be as diverse as the theory. A statistical inquiry, whether or not it would show that the multi-millionnaires are divided with an approach to evenness about the rearing of their young, would at any rate show that they were divided between those who thought it desirable that a boy should know nothing but his particular business, and those who considered it desirable that, in the lofty language of the late John Stuart Mill, he should "bring the light of general culture to illuminate the technicalities of a particular pursuit." In the nature of the case, there can be no Tiresias, who can be called as an expert witness on each side. But without doubt there are more untutored magnates who are willing to handicap their sons by giving them a "regular education" than there are magnates, themselves college bred, who save their children from that disadvantage. In fact, the college-bred man who does not desire a college education for his young is so rare as to be negligible. That may pretty safely be said of such an education which Bishop Warburton, in the House of Lords, said about high birth: "He never knew anyone to despise it who had it, and he never knew anyone to boast of it who had anything else to boast of." And whichever system may most conduce to the getting of money, there can be little question which confession of faith comes with the better grace from a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

magnate who has not himself experimental knowledge of "a regular education."

The difference of view is ultimately a matter of standards, a question of what constitutes "success in life." The maker of the address referred to is untroubled by any doubts on that score. There is a frankness bordering on naïveté in the assumption that there is only one success, and that the commercial; and doubtless the assumption has always been popular that a man's life does, as a matter of fact, consist in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. Though it is seldom avowed so candidly, it has always formed the working hypothesis of the greater part of mankind:

> At bona pars hominum, decepta cupidine falso,
> "Nil satis est" inquit, "quia tanti quantum habeas sis."

And Carlyle declares the practical "Hell of the English" to consist in "not making money." But it is doubtful whether the mercantile standard of success has ever so exclusively prevailed as in this country and at this time. In Horace's Rome and in Carlyle's England rank and birth constituted an effectual offset to mere money, and set up an additional and to some extent a competing standard. Ours is the most complete plutocracy in the world, as it would need to be to embolden a plutocrat to hold up his own success as the only one worth attaining. And yet all the philosophers, from Solomon to Emerson, have opposed and resisted that view. It was Emerson who said, and at a college commencement: "It is this domineering temper of the sensual world that creates the extreme need of the priests of science, and it is the office and right of the intellect to make and not take its estimate."

IT is the opinion of Mr. Bernard Shaw, as expressed in a characteristic preface to a late volume of his plays, that the nature of the English people has, within the past ten years, undergone certain conspicuous modifications. Setting aside possible exaggeration in the setting forth of his views, what Mr. Shaw says on the subject has a considerable significance, especially owing to the larger inferences which he draws from his premises. It is, furthermore, an interest which can perfectly extend to Americans, since the signs noted by Mr. Shaw in England others might also have had occasion to discover among ourselves. And indeed others have already discovered them. It was said of us more than once, in connection with recent national events, that we were capable of manifesting an excitability which was more akin to what we commonly prefer to ascribe to certain Continental peoples than it was to the standard traits of our own stock. Such excitability—"Theatricality" is his own word for it—Mr. Shaw believes to have been steadily mounting in force among the English, usually so solid and stolid; and this he ascribes to the pronounced romanticism of taste developed among them by the literature, the books and plays, of the past five years; a taste which has caused them to lose their true sense of the realities, with all the steadying effects thereof.

Practical Education and Romanticism.

It will not be disputed that the special style of literature in vogue during a period leaves its impress upon it, nor will it be gainsaid that the demands and tastes of the period in turn determine the essential nature of its literary supply. We are hearing it said on all sides now that popular education accounts for the love of the novel of adventure. Popular education creates an enlarged reading public, but one which does not wish to have the realities of life laid before it; which, indeed, in many cases, reads, or goes to the play, just to escape reality. If one accept this explanation of certain present phenomena it is only going a step farther to find in all democratically organized, popularly educated societies an inherent inclination toward romanticism. As no countries have carried the modern experiment so far as the English-speaking countries, we ought not to be surprised to see a strong bent toward the romantic attitude showing itself, in many directions, in an English or American public; the romantic attitude here meaning any attitude betraying absence of a full perception of the realities, or disinclination to look at them.

Out of all this we seem to draw three propositions: that democracy appears to presuppose a certain sort of popular education, that without that education there would be no democracy, and yet that that education is calculated to destroy the sense of the realities. Now how is this? The very plea made for the education which, more and more, is prevailing against the classical education, is just this—that it cultivates the true perception of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

real things. It is a "practical" education for that precise reason, say its advocates. The case was re-stated for it by one of them at the last meeting of the National Educational Association in Chicago. The kindergarten awakened the child to a "perception of the life of which he was a part." Then all the later schoolwork, which proceeded upon the same technical or industrial observation-of-objects ideals as the kindergarten, would necessarily be closely "linked with life." The familiar objection to the classical ideal of education has always been, of course, that it failed to induce the child, or the man, effectually to "take notice." The practical education, which teaches the youth from the beginning that he cannot shape his work toward one definite career too soon, since complete ability to do one thing well is the true test of the capable, successful man, secures, on the contrary, this "taking notice"; forces, in other words, the realities so near that their very substance and quality can be felt with the hand.

This is the theory, and, while it has assuredly been strenuously opposed, it is incontestable that the generation now "arriving" has been moulded upon it, in the main, very closely. Why, then, should this same generation manifest so much liking for the romantic fiction, the romantic plays, which are a means of getting away from the real conditions of existence? It may very probably be that this liking is a taste of the moment, without ulterior connections or deeper significances. And, indeed, it seems to have been too much overlooked by some writers who have no love for the novel of adventure, that it is by no means the first time in the world that romance has been in high favor. It is none the less true that this subject does suggest another of far greater moment, which is the question what the "popular" education ought to be, and whether the democratic state of modern man really needs exactly that form of it which is now so insisted upon as essential to its maintenance and well-being. To perceive the realities in the high sense, and in that sense be willing to abide by them, is never, at any time, the portion of more than the few. But general education goes forward, very properly, on the assumption that all may be made in some degree to know the life to which they belong, to *realize* it. Realization comes, however, only in part through the development of practical efficiency. It comes also through the unfolding of the spiritual nature, the growth of moral vision, the dreams of the imagination—to none of which is the "classical" education a stranger.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

CONCERNING ARCHITECTURAL DECORATION — A MURAL PAINTER'S LETTER TO HIS PUPILS

I

IT is proverbed that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Truly, at certain times and in certain moods and at the sight of certain things I think quite the contrary, and hold that great knowledge is a mischief-maker, unless it be mated with great judgment—not by any means an every-day combination. Mark you, this pronouncement must be taken cautiously; because it is the artist's privilege, almost his duty, to exaggerate—whether in terms of poetry, music, painting, sculpture, or architecture. The fundamental principles that underlie the many creative arts are more or less the same though their expression be different; and the designing of a poem, an opera, a picture, a relief, or a building exacts obedience to the same general principles, and calls for the same enthusiasm, and demands the same sweet vision, though the special faculties required for their several productions may vary greatly.

Yes, we must protect our intellects to-day if we are to create; if we are to see *beautifully* and with our own eyes; otherwise unwittingly the clear vision will be filmed with reminiscences, and perhaps even clogged by noxious images. In relatively primitive times the atmosphere was clearer, less clouded by tradition, and creative men gazed with their own frank, naïve eyes at obvious nature, and expressed themselves in sincerer, fresher terms—not from virtue, but from circumstance.

But, you will say in response, my pupils, that these same men saw with others' eyes when they could, and culled the fruits of others' toil when they might. Yes, the smaller men did, and they are forgotten; and the greater did, too, but in a less degree, and they are still a glory. But there was much less to cull, and the habit of mind was much less archæological, less scientifically classic. Anything like modern exactness would have irked and cramped them. Study of the past never seems entirely to have sterilized the most scrupulous disciples of antiquity, even men of the Vignola type.

Let me repeat the words just written, "in a less degree." In this matter of degree lies the whole problem. How much Precedent? How much Nature? How much Personality? These questions have been asked and re-asked, answered and re-answered, till one would think that all men must be agreed. And so I believe most sensible men are agreed, notwithstanding their philippics pro or con. Accumulated experience makes law. However discouragingly little experience counts in the development of conduct, in the evolution of the fine arts it counts for everything. Those protagonists of tradition, the academicians, the conservatives, or whatever else we may call them, are far too prone to accuse those who cry for fresh air, for a breath of life, for the vital spark, of being partisans of anarchy. Why they should do so seems inexplicable. That there are anarchists in art is indubitable (and of these we shall speak hereafter), just as there are in the body politic; but your truly creative man, even though he pant for the inspiring draughts of life, has undoubted respect for past achievement. It is on accumulated knowledge that he rears his fabric; it is past experience that gives this fabric stability, but it is his personality, his own distinct vision, added to precedent, that gives it interest and long life.

II

DO you remember that in passing a somewhat stately edifice the other day one of you admired it, and that I rejoined: "No, what you admire is the prototype, with which you are not familiar. The sculptor has made the façade interesting through the personal expression of his art, but here are the same old shopworn members, copied shafts and capitals and ornaments, copied as the originators of these things never dreamed of copying, though the range of their decorative vocabulary was limited. Similarity there was, indeed, between one production and another—the similarity that constitutes an epoch's style, but not identity." The great Designer fashions many trees, but no two are alike. He casts many hills in many moulds, and there is no coincidence of profile; nor do the fresh streams from the wooded slopes wind in the meadows identically.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ah, these columns and entablatures, into what abysses have they not cast us! Their very beauty constitutes their danger—but still more beautiful are they when designed by an inventive artist, and no other is worthy of the name. What opportunities to fill the bell-shaped form of the Corinthian cap with lovely creations inspired by the animal or vegetable world! What chance to swirl the hand in volutes above the Ionic shaft! What temptations to flute, to polish, to garland with arabesque, flowers, ivy, or the sombre laurel! If we must have columns, let us have them in their place and properly designed. We should lead the shaft, and not let the shaft lead us. We should not see in our dreams primarily, a columned portico—and a stale one at that—and secondarily a building behind it: for under these conditions the building might not fulfil its function; certain rooms might be dark where light is needed, and cramped where space is requisite. This may seem an exaggerated statement, but, really, certain architectural minds would seem to operate and design in this fashion, if we may judge from what we see.

Perhaps you remember the wonderful casts in the great hall of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. If not, go and see them. Study the marvellous Florentine things, the shrines, pulpits, and doorways, for in them is the very perfection of Form, and Law controlling Invention. Oh, the beauty of these capitals, the fertility of the imagination! Oh, the lovely garlands, the refinement of the geometrical ornament! Over all preside, together, Precedent and Fancy. And why are these things reproduced in gesso, and placed so that those may see them who cannot see the originals? Why are they placed there as examples? Do you think that Majano's pulpit would have been exhibited as an extraordinary model had the ornament been copied verbatim from a precursor, even though the architectural plan were varied? The answer to these questions is simple enough. These works are held up as enduring types because they are the creations of artists, and, as before observed, the artist is not a copyist; he invents, and, while inventing, respects and assimilates that which other artists have done before him.

III

BUT suppose a man has not the inventive faculty, and suppose he says to himself "Whatever I may do will not be so good as what has been done before by eminent men." Or, yet again, suppose that he asseverates that a good copy is better than a bad original—and with such asseverations we are all familiar. Let us answer these questions seriatim, and perhaps by asking another in return. If he be devoid of inventive faculty might it not be just as well for him to follow a calling that does not cry aloud for invention? There are many such vocations and far more lucrative than that of the fine arts. Or, such a man can become the pliable assistant of a creative genius, as many do, to their own and the master's and the nation's advantage. Only we cannot call them artists. Again, a man must renounce all title to that appellation who succumbs before the attempt to create is made, because he fears the preponderating excellence of some preceding work. For the artist *must* give expression to his feelings, he *must* feel that he has a message to convey. He may, and perhaps ought, to feel before he is delivered of it that it will be paramount above the creations of Phidias, Apelles, Michelangelo, or Bramante. If he entertain that high opinion of his work *afterward*, that is another question; but *before* he must believe in his inspiration, he must be of high spirit. Where would our sanctioned chefs-d'œuvre be had, for instance, a timid Giotto said: "I will not trace the serene Mother of Heaven with the divine Child, because Cimabue did these things well, and I can do no better?" Or a faint-hearted Ghirlandajo had renounced his monumental frescoes, because a great Massaccio had frescoed monumentally before? Or a timid Michelangelo had abandoned his heroic composition in the Sistine, because an ardent Signorelli had painted similar things in Orvieto? Or a craven Bramante had followed slavishly the classicism of a strong Brunelleschi, not trying to create in his own graceful way? Suppose that a Keats had refused to compose his inspired Ode to a Nightingale, because Milton had written a sonnet to the night-warbler, or that Wordsworth had foregone his Skylark because Shelley had written his immortal song? Suppose such calamities had been brought to pass, what losers we should have been! Again, to those who hold that a good copy is better than a poor original we say "possibly," and "in some cases"; but in the admission and practice of such a tenet we must

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bid adieu to Art, to its surprises, its freshness, its thrills, its eternal variety corresponding to the eternal variety of creative moods. And then to think of the dulness, the monotony of the old things vamped up to suit new conditions. And how can we behold otherwise than with consternation and despair the robbery of the beautiful old, to decorate the questionable new. Mantels, walls, ceilings—alas, my pupils, I have spoken to you before of this vandalism, this acquiescence in impotency, this doing what incompetent Romans did—this despoiling of Greece to embellish Rome. But these are dithyrambs, pardonable, perhaps, in the pages of a letter.

IV

If there be anything more interesting than another in our land it is our so-called cottage architecture, sharing with our steel-cage structures the admiration of foreigners. Many a country house have I seen that has been planned by a master's hand, suited to its rustic environment, suited to the needs of the client, admirably adapted to our extremes of temperature, decorated fittingly and structurally by an artistic use of material, by play of light and shade, by study of sky-line, by skilful adaptation of nature's resources, and perhaps a modicum of formal gardening to give the necessary contrast—not a ridiculous travesty of the gardens of the Villa Lante or of Versailles and, withal, no columns cribbed from the books. Your attention is called to this cottage architecture because it illustrates most aptly the principles of good design, of free impulse, controlled by erudition, expressive of our needs, habits, tastes. In other words, it is a living thing. While the multi-storied business building is not always a model of beauty, owing to commercial exactions rather than to lack of taste on the architect's part, yet the new forms and distribution of the masses imposed by novel conditions have been at times very adroitly and beautifully rendered by ingenious men. Certainly they are far more vital and interesting than the dreary and costly monumental buildings on which legislatures and universities are lavishing millions — dreary platitudes, copies of copies, shadows of shadows, lifeless masses, dead at their very birth.

V

Just at present the world of decorative design is divided into two hostile camps, the pro-academic and the anti-academic; the original versus the traditional; those who are inspired exclusively by nature and feeling, and those who calmly and coldly follow precedent. Strife is wholesome, though neither side may be altogether right. Out of the turmoil often emerges the very acme of excellence, the works of assimilative men, men respectful of older tradition, creative men guided by common-sense, men that seek the *juste milieu* as all the great sane geniuses have ever done.

Your attention has been called in the first part of this letter to eloquent examples of good design, to the works of Majano, Rossellino, Robbia, Civitale. These artists invented—here transposing traditional forms into new conceits, there adapting nature to architectural exigencies—but ever designing freely, with feeling, with personality, and always in an erudite way, for without erudition we are as nothing. Is poetry imaginable that is heedless of scholarly measure? What would the metrical effect of an epic be, composed of a mixture of heroic iambics, hendecasyllables and alexandrines in no ordained sequence? What would a sonnet be were it made up of fourteen unscanable, rhymeless lines? Yet we have something very much like this in the unscholarly, freakish work that is passed off to-day as *Art Nouveau*, and which can be found in nearly all the illustrated art magazines.

Art Nouveau! There never has been, nor ever will be an art nouveau in the sense that its disciples would have us believe, unless there is to be a Man Nouveau. Human taste is essentially the result of aggregated experience, and the old man must be taken into account. There may indeed be novelty, but not necessarily art. Follow the course of art down the perspective of years from its infancy to the present day, and you will never find a "new art" at any specified moment. It is a gradual evolution. If at times a new art has seemed to burst suddenly into being, it is only because the missing links have been undetected. Archæology has taught us this much, and let us be grateful. The geniuses added their grain of personality to accumulated knowledge, not a great deal, but enough to give interest and the personal note, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sine qua non of all great things; but none of them ever dreamed of throwing off the past and starting *ab initio*. Yet this is just what the clamorer for new things would do. They exact too much. They throw off too much. If they knew more, if they retained more, they would give more. Nor do they seem to have any sense of the humorous. To the uninitiated this lack of humor is less obvious in their decorative design where the figure is eliminated. But where there are figures, how ludicrous they often are! Lanky, malarious, grotesque; affected even to absurdity! And their decorative forms are ludicrous, too. On the table before me there lies an amusing reproduction of a restless interior, the latest expression perhaps of Art Nouveau. On its wall a stringy scheme swirls from wainscot to ceiling in fatuous lines. Liberated telegraph wires, snarled and swayed by the storm, seem to be the fundamental motive of another decorative scheme. On still another wall there is whimsically placed a mass of pseudo-Japanese forms that violate all decorative decency. Beneficent revolutions, we are told, must be accompanied by violence and bloodshed. Then let us hope that these anarchistic vagaries may be the precursors of the millennium, for we must deem them something akin to "violence and bloodshed."

There are plenty of new things to be done on guaranteed lines, plenty of new inspirations to be cajoled from nature if she be humored and studied. The expressions of them must be very largely in terms of the past, modified to meet new thought and feeling. Men must be taught personally to observe and feel, if they ever are to do living things. Academicians fail when they look and feel with altruistic eye and heart. This is hopeless. But equally hopeless is the inept emancipation from all previous experience, the reliance on the ill-regulated impulse of the moment. Experience has taught us that Beauty implies order, choice, harmonious arrangement—never chaos. Beauty is the all in all, but it must be a living beauty, not a pale semblance of the past; it cannot be either dull on the one hand, or licentious on the other.

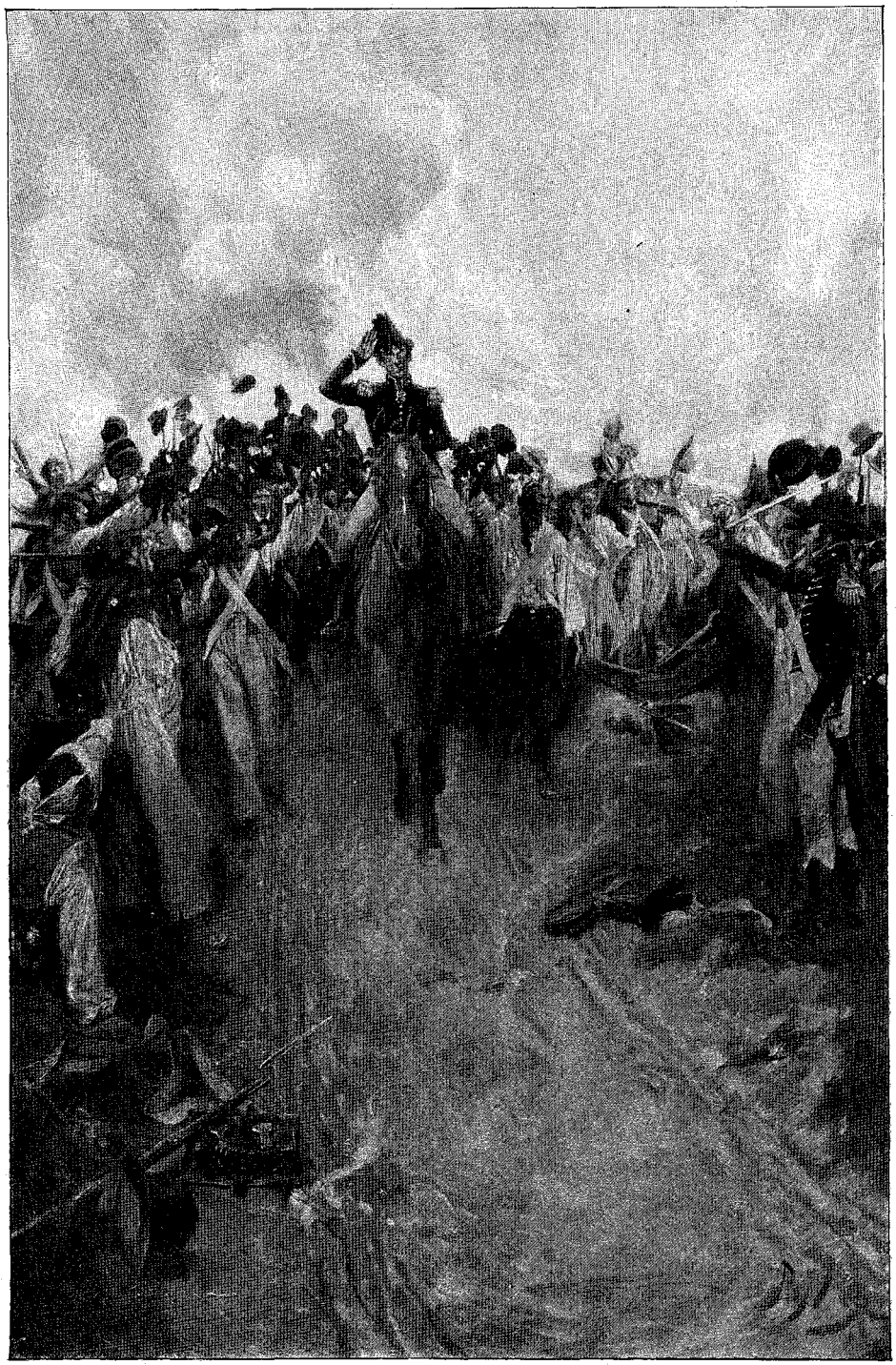
VI

THE question may very properly be asked, what is the standard of beauty and who sets it? Not such an easy question to answer, after all; for we are creatures of fashion and fads; apt to like the habitual, or the vogue of the moment. Unfortunately we can accustom ourselves, through sheer power of habit, to like things that are fundamentally ugly. That is a danger against which we are obliged to strive daily. Then, too, we are often dragooned into ephemeral admirations by an enthusiastic minority of possessed men who make a great noise. The true answer to the question is, that the accumulated taste of cultivated generations sets the standard. Estimates of individual genius may vary with the centuries, but it is safe to assert that civilized man has accepted the supremacy of certain works, almost from the dawn of art and for certain definite reasons. What these reasons are cannot be given here. It must suffice to say that one of them is Law, or Order, and another is the Personal Inspiration.

Examined in detail, without reference to the whole, some inspired works may seem to approach perilously near the ugly, whether expressed in terms of music, poetry, painting, architecture, or the plastic arts. The creative artist not unfrequently strikes harshly to prepare for the oncoming harmony, to touch an almost brutal note to give the greater value to the sweet, to tone darkly to enhance the light, to weave the involved to heighten the simple. These apparent aberrations are committed with just intent. They are not the lawless expressions of untrained minds bent on novelty at any price; they are the deliberate efforts of the artist to use these expedients to make the ensemble of his work more perfect. For he knows that this work must be dominated by Beauty, and by a beauty peculiar to itself, if it is to survive. The question is daily asked why this production lives and that perishes; why certain operas, books, pictures are still listened to, read, or admired. It is because they are vitally, feelingly, beautiful. The world has always loved, and will always love the creator of beautiful, impassioned things. No homage that it may render him seems excessive. We may insist that this is a hard-headed, scientific age, not an emotional or romantic one. In a special sense this is true; but if we may judge from what is daily chronicled, from what, in fact, the world *feels*, we must assume that its Heart is much the same as it was in the beginning.

Faithfully,
FREDERIC CROWNINSHIELD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON RECEIVING THE PLAUDITS OF HIS MOTLEY ARMY AFTER THE VICTORY AT NEW ORLEANS.

—"The United States Army," page 452.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED